Collie

APRIL 1, 1944 TEN

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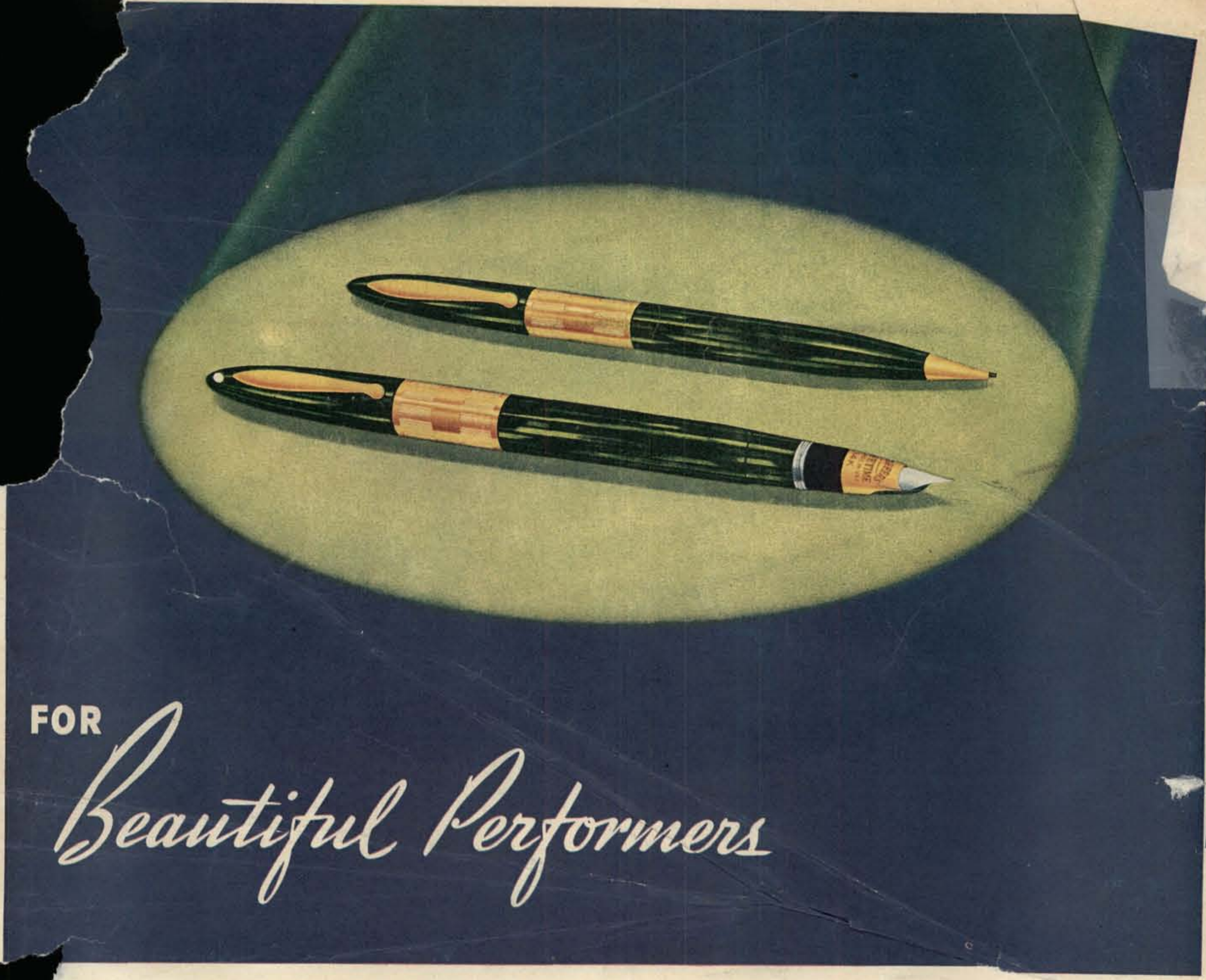
REPORT FROM GERMANY

THE NAZIS PREPARE FOR CIVIL WAR

By OSCAR JACOBI

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

APR 1,1,44



LOOK TO SHEAFFER

Throughout the literate world the spotlight of public acclaim is clearly focused on Sheaffer writing instruments. Achievements in beauty of design, meticulous craftsmanship and lasting performance — unmatched for writing ease — Sheaffer's *Lifetime** pen sets fully merit the leadership they have been accorded.

The demands of war have necessitated converting much of Sheaffer's plant and personnel to 100% armament production. Of the pens and pencils being produced by War Production Board authority, a substantial percentage is available for civilian use. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Above: "TRIUMPH" *Lifetime** pen, with clip, $12.50; pencil, $5—"TRIUMPH TUCKAWAY" model, without clip, for men or women, carries safely *in all positions* in purse or pocket—pen, $12.50; pencil $4.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

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THAT KEEPS FINGERS CLEAN

Well keeps fingers
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ell. Only SKRIP has
Well. All other
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FOR V-MAIL

V-Black SKRIP writes a lustrous ebony black that stays black! And black photographs best in reproducing V-Mail! SKRIP makes all pens write better, last longer, require less servicing. Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. DOUBLE SIZE—25c.

For V-MAIL
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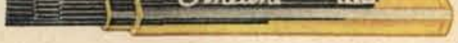
SHEAFFER'S V-BLACK



ASK FOR SHEAFFER'S
WHEN YOU ASK FOR LEADS

Most of the better stores have complete Sheaffer lead departments containing all sizes, colors and grades—strong, smooth-writing, grit-free—the original, genuine Fineline leads developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Company. Economy package, 25c; regular package, 15c.

Listen to
SHEAFFER'S PARADE
with UPTON CLOSE
NBC Complete Network—Sundays
3 to 3:30 P.M. E.W.T.;
2 to 2:30 P.M. C.W.T.;
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SHEAFFER'S

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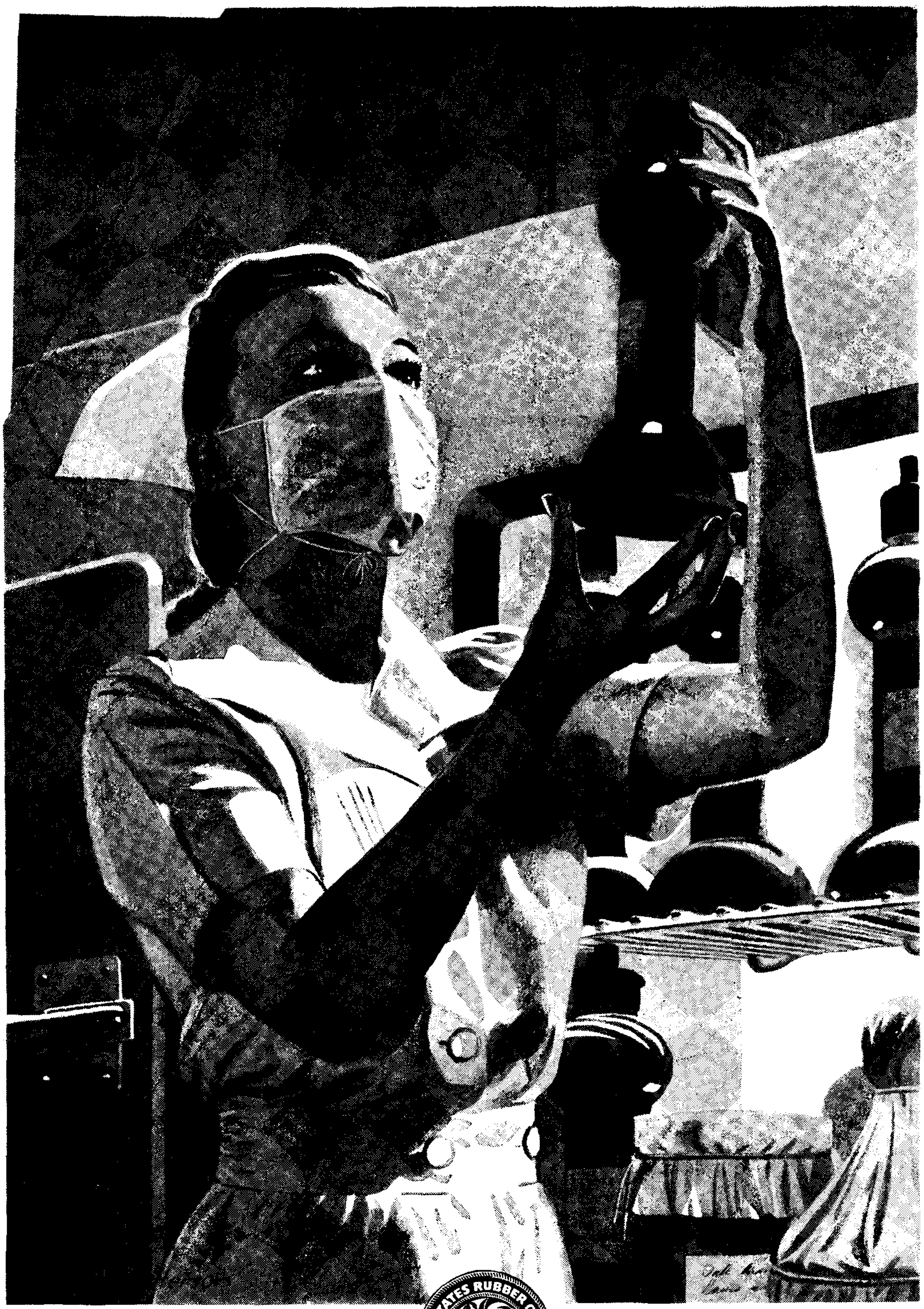


that men may LIVE to build a better world

In this flask is the force of life. I know...for I have seen its work.

I have seen the livid look of pain and shock and utter exhaustion change to the clearer pallor of normal illness. I have seen lips blue with approaching death regain the hue of health.

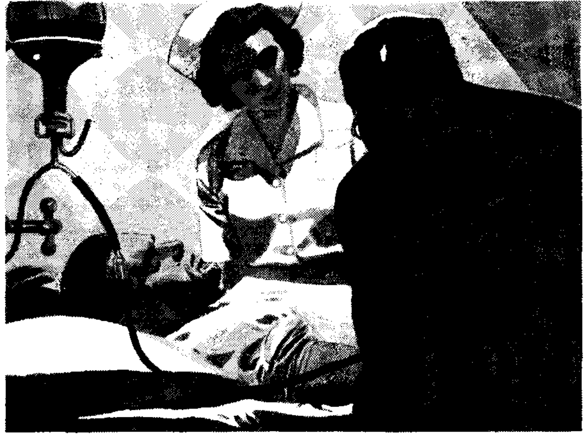
I have seen these things. I have seen death defeated.

And I have felt gratitude deep beyond expression that men and women have given gladly of their blood that other men may live...that useful lives may be prolonged to their full term.

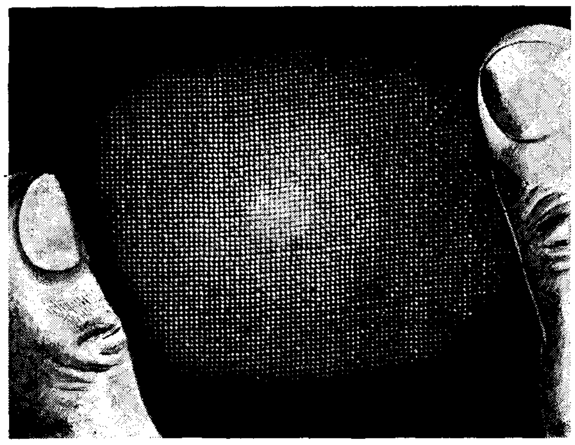
For blood banks and the plasma that goes to the front are bulwarks against encroaching death.

To them, I...and you...and men and women in every land...owe a debt too great ever to be repaid save by our working and our striving to build a better, freer world.

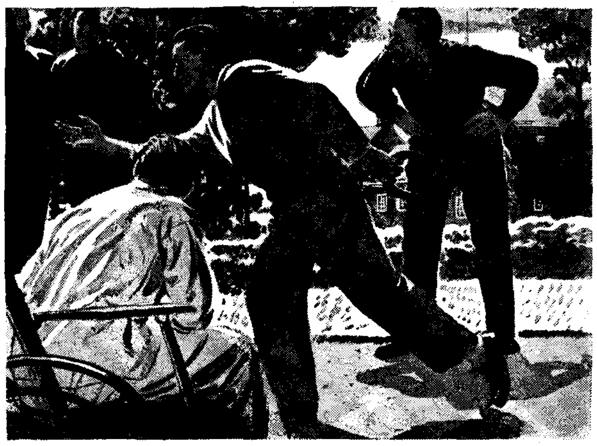
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



The modern miracle of lifesaving through indirect transfusion—of either whole blood or of blood plasma—is possible because the life fluid can be precision-filtered. From whole blood, minute clots and other precipitated matter are removed. From plasma *all* tissue and other solids are removed.



Multipore stretched over an electric light to show typical pore structure. The porosity of this specialized rubber—a development of United States Rubber Company—can be controlled so that it may be produced with as many as 6400 pores to the square inch or as few as 1100.



The lives of sufferers from loss of blood or depletion of blood supply are far more sure of being saved today than ever before because blood and plasma can be banked for immediate transfusion—whether in modern, fully equipped hospitals or on the battle front. Your local Defense Council can tell you about blood donor service.

Listen to the Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

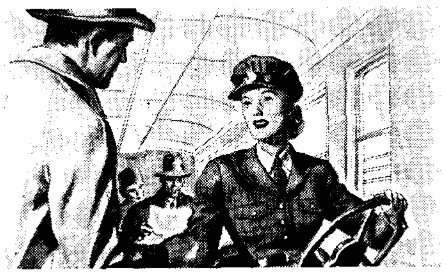
1230 SIXTH AVENUE, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y. • *IN CANADA:* DOMINION RUBBER CO., LTD.

April 1, '44

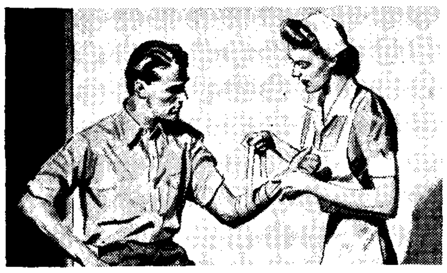
"But I've Never Worked Before!

– what kind of war job could I do?"

"The More Women at War—The Sooner We'll Win!" Experienced or not, there's a job *you* must do—*you* and millions more women—to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!

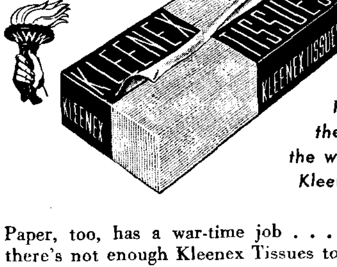


You can take any Civilian Job... Restaurants, hotels, department stores, transportation—*all* are war jobs! Read your newspaper want ads for the job that needs *you!* Or get advice without obligation from your U. S. Employment Service Office. Full or part time, you're wanted—*immediately!*



You can be a Cadet Nurse . . . Healthy? 17 to 35 years old? A high school graduate? Get free training, with pay, to replace nurses who are with the armed forces. War workers—ill or injured, civilians needing operations, new mothers and babies—all depend on you! Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps today!

You can be a WAC or WAVE... Spar or Marine. Send a soldier to fight, bring our boys home sooner! If you qualify, you'll be serving your country, *and* learning an important job you may need, after the war. Get full details at any U. S. Army or Navy Recruiting Office, or Naval Officer Procurement Office.



Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex Tissues*

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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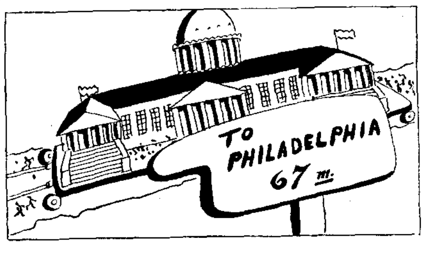
ANY WEEK

WE'VE noticed lately a growing disposition, particularly in Republicans, to complain that our federal government has gone static, that a healthy change is needed, but that our bureaucrats have become so deeply entrenched that the outlook is none too good. For such fearful ones, we have nice tidings. From one of our most active scouts in Washington, we learn that they are now considering plans to move the Army's Pentagon Building in one piece to Baltimore. If they can do that successfully, they are going similarly to move the Capitol to Philadelphia. And if that works, they are going to try to move Mr. Roosevelt.

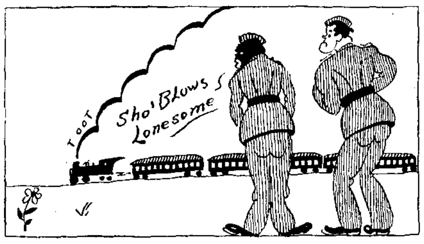


TO PHILADELPHIA 67 mi.

QUITE a number of our writers have gone to war, none with more élan than J. Bryan III., who is, at this writing, on a palmy island in the South Pacific. Mr. Bryan is a lieutenant, senior grade, in the United States Navy. Arriving on his island, Lieutenant Bryan at once pitched his tent and over it soon thereafter floated the Stars and Bars of the Confederate States of America. Lieutenant Bryan is a Virginian with traditions. The appearance of the Stars and Bars over his tent created but momentary excitement among the lieutenant's comrades, but the Japs were by no means so complacent. That night our Navy listeners-in caught the Jap radio telling its audiences that the Jap intelligence had just reported that the Yankees had a new and as yet unidentified ally, but that every effort was being made to find out what new country had entered the war on the side of the Foreign Devils—and woe betide it, too.

THE only other news of prime importance reaching us from the Pacific this week is that native Boy Scouts of Eagle Grade in the Hawaiian Islands are instructing our soldiers in jungle warfare. From that general direction, however—San Francisco, California, to be exact—Mr. Bob Wilkinson reports that, after a day in that miraculous city, he departed for Los Angeles. He almost missed the train, but a friend of his, a San Franciscan, got him aboard in the nick of time, accomplishing this with a great deal of inconvenience to himself. Mr. Wilkinson was profuse in his thanks, but the local fellow brushed his thanks aside as he pushed Mr. Wilkinson aboard. "Don't mention it," cried the San Franciscan. "We're glad to do anything to get visitors out of town."

WATCHING a northbound train pass Camp Croft in South Carolina, Private John A. Lynch, a Northerner, was feeling homesick. Near by stood another homesick warrior, a Negro soldier from Cleveland. The long train sped by, evening was falling fast, and an eloquent silence was upon all the lads who stood there watching it. But only the Negro spoke. It was enough. Private Lynch says that the black boy spoke for all of them. From the locomotive came a long, low wail. Said the colored boy: "Li'l ole train, you sho' blows lonesome."



THERE seems to have been a news dispatch from the Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands, telling of a Marine private who throughout the long night kept up a brisk fire with his machine gun. In the morning they discovered that he had killed thirty-five or forty Japs. The point is, however, that in the darkness the Marine's lieutenant had bade him desist. Our readers pick upon the quoted words of the lieutenant which, according to the dispatch, were: "Please stop your firing. I assure you that there are no Japs out there. Do be careful because your night shooting is liable to get you killed by someone mistakenly taking you for the enemy.

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THIS WEE

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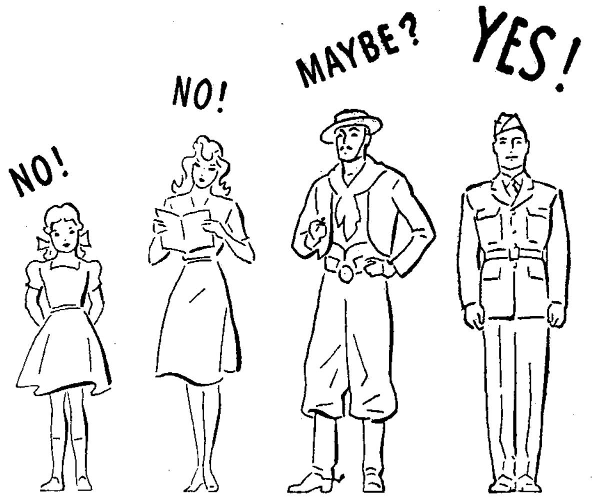
COVER PAUL HESSE

CORRECTION PLEASE!


NO!
NO!
MAYBE?
YES!

Corona Portable Typewriters are not yet available for general civilian distribution*

Recent news of limited resumption of *office* typewriter manufacture by our Syracuse plant has started a flood of inquiries about *portable* typewriters also.

But our facilities for portable machine manufacture are still almost totally required by our armed forces; and the trickle of new portables now made is completely absorbed by Army, Navy, and Maritime Commission, plus authorized export allocations. So civilian orders cannot now be filled.

However, this widespread demand for Coronas leads us to make you this definite promise: *We will not lose one unnecessary hour in getting back into portable production when authorized.*

As earnest of this intention, we announce that when portable manufacture is resumed, we shall concentrate our facilities on the four popular pre-war models illustrated below; we will not wait for the perfecting and testing of post-war refinements.

Put it this way. You want portables . . . lots of them. We can make lots of them . . . *fast* . . . if we don't take time out to re-tool for changed designs. So while undoubtedly we'll have new designs to offer some day, we'll postpone that job until later . . . and give you as fast as possible the four fine portables that America was buying so heavily before the "freeze."

We hope you will approve this decision.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc Syracuse 1 N Y

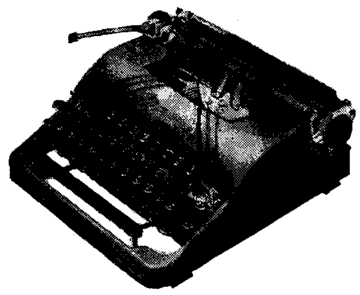
Groton Plant

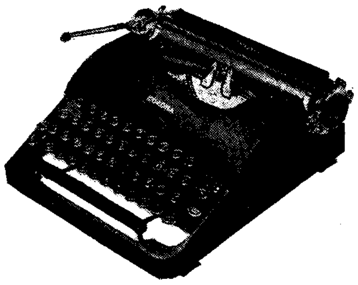
SMITH-CORONA

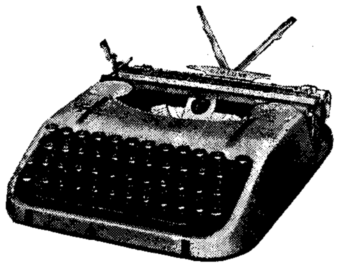
Typewriters

*Subject to possible changes in regulations subsequent to going to press; consult your local Smith-Corona Branch Office or Dealer.

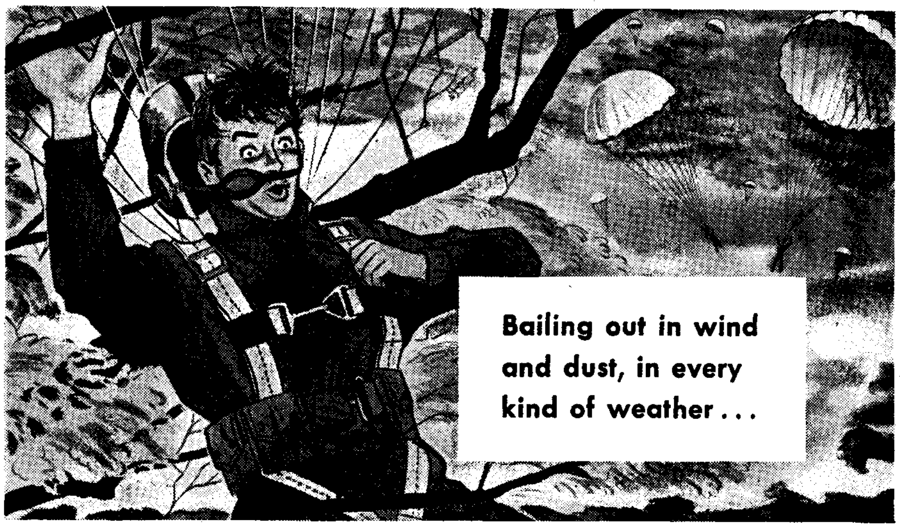
CORONA SILENT

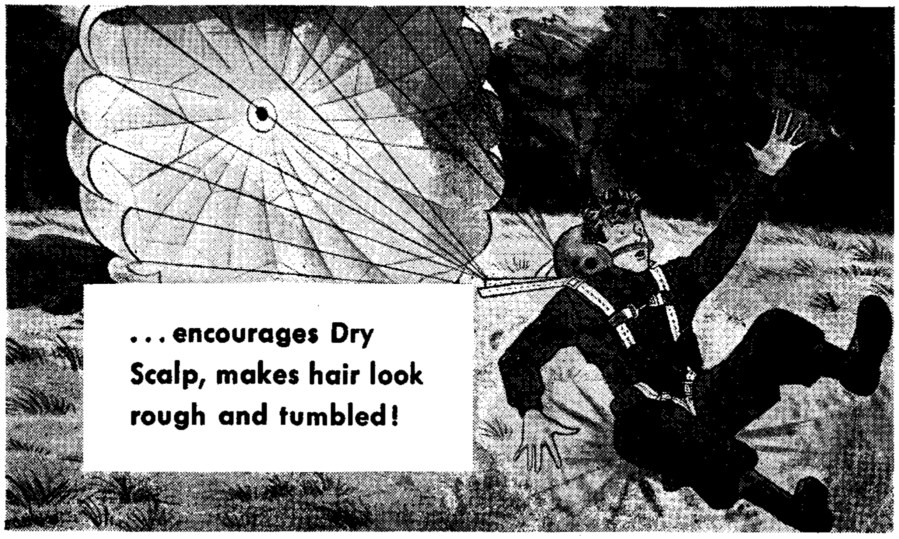

CORONA STERLING


CORONA STANDARD


CORONA ZEPHYR DELUXE

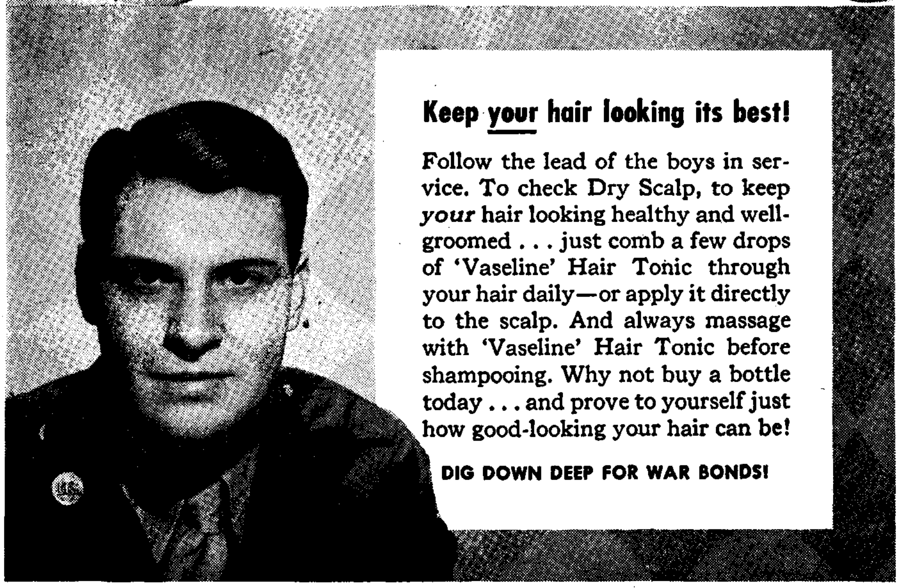
How Paratrooper Dennis licks Dry Scalp menace!


Bailing out in wind and dust, in every kind of weather . . .


. . . encourages Dry Scalp, makes hair look rough and tumbled!

but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

. . . MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!
Vaseline HAIR TONIC



Keep your hair looking its best!

Follow the lead of the boys in service. To check Dry Scalp, to keep *your* hair looking healthy and well-groomed . . . just comb a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic through your hair daily—or apply it directly to the scalp. And always massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing. Why not buy a bottle today . . . and prove to yourself just how good-looking your hair can be!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40c and 70c

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Three hospitals in this country have medical staffs consisting exclusively of women—the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, the Women's and Children's Hospital in Chicago and the New England Hospital for Women and Children in Boston.

A new electric motor for use in grinding internal surfaces of engine parts, although no larger than a one-sixteenth-horsepower unit, develops almost five horsepower by revolving 1,000 times a second, and is cooled by water flowing through a surrounding jacket. Its bearings are lubricated by oil forced into them by a pump.

Tissue in the respiratory tract is lined with cilia, or hairlike extensions of the cells, whose purpose is to catch inhaled dust particles and throw them back and out through the nose. When a section of this tissue is removed and kept alive, the propulsive force of the cilia, when moistened with a certain salt solution, will cause the tissue to creep across a table and even up and over such an obstacle as a book.

The United States today has 2,000 18-hole golf courses and 3,200 9-hole courses, the average valuation of the land, links, clubhouse and equipment of the larger ones being $310,000, or nearly 10 times as much as the average valuation of $32,500 placed on the smaller ones.

Russia has received and reassembled two complete industrial plants shipped to her last year in crates by the United States after it was found that time and shipping space could be saved by sending the plants instead of their products. One was a $1,900,000 refinery that processes 240,000 barrels of crude oil a week; the other was a $5,600,000 factory that produces 85,000 military tires a month.

Treason by an American Army or Navy man is not tried by court-martial, but only by a U. S. District Court. . . . Virtually no Irish whisky is released for sale until it is at least seven years old. . . . Three churches in a Southern California cemetery handle an average of 100 funerals and 24 weddings a week.

Sending a check acquired by "graft" through the mail to a bank for deposit is a federal offense, and the maximum penalty, which has been imposed in several cases, is a $1,000 fine and five years' imprisonment.

All of the 83 past and present justices of the Supreme Court of the U. S. have come from 26 states, and 42 have been from only 6 states: New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Virginia.—*By A. K. Halva, St. Paul, Minnesota.*

Among the 550 pupils in the Hunter College Elementary School, a public school in New York City for intellectually gifted children between 3 and 11 years, the number having an IQ of 130 is 80 times larger, and those having an IQ of 150 or higher is 250 times larger, proportionately, than the number among all American school children.—*By Robert Seaver, New York City.*

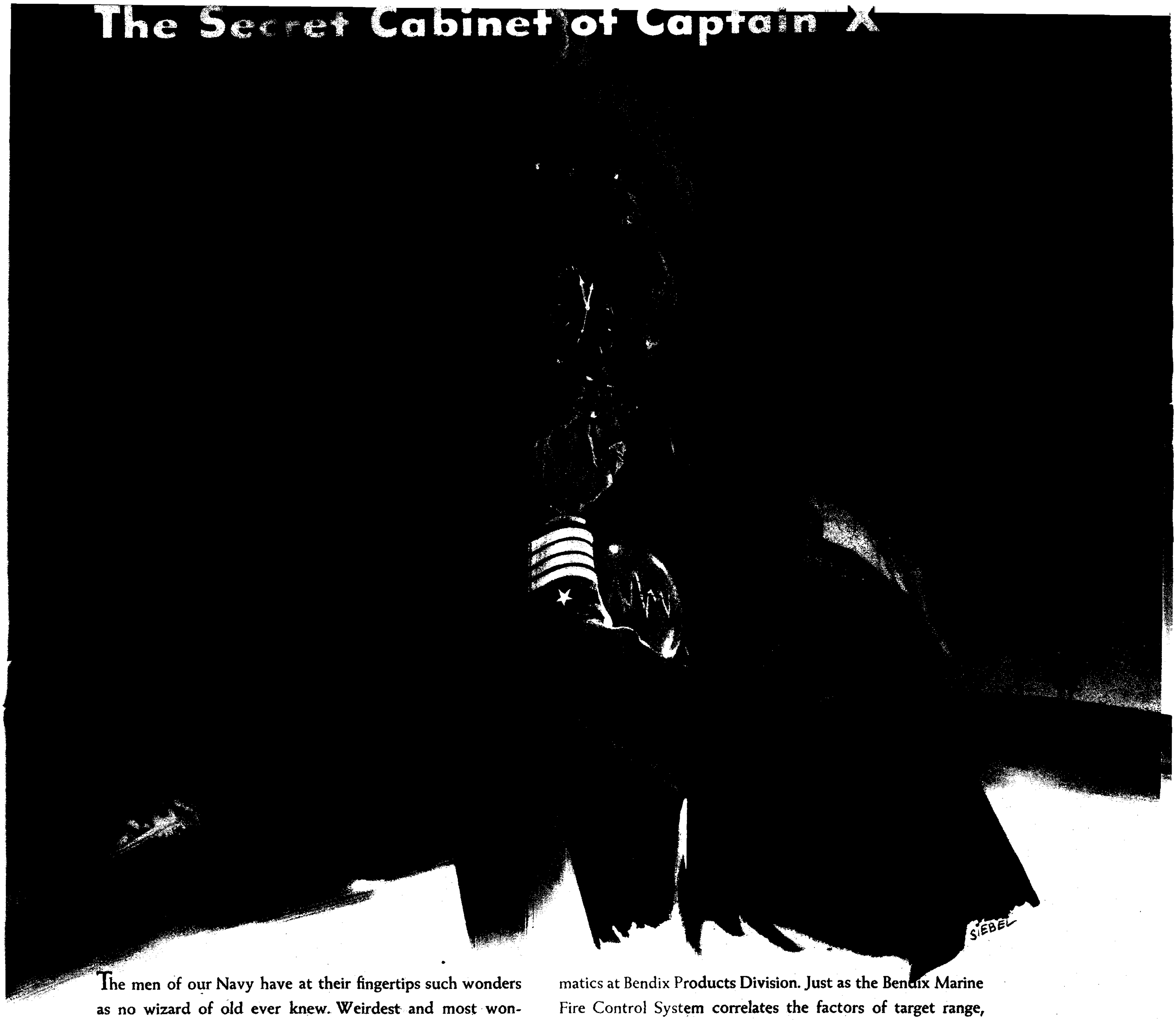
The Army now publishes 23 military dictionaries, 26 general-purpose dictionaries and 38 phrase books and language guides for our soldiers overseas.

The "Know Your Money" campaign, conducted by the U. S. Secret Service to teach people to recognize counterfeit bills, has reduced the amount of phony currency in circulation from $1,000,000 in 1937 to $22,000 in 1943.

Of the hundreds of pitchers of the 50,000 major-league baseball games played since 1900, only four men have pitched full games without yielding a hit or a base on balls. All in the American League, they were: Cy Young, Boston vs. Phila., 1904; Addie Joss, Cleveland vs. Chicago, 1908; E. G. Shore, Boston vs. Wash., 1917; and C. C. Robertson, Chicago vs. Detroit, 1922.—*By Capt. George W. Bethell, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. *None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher***

The Secret Cabinet of Captain X



The men of our Navy have at their fingertips such wonders as no wizard of old ever knew. Weirdest and most wondrous of all is the mechanical brain that aims and fires the big guns. This secret cabinet, pictured here with deliberate fantasy, automatically plots the course of the enemy and of our attacking ship . . . corrects the range for every factor of speed and direction . . . then instantly sends the huge shells straight to their unseen targets!

To develop this mystery gunner of "The Invisible Crew" required the multiple resources of Bendix and the invaluable collaboration of the U. S. Navy. Into it went the hundred-year experience of Bendix Marine and its predecessor Cory Company. Into it, too, went contributions from many other Bendix divisions . . . electronics at Bendix Radio, magnetics at Pioneer, electro-mechanics at Eclipse, hydraulics and pneumatics at Bendix Products Division. Just as the Bendix Marine Fire Control System correlates the factors of target range, so the parent Bendix Engineering Conference coordinates all these specialized talents . . . into a single accurate aim.

The result is typical of what you may expect from Bendix, tomorrow. Out of this combined mastery in many fields of science, will come new refinements of automatic action and control for all transportation . . . for all industry . . . and for you in your home.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
Bendix
Aviation Corporation

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Precious?

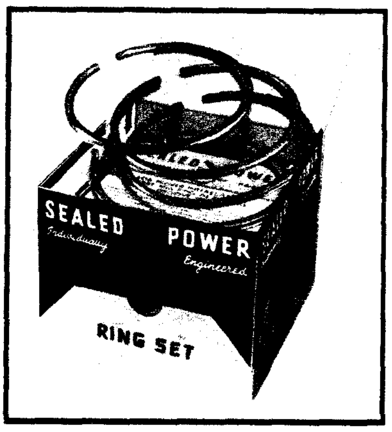
...So is your car, so "baby" it a little, too!

We wouldn't dare to suggest comparison of that sensational little guy or gal with your family car, in terms of desirability . . . not for all the gutta-percha pants in existence!

But your car's mighty important, too. If you expect it to see you through these tough war times, you've got to "baby" it a bit. When failing power and smoking exhaust are noticed, have your favorite repairman restore original performance by installing a set of genuine Sealed Power piston rings, individually engineered for your car. He will gladly do this and you will get the most out of your precious rationed gasoline and oil.

We are producing millions of Sealed Power engine parts for the armed forces, but they are still available for you, too. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts



SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

© 1944, Sealed Power Corp.

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

HANS GROENHOFF

WING TALK

The Fairchild "Gunner" training plane is one of the many products fabricated by the Duramold process, which utilizes electronics in welding wood parts together

THIS is going to confuse all of us, because the minute you get into things called electrons you open the door to a lot of embarrassing questions by Junior. It's like writing a thesis on the national debt. Anyway, we're dealing here with electrons, and electrons by some strange perversion of science look as though they are going to provide the public in the postwar period with new kinds of bathtubs, furniture, parts of prefabricated houses and heaven knows what else. That's what the scientists say.

Electrons are related intimately to aviation. Right now they are being used to make wooden airplanes in the war effort. They are responsible in part for a primary trainer, for an advanced gunnery trainer and for the auxiliary gasoline tanks that extend the range of the Navy's Corsair fighters and the Army's Boston and Havoc fighter-bombers.

The other day we went around to see the man who knows most about electrons and what they do to wood. He is Arthur W. Loerke, chief engineer of the Duramold division of the Fairchild company.

You see, he explained, everything in the world, including streetcar tokens and toothbrushes, is made up of atoms. Every atom has a core of things called protons, and around the protons are electrons—sort of like planets and their satellites. Well, when you pass electric currents through the mess, you get heat, but (a very important point) it is controlled heat. This is called electronic processing.

Now we come to the aviation part of it. In making wooden airplanes, high-frequency electric currents are shot through veneers of wood stuck together with plastic glues. The heat welds everything together as solid as concrete. What it really amounts to is the better-known diathermy treatment that doctors use on the human body. By treating wood and plastic glues that way, the Duramold people have been able to produce not only wooden airplanes but auxiliary fuel tanks that weigh only a fraction of what metal tanks do, and cost far less to manufacture.

Arthur Loerke says the war emergency has taught the engineers a lot of things. What is to prevent, for instance, the manufacture of steel-hard, prefabricated house structures by the electronic process when the war is over? Why not lightweight tubs for the bathroom and practically indestructible divans for the living room? No housewife could legitimately ask her husband to come help move the electric clothes washer made of electronic-processed wood, because she could shunt it around with no trouble at all. It will weigh only a fifth as much as a metal washer.

BILL ENYART is a lanky, loose-coupled fellow who has been in aviation for longer than he wants to remember. He used to be the official timer at the air races, where pilots seated in vest-pocket editions of airplanes would zip around pylon-marked courses for prize money. Bill kept thinking about all the gadgets that those pilots had to work in those cockpits to keep their airplanes flying and on an even keel.

A few months ago, he made a trip to England. He nosed around and asked questions and came away with an idea. When he got back to the United States he said to the engineers of the airplane accessories company of which he is president, "Let's see what we can do to make flying an airplane simpler. It's getting too complicated for comfort." He knew. He flies.

A lot of automatic controls already had been perfected. But in the average fighter cockpit, the pilot still had to work thirteen separate knobs and switches for the proper performance of his engine and propeller under take-off, cruising and combat conditions.

"Hook a few of these things together," said Enyart.

Today his outfit is manufacturing a device that they haven't even had the time to name as yet. It's as automatic as the sunrise. A pilot doesn't have to pay a bit of attention to his manifold pressure, fuel mixture, propeller setting and spark position. He just pours on the coal at take-off, and the "boost" for the engine takes care of itself. His prop whirls at just the right pitch.

But Enyart's engineers have only started. They are going to hook up other cockpit controls with the device to simplify the pilot's job further. The secret of the whole thing seems to be a sensitive bellows, working on the same principle as the ones in blacksmith shops. Wish we could tell you what kind of airplane it's going on. All that Enyart will say is that, come the postwar period, a lot of people are going to be surprised at what has happened to all those gadgets in the cockpit.

(Continued on page 69)

"PILOT TO WIFE..."

Hello . . .

Hello . . . back there . . .

I know you won't get this message. It's only in my mind . . . but I've *got* to talk to you because there isn't much time. Here they come.

"Squadron leader to Fighting 4! Sixteen Zeros at 12 o'clock! Come on, you Hellcats! Here's what we've been looking for!"

Hello . . . back there . . .

We're out-numbered four to one today. Anything can happen. I know that. But this is *our* job, and it's got to be done.

I'm on my own and that's the way I like it . . . but I'm not alone . . . we're all on the same team. Flying together, fighting together to win . . . not for ourselves but for each other . . .

For you . . . for home.

"Squadron leader to Fighting 4! All right, you guys . . . the sun's at our backs . . . let's get upstairs!"

Hello . . . back there . . .

Got to hurry now. But I want to tell you what I'm thinking about. I want to tell you what I'm fighting for . . . it's you and our little house and the job I had before . . . and the chance I had, the fighting chance, to go ahead on my own.

That's what all of us want out here . . . to win this war . . . to get home . . . to go back to being mechanics and storekeepers and salesmen and lawyers . . . and husbands and brothers and sons. To go back to living our lives in a land, and a world, where *every* man can be free to be somebody . . . where *every* man is free to grow as great as he's a mind to be . . . where every man has an *unlimited* opportunity to be useful to himself and to his fellow men.

"Squadron leader to Fighting 4! Okay! Let 'em have it!"

Hello . . . back there . . .

This is the payoff. Tell everybody . . . tell everybody back there . . . hello for me . . .

Tell 'em we'll be back . . . nothing can stop us . . . And tell 'em no matter what they say . . . no matter what they do . . . to stay *free* . . . to keep America a land of *individual freedom!*

That's what we're fighting for . . .

That's what we're willing to die for . . .

That's the America we want when we come home.

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building ***Pratt & Whitney engines*** *for the Navy's* ***Vought Corsairs*** *and* ***Grumman Hellcats*** *. . .* ***Hamilton Standard propellers*** *for United Nations* ***bombers*** *. . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters. All of us devoted to winning this war . . . to speeding the peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when together we'll build an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!*

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
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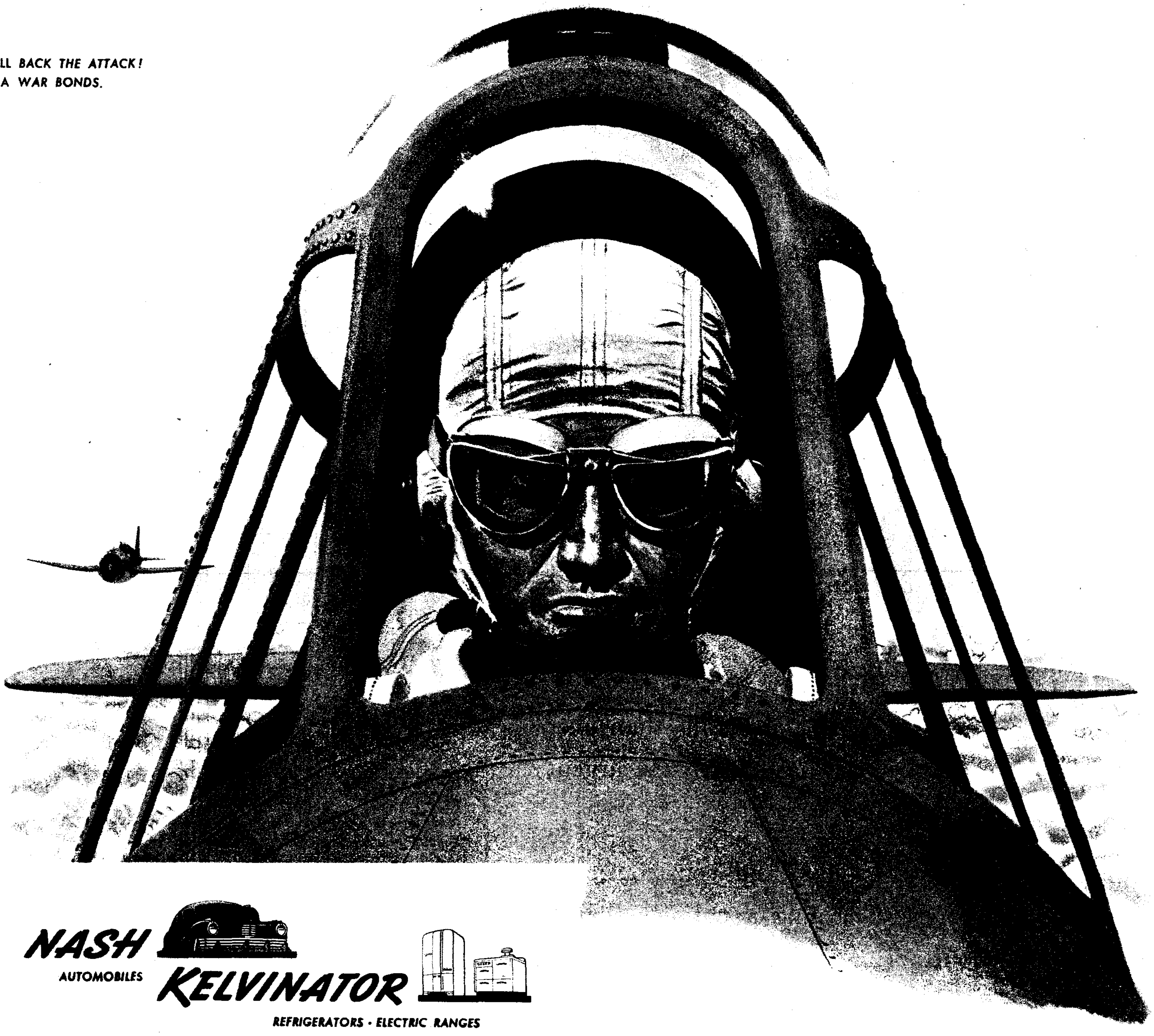
LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK!
BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS.



NASH AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS · ELECTRIC RANGES

HER BIGGEST JOB IS WAR

There has never been a time when the work of the telephone operator has been so important as right now.

For there are more Long Distance calls than ever before. More are in a hurry, particularly the urgent calls of war.

Calm in emergencies, capable and courteous, the telephone operators are earning a nation's thanks for a job well done.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

When you're calling over war-busy lines, the Long Distance operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 1, 1944

REPORT FROM GERMANY

BY OSCAR JACOBI

RADIOED FROM STOCKHOLM

High-ranking Nazis admit that they have lost the war. But don't look for quislings on the road to Berlin. The author, who got out of Germany before spring, tells why the German man in the street is prepared to fight, even when the war gets to his own front porch

ACME

In 1919, civil strife broke out in cities like Berlin, and defeated Germany suffered new hemorrhages in her own streets. The Nazis have guarded against a repetition of civil war

ON ONE of the first days of the New Year, I went into one of Berlin's numerous *Bierstuben* for a glass of the yellowish water passing as beer in wartime Germany. It was a typical workers' rendezvous, permeated with many unpleasant smells, among which that of sauerkraut stood out. My left arm was in a sling from injuries received in an air raid a few days earlier. It gave an opening to one of the patrons (a workman) to strike up a conversation. He supposed I owed my bad arm to one of those "*verdammte* Tommies," and I answered that I did.

I took advantage of the occasion to ask him point-blank what he thought about the Allied invasion prospects. The question was not as imprudent as it would normally have been, for that morning all the newspapers had carried long front-page articles on the subject, in line with instructions from Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry.

"Well," he replied, "if everything has to go to the devil, I hope the English get here before the Russians do."

Attempting to convey this attitude among the Germans (which I found much in evidence in my many contacts with them), the Berlin correspondent of a Swedish newspaper wrote the story, including a line to the effect that "many Germans are praying for invasion." The Wilhelmstrasse censorship had no objection to this vague phrase. The piece could go. But, as often happens in such cases, my Swedish friend succeeded in fooling not only the censors but his own editor and his readers as well. It escaped them that what he really meant was "successful invasion." His editors thought the Germans were praying for an invasion, so that they could repel it and get the war over with.

However, it would be wrong to deduce that the invasion will find in the German masses many fifth columnists to speed the Allied troops on their way to Berlin. Even the simple-minded Germans are able to understand that the Anglo-Saxon soldiers are not coming to Germany to build up the Reich cities devastated by the Allied air raids. Only by contrast do they find Anglo-American occupation preferable to what they are convinced would be hell under Russian occupation rule. Of two bad things, they find the former less bad.

Even if they don't like the Nazi regime, the Germans are nationalist enough not to lift one finger in aid of an invader. Don't expect any German quislings, not even among the remnants of the Weimar Democrats. One determining factor is that it's going to be risky for any German to have much truck with any occupation authorities. One need but look at Vichy France, to see that. After the German defeat, the Nazis will promptly pass underground, and there will still be enough of them to make things extremely unpleasant for the "kiss-and-make-up" elements. It was that way after 1918, and so it will be once more.

The invasion otherwise is too remote a possibility in the mind of the average German, despite the best efforts of Doctor Goebbels these days to make him worry about it as a more or less immediate prospect, and as a danger to the Fatherland. It is safe to say that all the majority of Germans know about the subject is what Goebbels has chosen to tell them and, on the worry list, invasion somehow trails personal items of concern like food, drink, lodging and a wearable pair of shoes.

The Triumphs of Retreat

Moreover, Goebbels' sermons on the invasion theme serve only to conflict (as is so often the case) with pronouncements by this propaganda wizard whose production regards as a commendable element the German army's latter-day fashion of conducting the war by rearward movements.

Regarding these rearward movements, Goebbels, true to his present policy, plays up the Allied invasion threat as Germany's chief military concern, and now proclaims that the retreats have been prompted by the absolute necessity of guarding against an invasion in the West. "Front shortenings," "strategic front straightenings" and "evacuations according to plan," it is explained, became imperative through the need to hold the Eastern Front with a minimum number of divisions to permit meeting the invasion in the West.

Here Goebbels' propaganda line becomes confusing to the Germans. Earlier in the war, there had never been any question of Allied invasion other than to ridicule the possibility. To Goebbels' department, the British invasion threat was a never-ending source of fun. "Fancy *die Englaender* trying any such thing, condemned to fail from the very start!" exclaimed the Wilhelmstrasse propaganda moguls, registering hilarity.

The whole Atlantic coast, from Hendaye on the Spanish border to the North Cape in Norway was studded with German guns and fortifications as so many guarantees against invasion surprises. Every Allied commando raid Goebbels took care to blow up to the proportions of a full-fledged invasion attempt with a view to getting the Germans into thinking that an Allied invasion try was tantamount to suicide on the part of the invaders.

The catch phrase "Fortress Europe" was coined by the Propaganda Minister to convey an idea of the impregnability of the continent's German-built defenses. Overnight, when the Allies succeeded in invading Italy, that part of the Axis territory became merely the unimportant outworks of the aforesaid Fortress Europe, showing how Goebbels quickly adapted himself to the new situation.

It is a matter of record that the Italians, blamed for this reverse as the Wilhelmstrasse regretted its implicit trust in the Axis partner, had kept the Germans from occupying Italy in time to parry the thrust with hundred per cent Nazi troops. By beating the propaganda drums more vigorously than ever, with emphasis on the Badoglio "treachery," the Nazis averted the only genuine crisis they had ever had at home since they assumed power. The fact that the army had been able to hold the Italian line acted as a sedative on the home front, which, in September, only the tightening of the Himmler reins kept from panic.

Now the harassed German finds that Doctor Goebbels has changed his thesis, "Only the Eastern Front counts" to the line, "The invasion will decide the war." This view is now being hammered into the Germans twenty-four hours daily, first, because the Nazis realize that a successful invasion means the end of their rule, and, secondly, so that failure of the first Allied onslaught, or even its partial repulse, will provide an occasion for Goebbels to shout triumphantly, "The decisive blow against Germany has been parried and the Anglo-Saxons have been hopelessly outmaneuvered." It is a game for high stakes, but this sort of gamble is oxygen to the Nazi system.

From the way the Propaganda Ministry handled the Italian setback, we now know that, from the moment the Allies establish themselves in (for instance) France, Goebbels will belittle the development.

(Continued on page 67)

ACME

This one-man fort, powered with a heavy machine gun, may now dot the towns of Germany as well as of France

He set the horns ablowing

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

Wild blood is an excitement in the veins, no matter how demurely the heart has been trained—as Jane learned when the pirate ship came sailing

IN THOSE days, the sound of a horn in this long valley was not always a summons to come and get it while it was hot. At high noon it usually meant that dinner was ready, but at any other hour it might mean that the house was afire, or there had been an accident of some sort, or a bear was in the corn patch or a lynx in the calf pen. When raiders from New England came up the river, all the horns of the valley gave warning of their progress, booming and wailing and tooting from wooded bluff and reedy point and hillside clearing; and of those unwelcome trespassers, it was Captain Tucker the pirate who set the horns of the Acadians blowing most frantically, for nothing was too small, and nothing short of a house or a haystack was too large for greedy Tucker and his sturdy fellows to pocket or shoulder and carry off.

The horns of the river were various in their origins and qualities. Many were conch shells, which produced a hollow, dismal note. Some were battered military bugles and at least two were silver cavalry trumpets. But Jules Fontaine possessed the grandest and proudest summoner and alarum of all such in this long valley. His was a great, curled horn of the chase which had, to a certainty, sounded the deaths of lordly antlered stags and long-tushed boars in royal forests of Old France. He had acquired it in barter from a gentleman of Quebec, in the days of his wanderings.

JANE BARCLAY was in the newest field, cutting buckwheat with a sickle, when she heard the horn, sounded for the dinner call by her mother, Madame Fontaine, at the back door of the big log house down among the river willows. She straightened her slim back and looked around at the blackened stumps, the red buckwheat and the sun-shot gloom of the forest's edge. Her gray-green eyes were sad, and her flawless lips and brow were sullen.

"These are not my people," she murmured. "This isn't my home. My heart's not here. Even my own mother has grown strange to me. She has become just an Acadian woman. She's so strange to me now—and me to her—she wouldn't care if I never came home."

As she spoke, a man jumped the brush fence at the upper end of the clearing and approached swiftly among the black stumps, cap in hand and smiling with a gleam of teeth. The gray and greens of the girl's eyes darkened stormily at sight of him; for he was that braggart Fortinat Duguay from three miles downstream, who wanted to marry her. He had been courting her, with big talk and flourishing gestures, since she was fifteen years of age—for three years too many, in her opinion.

"This is a happy meeting, my beautiful!" he jabbered, flourishing his cap of raccoon skin with the tail left on.

Jane's eyes and lips and brow were all disdainful, but Fortinat could not see it. Knowing himself to be the best matrimonial prospect on the river, Fortinat Duguay, the rich and handsome and brave and witty, he could never believe that she could really feel anything but admiration and affection for him.

"Our horn blew," she said, moving off on long legs.

"But I have always Madame Fontaine's standing invitation to dinner," he burbled, moving beside her.

She knew it to be true. Even her mother wanted her to marry this jackanapes—even her mother, who had been born Emma Butterworth in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and had married the great Captain John Barclay, that lamented champion and guardian of the English frontier.

They walked rough ground and climbed rough fences, Fortinat talking every moment and foot of the way. For the fiftieth time he told the girl how he had come by his wealth three years before, at the expense of the notorious Captain Dan Tucker—a matter of the discovery of a cache of gold, hidden by the pirate on the banks of a near-by stream. But she heard not a word of it now, so busy were her mind and heart with her own peculiar and tragic situation.

She was thinking now of a father of whom she had no faintest memory, but many living and ever brightening pictures; and of a mother whom she had always known and yet from whom she was being ever increasingly estranged as if by some mysterious alchemy at work in her heart's blood. This blue-eyed, golden-haired mother had been born at Concord in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, as English as primroses and as New English as goldenrod. She had married Barclay at seventeen, and two years later his post and settlement on the New Hampshire frontier had been wiped out in one red night by an overwhelming force of French and Indians from Canada.

John Barclay and his men had died fighting. Mrs. Barclay and the infant daughter had been purchased from their captor at the moment and on the spot for a young Acadian trader named Jules Fontaine, who, happening to be at Quebec on business, had joined that expedition in a spirit of adventure.

Horrified by the night of massacre, he had paid the price for mother and baby without questioning it; and on the long way home to his Acadian river, he had lost his kind heart to Emma Barclay. They had been married at Fort Jemseg on their way up the big river to his pine-log house ten miles above the tributary Keswaak-sis.

But Jane could not remember anything of all that. Her earliest memories were of a beautiful and tender mother whose lovely eyes were still sad at times, and of merry Jules Fontaine carving toys for her and dancing for her entertainment. Her mother taught her English and the words and airs of English songs:

"When I behold my sweetyng sweete—
Her face, her hands, her minion feet—
It semes to me there be none so sweete
As my sweete sweetyng."

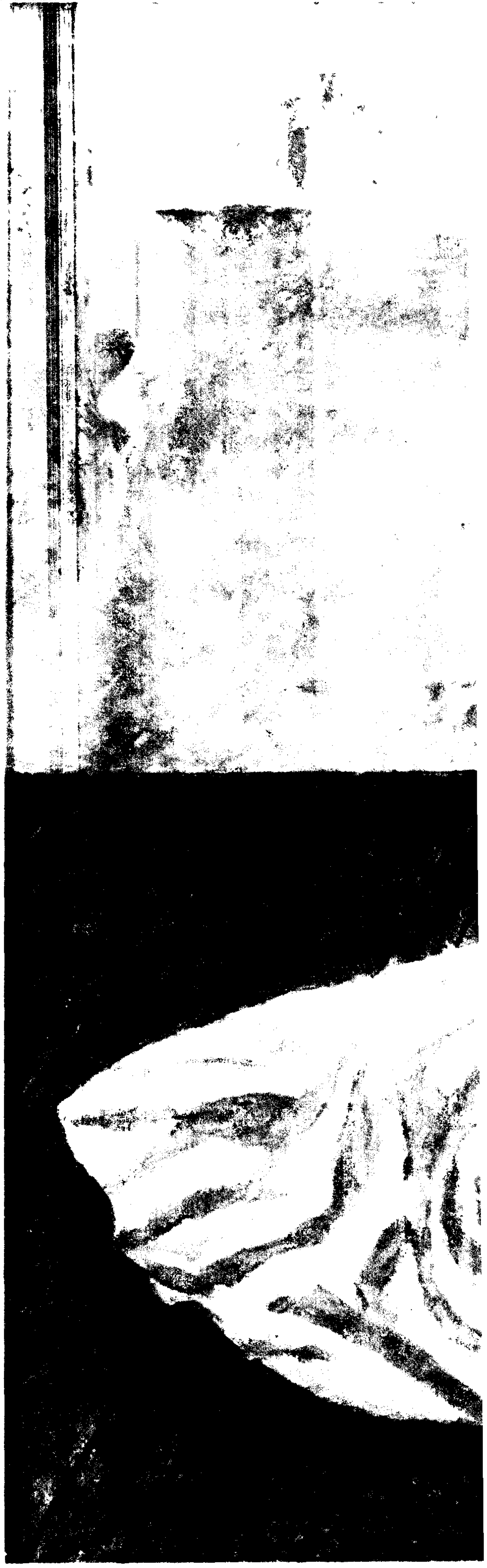
And songs and tales of Banbury Cross, London Bridge, Jack the Giant Killer, John, John the Piper's Son, and that Johnny who was so long at the fair, and of yet another Johnny—or he may have been same:

"Johnny had a bright sword
And a golden ring.
Johnny rode away from me
To fight for his king.

"Johnny gave his ring to me
But kept his bright sword.
He rode 'round the millpond
And down to the ford.

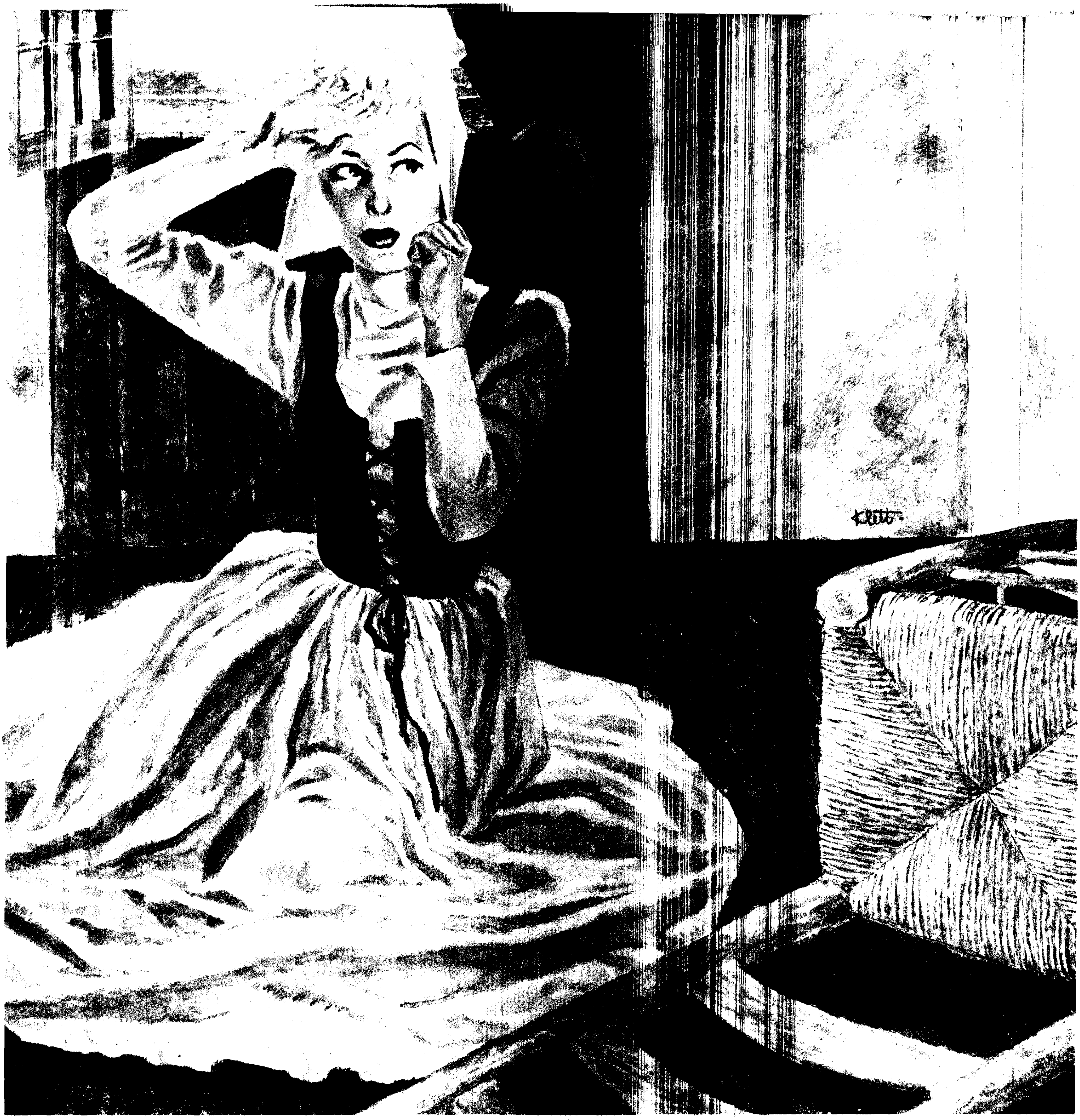
"I heard splash of hoofs
And bright spurs ring.
I can hear nought else
Though angels sing."

That made her cry. It seemed to her that the English world must be peopled by heroic Johns and Jacks, all good and most of them merry but some of them tragic, like her own father.



But all that had been long ago, when she was an infant and a toddler and a little girl who played with dolls. For years now, it had been different. A half-brother had come to the Fontaine home, a little Acadian as black of eye and merry of heart as Jules himself, and great had been the rejoicing, but from then on, Emma Fontaine had spoken less often in English and had sung French lullabies more often than English songs.

More babies had come, and all of them except the last were little Acadians like their father. But the last, Jean by name, possessed the hair and eyes and thoughtful cast of countenance of his maternal ancestry; and him Jane loved with a full heart, as if he were her own brother, not half-heartedly, as she loved the other little Fontaines. She called him Johnny and dreamed that he would wear a bright sword some day.



Jane and bragging Fortinat reached the chip yard just as Jules Fontaine arrived from the water meadows. Little Jules and Pierre were with him. Four yet younger little Fontaines played at king-of-the-castle on a woodpile. Johnny, aged two years and a few months, stood by the grindstone and watched that game of ups and downs with an air of thoughtful detachment. He stood very straight, with small shoulders squared. His wide-set eyes were neither dancing black nor tender blue, but gray with moss-green depths and as clear and still as forest pools. The set of his lips was at once resolute and pensive; but at sight of Jane, his eyes brightened and his lips parted, and he ran to her with a glad cry.

"Oh, my darling Johnny!" she cried, catching him up in her arms.

They all trooped into the big kitchen and sat down to the plentiful midday meal. The guest was seated at Madame's right hand; and his pewter plate was kept well supplied. Jane's and her stepfather's glances met and he twinkled an eye at her. This was a strange thing, she thought—that her French stepfather, and not her own mother, should understand and sympathize with her scorn of Fortinat Duguay.

BEFORE the meal was finished, little Jean climbed into Jane's lap and fell asleep there. When all the others except her mother had left the kitchen, Jane carried the child to an adjoining room and laid him on the bed, there to finish his nap.

Upon her return to the kitchen, Emma Fontaine spoke peevishly. "Why do you love Jean more than all the others?"

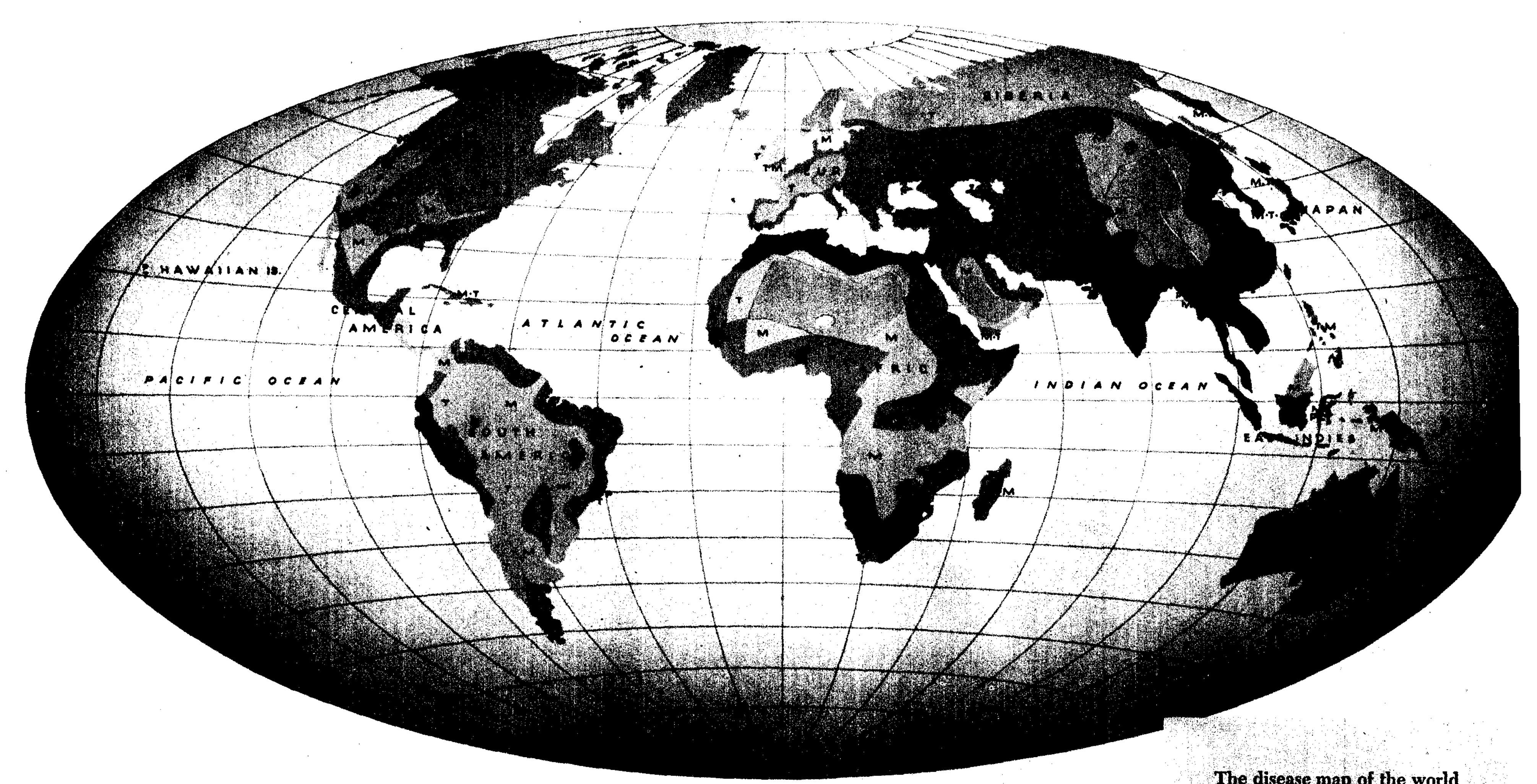
"But I love them all, Mother—truly I do! Johnny's a little more—yes, with my whole heart!—because he seems like my very own little full brother to me," replied Jane earnestly.

Jane did not hear the quick steps and sharp halt of booted feet at the door. "What is the trouble here?" asked a clear, unhurried voice

"Talk French!" exclaimed the mother, in English. "Your home and your family and all your friends are French. And call Jean by his right name. He is no more your full brother than any of the others. He is a good little Acadian, just like the rest."

"But Jean is the French of John," said the girl, with a slight vibration in her voice. "And John is a great name. And it was my brave father's name."

"Yes, it was Captain Barclay's *(Continued on page 48)*



The disease map of the world shows our global battle fronts against malaria (M), typhus (T), cholera (C) and plague (P). Infected areas are in red; intensity of color indicates overlapping of diseases as well as their severity in each area

THERE'S ANOTHER WAR

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

It's the war against disease, and if we should lose it, we might lose also the war of bullets and planes. Here's what the Army is doing to protect our soldiers from such killers as typhus, malaria and bubonic plague

ONE disease or another has wrecked half the military campaigns of history. Caesar outgeneraled the tribes of the North, but lost his armies to malaria. The Swedes beat the Russians on the battlefield, but were driven home by bubonic plague. Typhus decimated the army which Napoleon led to Moscow. Never, until the United States entered this war, had the armed forces of a single nation been called upon to face practically every scourge known to man in almost every corner of the earth.

The Army reckons there are more than a dozen major diseases (aside from those which trouble us at home) present in the parts of the world where American troops are active. These include malaria, typhus, bubonic plague, cholera, yellow fever, relapsing fever, dengue, yaws and such unpronounceables as filariasis, leishmaniasis and schistosomiasis.

In the course of the war we have waged on this other enemy—disease—we have used with devastating effect a health bomb, have employed scientific espionage to find out what time a given mosquito will attack and have even developed some secret weapons. Among the latter is something that is laid by hens and sold by the dozen. The fact that we have plenty of them—and the Nazis don't—may change the course of the war.

The worst disease menace of all is malaria, described by epidemiologists as the greatest single destroyer of the human race. Malaria takes millions of lives each year. In India alone, it is estimated that there are 100,000,000 cases and 1,000,000 deaths annually. It was malaria that weakened our little force on Bataan and hastened its capitulation. In the last days of the fight, 20,000 men out of 36,000 were ill.

During the last war, Allied and German armies which faced each other in Macedonia were immobilized for three years by malaria. The French army of 120,000 troops could never get more than 20,000 men into the line at one time—the other five sixths of the army being knocked out by malaria. And in this war, Field Marshal Wavell, setting out confidently against the Japs in the Assam-Burma campaign, found 40 per cent of his formidable force stricken with malaria within two months. "My army is in the hospital," he said ruefully.

Malaria is found in almost every part of the world. It has given our troops much trouble in the Mediterranean and the Southwest Pacific. In some places in the latter area, it is estimated that half our men get malaria. This disease is spread only by mosquitoes which, in spite of the fact that they have brains smaller than pinheads, are fairly clever about it. The mosquitoes pick up malaria parasites when they bite an infected person.

Most of the insects have the good grace to digest the malaria germ. But one type, the Anopheles mosquito, retains the parasite in its system. When this mosquito drills, it drools, and thus malaria is transmitted to a human victim. One mosquito, like one bullet, is all it takes.

The symptoms of malaria are so varied that when a man in fever country complains of anything from spots before his eyes to a tingling in his small toe, the medics are likely to suspect malaria. The malaria parasites get into the blood stream and can lay a man out for quite a time. His temperature may shoot up to 104 degrees, to be followed quickly by chills which feel like a Russian winter.

Our objective in the battle against malaria is the eradication of the Anopheles mosquito. Fighting units take with them a group of malaria-control experts—tropical-disease specialists, entomologists, parasitologists and sanitary engineers. While shells are screaming and bombs bursting, these gents settle down in battle areas for a serious study of insect life. First, they find out whether the local mosquitoes are Anopheles. Then they figure out whether they bite during the day, the early evening or late at night. If they are night feeders, the troops can move with safety while the sun shines, but must cover up with netting at night.

Variety in Mosquitoes

The experts also pry into the private life of the insects. Some mosquitoes breed in the sun, others in the shade. If it's the latter, you chop down trees. But if you make an error in identification and order trees chopped down where the sun-breeders dwell, you are piling up woe. This gets pretty complicated, because one kind of mosquito may live near the shore and the opposite type 20 miles inland.

Control measures are put into effect as quickly as practicable. As long as soldiers are able to keep themselves covered at the proper times, there is little danger of malaria. A group of Army doctors recently toured some of the worst malaria areas in the world and, taking only the simple control measures prescribed for all Army personnel, avoided infection altogether.

But troops can't be expected to worry much about mosquitoes while there are bullets in the air. Head nets are a nuisance, and clothes get torn. To keep mosquitoes off exposed skin, the Army issues an excellent repellent, which comes in a small bottle and keeps insects away for four hours after each application. Insecticides are also put out in the form of a "health bomb," which can be released inside a hut or a tent.

Fighting may increase the mosquito population in an area, because shell holes, ruts, etc., make excellent breeding places when they fill with water. So after the shooting is over, the control experts get busy cleaning up breeding places. The little beasties have a range of less than two miles, so the cleanup is carried out first within that radius of a camp.

Experience has demonstrated the effectiveness of military malaria control. One division, going into action in an enemy-held area, reported 6,000 cases in two months. A year later, when the fighting was over, and control measures had been instituted, another division occupied the same spot—and reported only 600 cases in two months. Control officers on one South Pacific island report that the mosquito has been exterminated there.

Before the war, quinine was the standard prescription for most malaria cases. The Japs cornered the quinine early in the game, but we had stored up a certain amount. To stretch out this supply, we are using a substitute called atabrine, developed, happily enough, by the Germans. The Army says it's as good as quinine. Neither of these drugs prevents malaria. They will cure the disease, and, by taking small quantities, soldiers who contract malaria while in action can keep down the fever and chills so they can fight.

While malaria still presents a serious

(Continued on page 45)

BALKAN ESCAPE

BY AMY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY STEWART LOVE—FPG

Names of towns and other identifying details are omitted from this article in order to protect from German vengeance the courageous underground workers who helped thirty Americans to escape from Nazi-held territory. It is unlikely that any of the thirty will be assigned to the European Theater again. For, if ever they were captured by the Germans, they would not be treated as prisoners of war. On the ground that the Americans had spent over six weeks behind the German lines, they would be dealt with as spies

THIRTEEN nurses and seventeen men of the American Army Air Forces dragged themselves out of their crashed plane—somewhere in Europe, they didn't know where. At first, through the driving rain, they saw no one. Then dozens of people appeared, running down from the hills to gather around them on the muddy little field.

"Where are we?" the pilot asked.

"Albania," the fellow with the handlebar mustache replied.

The pilot made a gesture of despair. German-held Albania! They might as well have come down in Berlin. Nothing to do now but wait for the Gestapo to come and herd them all off to a concentration camp. It was a soldier's nightmare come true.

The Albanians drew nearer, and the one who spoke a little English inquired, "English?"

The pilot shook his head. "American," he said.

"American!" It was a shout of joy. The fellow flung his arms around the pilot and kissed him on both cheeks. "It is the invasion!" he cried, and the people took up his cry, "Invasion!" kissing one another and dancing and weeping, there in the rain.

It wasn't the invasion, but it was the beginning of one of the most amazing adventure stories of the war. The thirty Americans spent the next sixty days in a dangerous game of hide-and-seek with the Germans, dodging bullets, ducking behind rocks, running for their lives. They journeyed on foot over 850 mountainous miles—hungry and cold and footsore. Through it all they were protected by the Partisans, the pro-Allied underground party that dares to operate boldly right under the Nazi nose.

We heard the story of those sixty hazardous days from two young nurses, back home now safe and sound in Detroit. Lieutenant Lillian J. Tacina, a red-haired girl, and Lieutenant Eugenie H. Rutkowski, a brunette, both good-looking, poised, intelligent.

This is Lieutenant Rutkowski speaking: "Everybody got kissed; but the copilot, Jim Baggs, more than anybody. They smooched Jim good. That was all fine, but we still wanted to know where the Germans were. They told us in sign language, strutting around with a German goose step and gesturing to show that if we had crossed the next mountain, we'd have run smack into them. They led us in the opposite direction across a mountain to a farmhouse, and explained, again in sign language, that we must stay hidden because the Germans might come that way at any moment.

"They put us into a room, about 14x14, in a little house made of rough stone, and there we stayed for two nights and two days, all thirty of us, while the men made arrangements with a Partisan official, the head of the district, to get us some mules and a guide who could lead us to a British mission.

"I don't know how many rooms there were in the house—two or three, maybe. We didn't do any wandering around in it. We stayed put. It was about 1:30 P.M. by now and some of us nibbled at our K-rations, but a lot of us skipped lunch because we didn't know how long those rations would have to last. At night, a barefoot woman came to the door with a big loaf of corn bread and a jug of water. It wasn't much like corn bread back home, but we ate every bit of it and we all drank from the jug.

"Sleeping wasn't so good. We took turns lying down on the floor. Not everybody could lie down at once. We had on all our clothes, even gloves and helmets, for it was cold. The fleas began to bite. When it was my turn to sleep, I took off my shoes. That was a mistake, because I was awakened by a chicken pecking at my toes.

"The next night we had a feast—water buffalo. We bought it in the near-by village through the Partisan official, agreeing to divide it with all the families in the neighborhood. I paid for it with my G.I. watch, and that was all right because I had two watches with me. They slaughtered the animal in the back yard, but I didn't look on. They cooked it and gave us more corn bread to go with the hunks of boiled meat. Tasteless, but meat. And they gave us more water. There is no such thing as a cup of coffee in Albania.

"The sanitary arrangements were something. There was just a hole in the floor of one of the rooms of the house. To reach it you had to go outside and then in again. If you made the trip at night, you kept bumping into sheep—black sheep. You could see the white ones. Once a day we washed our hands out on the back porch. Not in a basin. A woman would pour water from a jug over our hands. They didn't have any soap. We gave them some of our soap, but we didn't see them use it.

None of the Comforts of Home

"We weren't exactly comfortable, but that doesn't mean the people were inhospitable. They weren't comfortable themselves, or well-fed either. We didn't see a flat stomach in the whole country. Near-starvation makes the belly swell, you know. The way it seems to work in that country, the Germans swoop down on a village and take all food, clothes, fuel—everything. Then they leave until the next stealing expedition, about the time of the next crop, or until they need that village as a base for a drive. Oh, how the Albanians hate the Germans!

"We didn't pay for anything at this farmhouse, or at most of the other places we stayed. Even if we had had Albanian money, the people wouldn't have wanted payment. But they were pleased when we gave them things. The nurses gave away cologne and towels and silk stockings, and the men gave knives and handkerchiefs and extra clothing. I left my little gasoline stove at that first farmhouse.

"A couple of the boys set fire to our plane, so the Germans couldn't get hold of it. We sneaked out to watch the blaze from a mountaintop.

"On the third day, we loaded our baggage onto six mules the Partisans loaned us, and we set out on foot to the next village. It was raining, as usual, and the mud slowed us up."

The hegira of the little band of AAF fugitives had begun at 8:30 on the morning of November 8th when they left their base in Sicily to fly to Bari, Italy—thirteen nurses, thirteen technical sergeants in the medical corps, and the four members of the plane crew. At Bari they were to await assignment to planes bringing the wounded back from the front. Each nurse cares for a planeload of litter cases, and each sergeant cares for a planeload of patients who still can walk. It was all routine to them; they had done it before.

But the plane ran into weather, couldn't land at Bari, flew north, started to land on a strange field.

"That's when the shooting began," said Lieutenant Tacina. "We zoomed up quick and thank goodness it was foggy. The Germans sent planes up after us, but we ducked them. They hit our tail, but that's all."

(Continued on page 64)

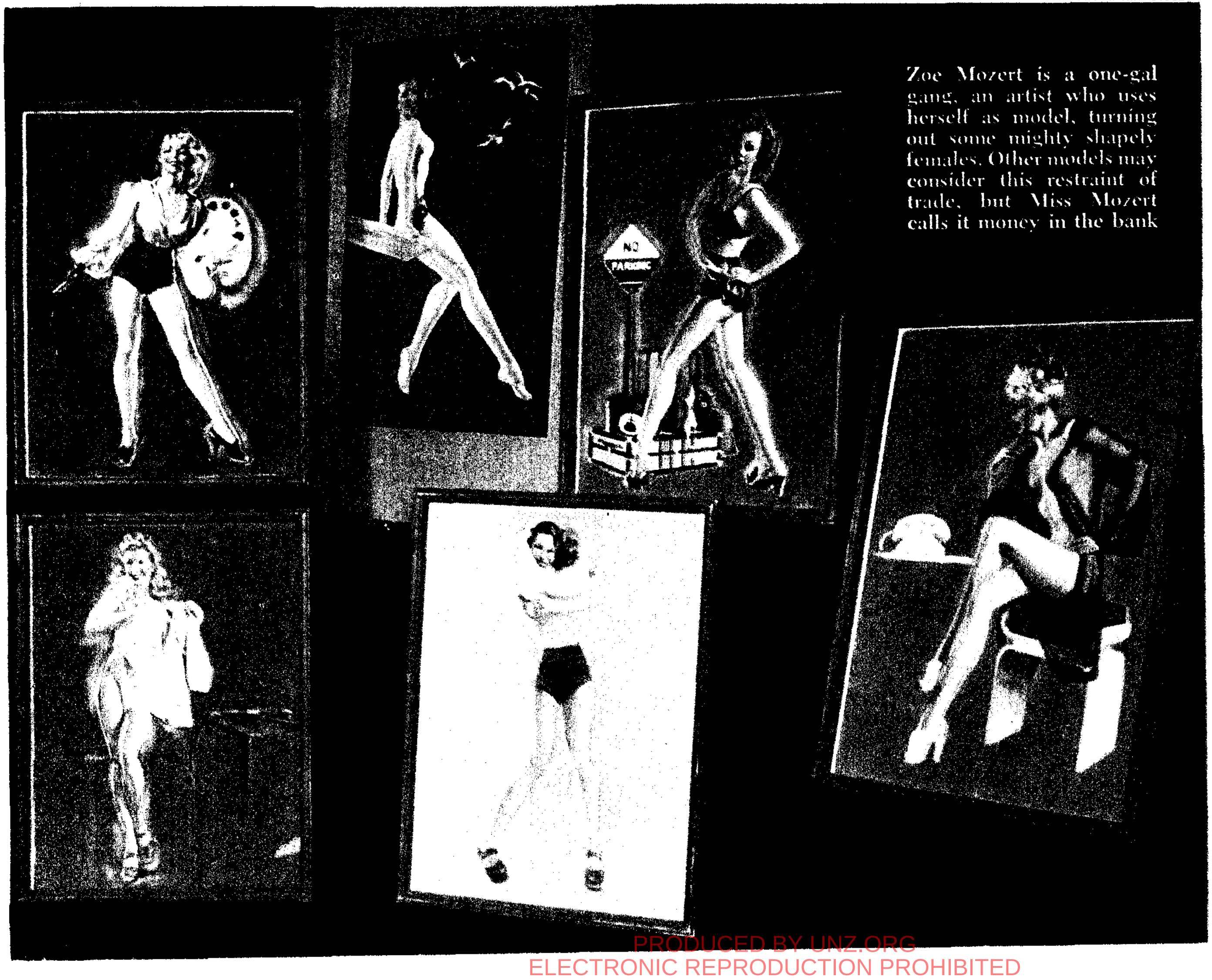
They lived to tell it—and smile. Flying nurses Lt. Tacina (left) and Lt. Rutkowski hid from Nazis for 60 days

HOMEMADE LEGS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Look closer next time you see a Zoe Mozert painting on a barbershop calendar. The artist uses herself as her model—nude or otherwise

BROWN AND BIGELOW



Zoe Mozert is a one-gal gang, an artist who uses herself as model, turning out some mighty shapely females. Other models may consider this restraint of trade, but Miss Mozert calls it money in the bank

DO YOU know what Miss Zoe Mozert does? She is a painter and she paints calendars and she uses herself as a model. Is this cricket? Since many of her poses are in the nude, there are many people who consider it not even decent. Furthermore, she is keeping other ambitious young ladies from modeling, and this may well be considered restraint of trade. Putting the matter in its most brutal form, Miss Mozert may be a monopoly.

There was a time when she used models, and there was also the hot summer Saturday afternoon in New York when she was unable to get a model and was forced to rig up a camera and snap herself lolling about on a divan like an Egyptian houri. She either did this or failed to get an advertising job in by Monday morning, which is another penal offense.

"I have made an interesting discovery," said Miss Mozert at this point, calculating in her head what she was saving in models' fees and also being a little intrigued by the contours of her own shape.

The result is that Miss Mozert has turned out a great many works of art which are now to be seen in feed stores, barbershops and the new streamlined bowling alleys. The calendar trade is big business, and the clientele seems to like them on the suggestive side, meaning undraped ladies or at least lots of leg. In most of these Mozert masterpieces will be seen the chassis of Zoe herself and the face of her cousin, one Sanora Jonson, who has a pert, turned-up nose and an eager countenance. This is said to be what the boys now demand, and Mozert is not one to fight the tides.

Art in Its Most Popular Form

Her picture Sweet Dreams, showing a girl in a nightie leaning over to blow out a candle, is reputed to be the most published work of art ever produced, more popular, even, than the famous September Morn.

Miss Mozert's real name is Alice Adelaide Moser (after Adelaide Thurston, the actress) and she decided about two years ago that nobody was ever going to reach fame with a handicap like that. She substituted a "z" for the "s" in Moser, and added a "t" and leafed through a dictionary until there were no more pages and finally snagged Zoe as her last chance.

Her father was a wood sculptor, which meant that he made patterns which were eventually produced as the scrollwork on stoves. Her mother had always wanted to be an artist but had given it up; Zoe wanted to be an artist and "had glue in my pants; I stuck to it."

Zoe was sent off to finishing school at Fairfax Hall, Virginia. From there, she went to the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art and got in by lying about her age, and she has been lying about it ever since. The family luck turned for the worse while she was in Philadelphia, and she kept going by posing at the Woman's School for Design, doing children's stuff because she looked so young.

She had an awful nerve trying to be an artist because she had no color sense, finally developing one by psychology. She went to exhibits and discovered that artists don't paint what they see but what people think they see.

"That's why I daub on those reds and greens thick like anything," she admits. "A trick."

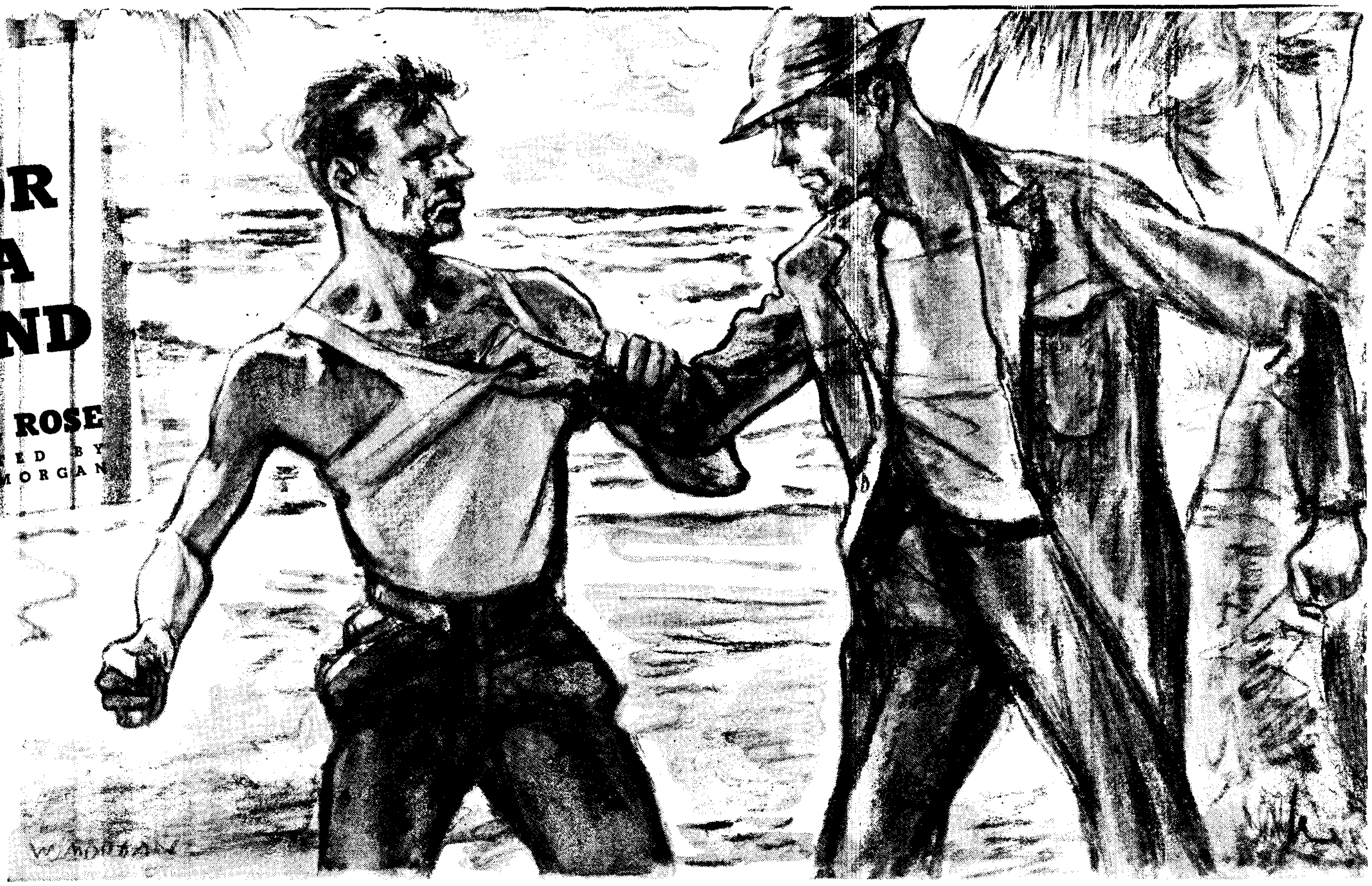
She went out to visit her aunt in Oklahoma, stopped in New Orleans on the way back and got herself married. It lasted two months and she decided dishwashing was not her stuff. It was while she was in Oklahoma that she worked for Tom Chamberlain, who owned a paint store and let her slap up things for her amusement. She learned pastels there, too, and soon

(Continued on page 64)

A FAVOR FOR A FRIEND

BY ROMA ROSE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



"Listen, you," Tate said, "I'd swim out of here, if I thought I could make it. And you nor nobody else could stop me"

TATE walked jerkily away from camp and stood at the edge of the water, grinding beach coral under his heel. His glazed eyes squinted, unseeing, across miles of Pacific Ocean while butterflies the size of buzzards flapped around in his stomach.

"See anything?" said a voice beside him.

Tate jumped. It was tough, ugly little Brownie, standing there in his undershirt and faded fatigues, looking hopefully at nothing. Tate glanced at him in disgust. No answer was necessary.

"Nothin', huh?" Brownie said. "Well, any old time them Japs want to come, I'm ready."

If all of us were like this dumb Brownie, Tate told himself, maybe we could stand it. No brains to worry with, no imagination, no nerves. But we've been eight months on this barren, stinking, sunburned little chunk, and nothing happens. No Japs. No orders. No nothing. *Nothing!* It's enough to drive a man—

His throat went shut and he had to keep swallowing. That guy today bawled and struggled when they led him away. Just a kid, he was. They'll send him back on the plane when it comes. Back to Australia. Maybe clear on back home.

"They'll take him out of here," Tate said suddenly and fiercely. "Why don't they take the *rest* of us out?" He reached out and grabbed Brownie by the undershirt. "They've forgotten we're here. They shuffled the papers and lost us. We'll never get out—"

"Shut up and take your hand off me," Brownie said. "What's the matter with you?" His ugly little face was close to Tate's, the eyes narrowed, shrewdly. "Say, you ain't making up any little plan for yourself, are you? I mean—" he hesitated, kicked at the coral before he licked his lips and went on—"about getting out of here, are you?"

"Listen, you," Tate said violently. "I'd swim, if I thought I could make it. And you nor nobody else could stop me."

Without knowing how it happened, they were squared off to fight, their mouths drawn thin, their fists ready. But Brownie stepped back, a worried look on his leather-colored face. He blinked.

"I don't want to fight you, boy," he said in a queer scratchy voice. "I don't want to get in no trouble today because I think the plane is coming in, and it's my turn to help unload. And anyway," he added with complete literalness, "you couldn't swim far with all them barracudas and sting rays out there."

In a crazy, reasonless way, Tate thought he was going to bawl. He knew Brownie wasn't afraid to fight; he was just trying to behave himself—like a kid.

"Sure, Brownie," Tate said. "You're right. Sure." He thought Brownie looked kind of haggard right now, staring at the sky, if a guy with a face like that could look haggard. But he was good and solid with plenty of guts, the kind of man they needed a lot of, Tate thought.

"You know," Brownie was saying into the sky, "I didn't get no letter last time. I guess my girl—" The words trailed off. He stood motionless, intent, his face screwed up. "Look!" he yelled. "The postman! Here comes the postman!"

Men repeated it from many directions, and they all came running down to the beach while a speck in the air grew bigger and turned into the PBY that came once a month with supplies, news and mail.

"Come on, Tate. Whatcha waitin' for?" Brownie ran with the others.

But Tate stood there, and in his mind it was all complete. "Next trip," he thought. "Just a couple days before she's due in. I'll just let go, and I'll go to pieces. I'm in bad shape now. It would be easy." Excitement at his decision trembled all through him.

"I can stand it till next time," he told himself. "Even if I get worse. Even if I can't eat or sleep, I can stand it. I'll hold everything tight till she's about due, and then they'll have to take me out. On this plane right here."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

He was alone. All the others had gone past him, and he saw that they were going to use all four of the boats to unload, so that all the men could help and have something to do. He ran after the others to help with the unloading.

He was in the last boat. They rowed out, and he climbed in the hatch high on the side and went aft, following the man in front of him. It didn't take long. They were getting out the very last of it, but Tate lingered, working himself as far back as he could, neatly stowing the cargo that was going on someplace else, lingering until the last possible moment. Next trip, he promised himself. Already the quivering inside him was better than it had been for days. He could stick it out till then.

Everyone was out now. He shoved a mail sack with his foot and pushed one packing case close to another. There was something between them. He bent down to look. Huddled in a little cave of boxes he saw a man, stowed away.

The soldier in Tate was shocked, and his lips said, "The dirty, cheap chiseler—deserting!" But his mind was ordering him clearly: Keep quiet. Get back in the boat and say nothing! It might be any of the men. They were all human, weren't they? It might have been himself, only he was too smart to try it this way. This was too risky, too simple. But it was the same idea, of course. The only difference was in how you worked it.

Forward, Tate heard the last call, "Everybody out." He stood up.

The man moved, and Tate saw his face. It was Brownie, with his finger on his lips, motioning Tate away. "Get out," he whispered. "We can't both go."

There was no time to argue. If it had been anybody else but that simple-minded goodhearted Brownie! It was worse for Brownie, Tate thought stubbornly, because he was a good man. He was dependable. He did what he was told. But now he was deserting his post of duty!

He wasted a second, looking for something to hit with, and Brownie pleaded in a hoarse whisper, "Get out! See them mailbags? They're going out to the Marshalls—to the fighting! I could get me a Jap before they—"

Tate leaned down, grabbed Brownie by the hair, tipped his face up and let him have it, square on the chin; Brownie's head snapped back and hit the floor hard. Tate dragged Brownie out of the cave of boxes and pushed the top ones to the floor with a crash.

"Hold it, sir!" Tate called forward.

A head appeared at the hatchway. "What the—"

"There's a man hurt, sir," Tate said. "Must have got a bump. He seems to be unconscious." He was hoisting Brownie, supporting him, pulling him along. "Must have got a crack on the head."

Tate had him in the boat before Brownie shook his head and opened his eyes. The other men were all watching curiously, asking questions.

"You got a knock on the head," Tate said. "Couple of boxes fell on you."

The hatch of the plane closed. The oars dipped, and the boat turned toward the beach.

"Huh?" Brownie said, and drops of sweat suddenly appeared on his brown-baked face. Then he added, very low, looking down ashamed, not moving even his lips, "Thanks for the favor."

Tate spoke low, close to Brownie's ear. "You've already done the same for me."

Brownie looked at him, puzzled. "Huh?"

The seaplane gunned first one motor and then the other, and began skimming along the water. Tate watched it rise and fly away, and kept watching it while they beached the boat. Then he turned his back, and he and Brownie crowded in with the others to wait for mail from home.

At Berea Tabernacle, an exhorter gets results in a moment of high dramatic intensity

HALLELUJAH IN BOOM TOWN

BY BREWSTER CAMPBELL AND JAMES POOLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

Detroit's evangelists start with an empty store and a stentorian voice, but they wind up with a tabernacle, a choir and two hundred missionaries. Praise the Lord and don't forget the collection baskets

IN EVERYBODY'S TABERNACLE in Conner Avenue, Evangelist Jack (There is Hope) Munyon has a feverish congregation swinging from the rafters. He's telling them what to expect When All Heaven Goes Wild. Glory Hallelujah!

Old-time Bible shouters like Billy Sunday and Aimee MacPherson never had tinder-hearted customers like these. There's not a soft-handed, rheumy-eyed sin screamer in the house. This is Detroit between war-plant shifts. The place is full of slacked, jumpered, overalled riveters, welders, foundrymen and all the rest of the brawny crowd from the shops and plants that turn out guns and tanks, planes and shells.

Even Sister Ethel Willitts, founder and boss pastor of the Tabernacle, is crouching. Listen to the angels sing. Oh, Glory, Glory, Glory; Oh, Glory to the Lamb. This crowd's hardy. There's no emotional writhing. Nobody gets carried out, hysterically screaming for mercy. Just hoarse roars and rich shouts of encouragement to Evangelist Jack, who, by now, is dancing furiously up the golden stairs. Atta boy, Jack! Lay it on 'em, Jack.

We're supposed to drop in on all the salvation shops which today are Detroit's second great industry. But that's impossible. Great and small, there are a hundred of them, more or less. Since Pearl Harbor, Detroit's become the Greater Armageddon—every day and every night the Great Day of God. To Detroit with war, came great throngs of workers. With crowds came sin. After sin came salvation borne on the strong shoulders and powerful voices of preachers, lay and ordained—from the Bible Belt of the South, from the Mount Pisgahs of the West.

And don't forget the money. War pays big wages. Yes, sisters and brethren, praise the Lord and pass the collection baskets! And sing, folks, sing whilst you throw it down: On Monday I Am Happy; on Tuesday Full of Joy. . . .

Not far away, Evangelist William (Bill) McGarrahan is leaping over his pulpit, vaulting piled chairs, clawing the air and sliding home, telling the folks what God is like. The great hall is dark but big kliegs flood the platform. On the screen behind Bill, an angry sea lashes and lathers. On the boiling flood, "a historically proportioned Ark rises in angry waves as the mighty waters cover the earth." We take that straight from the program in case you don't get it.

Sometimes Bill docks the Ark (Noah still standing there on that old bridge, and Ham, Shem and the boys busy with the animals) and the sea is taken over by the darnedest whale you ever did see. It's twenty feet long, that whale. It lollops through the waves like a Yankee landing barge and swallows a terrified five-foot Jonah whilst Bill bids the crowd behold and hold on because there's more acomin'.

Jonah's gone, and the sea fades out. A mighty fortress, complete with ditch, ramparts, parapets and watchtowers, rises from the mighty deep. Bill mounts its twenty-foot walls, repels the Devil and all his legions with fists, feet and lungs. Then Bill leaps down upon the groggy demons, kicking them back to hell. The congregation roars him on to mightier and mightier battle. The big choir starts pianissimo and, as Bill boots old Beelzebub for a goal, it reaches a tremendous crescendo—Hold the Fort for I Am Coming.

Above us in the darkening skies, a hundred planes are singing their Battle Cry of Freedom. The great plants wherein these congregations toil have just released them, and soon they'll be smashing the Jap and the German. But yonder in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Brother Pastor Rollings is giving out with the thunder and lightning of God.

On the platform will be Maude Oberg who, our program tells us, was "a habitual criminal, a dope and alcohol addict, who spent every Christmas (Christmas, folks) for thirteen years in prison or jail." She'll tell you, brothers. Listen to her, sisters. Got to get there early to get in. It's hard to make up our minds. We pause

Salvation is a thriving business in busy Detroit. This is a typical audience at one of the hundreds of meetings each week

at a night club and try to comfort the manager. He's wringing his hands. No business. No business. Everybody's going to the Tabernacle—some Tabernacle!

Maybe we'd better go to the Temple. They're going to have 6—*six*—6 missionaries on the stage; a choir of 250 voices, too. Two hundred and fifty voices chanting The Little Brown Church in the Dell, roaring Beulah Land, Onward, Christian Soldiers, Brighten the Corner. Let's go! Or wait. Brother H. Ed Weinzierl over in Radio Temple is holding special Miracle Meetings—Divine Healing. The Sick and Afflicted Invited.

Or there's Berea Tabernacle where some new brother straight from the Burning Bush is going to preach To Your Knees, America. Folks say you never heard anything like this—ever. Besides there's going to be "A Great Praise God for the Grand Home-Coming of Reverend and Mrs. Kline from Florida."

But Detroit is teeming with fine shows—tabernacles and evangelists complete with lighting effects, brass bands, robed choirs, stage properties and press agents. We can't see them all. Better settle for Sister Willitts who came to Detroit in a tent in 1939 and by 1943 had a vast tabernacle, a $165,000 corporation and a branch in sunny Florida. Come on. Anyway, before you get anywhere, four or five more tabernacles will spring into existence. Some brother or sister has caught the idea, torn off overalls, donned a robe, rented a store from which some busted merchant has moved into the Army or a war plant. The competition's terrific.

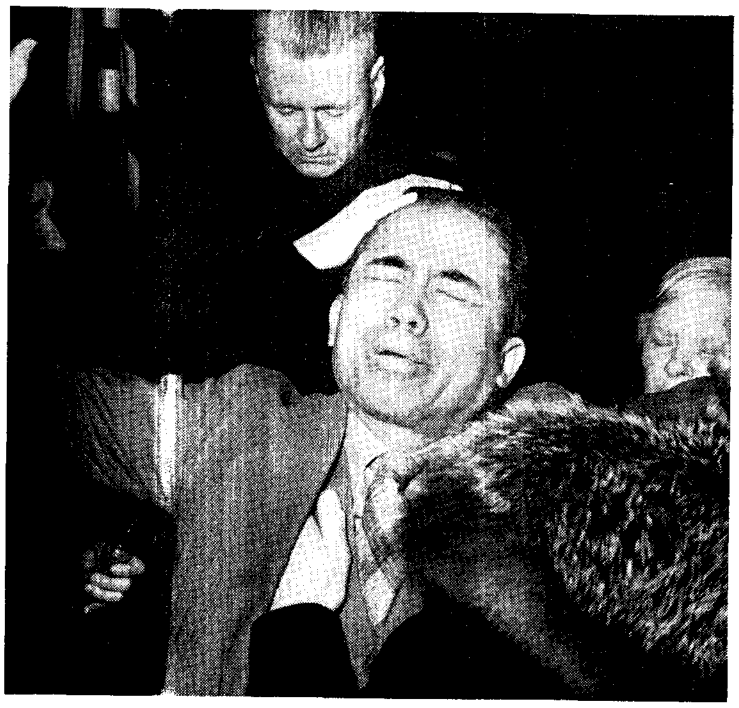
Sister Willitts has everything—personal magnetism, a fine dramatic flair, excellent business sense. Now and then, foolish people have tried to throw stones in her straight, narrow and vociferous path. Like that father who galloped into court charging that Sister Willitts had kidnaped his daughter. What do you mean—kidnaped? Sister Willitts strode right up to the judge, charged the father was a godless fellow leading his daughter toward sin.

The judge washed his hands of it, shaking his learned head in sore perplexity. The girl had told him that she was happier with God and Sister Willitts; that she wanted to share her happiness with others. Next day, Sister Willitts took four columns in the Detroit newspapers to bid all and sundry to "Come Out and Hear the Truth About the Kidnaping." They came out—thousands—and they cheered Sister Willitts and the gal—wildly. "Praise God, everybody, and sing: Yes, We

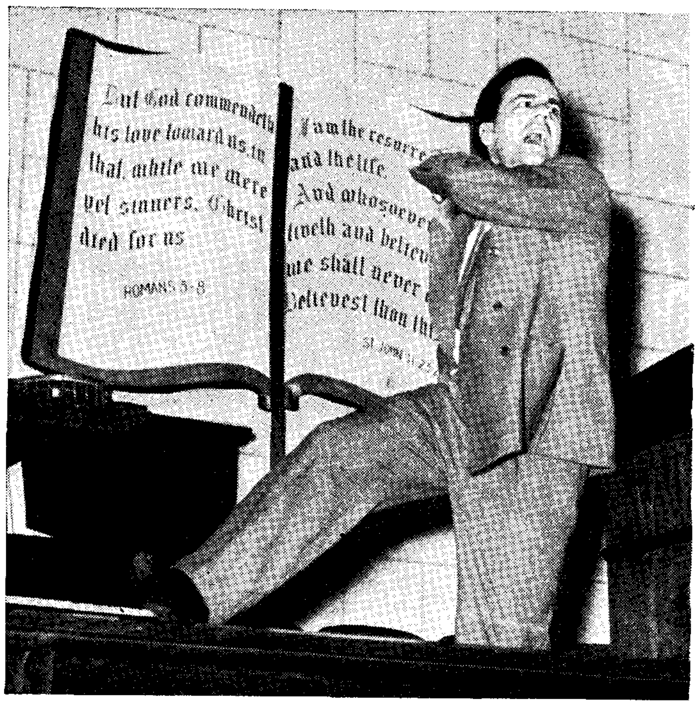
(Continued on page 52)

At Metropolitan Tabernacle, Maude Oberg testifies to her reformati She's introduced by Pastor E. J. Rollings

At Radio Temple—"Miracle Meetings and Divine Healing"—H. Ed Weinzierl gleefully anoints one of the converts



In a transport of prayer for better health, a Filipino is anointed Minister Marjorie Lee, Star of Hope Temple



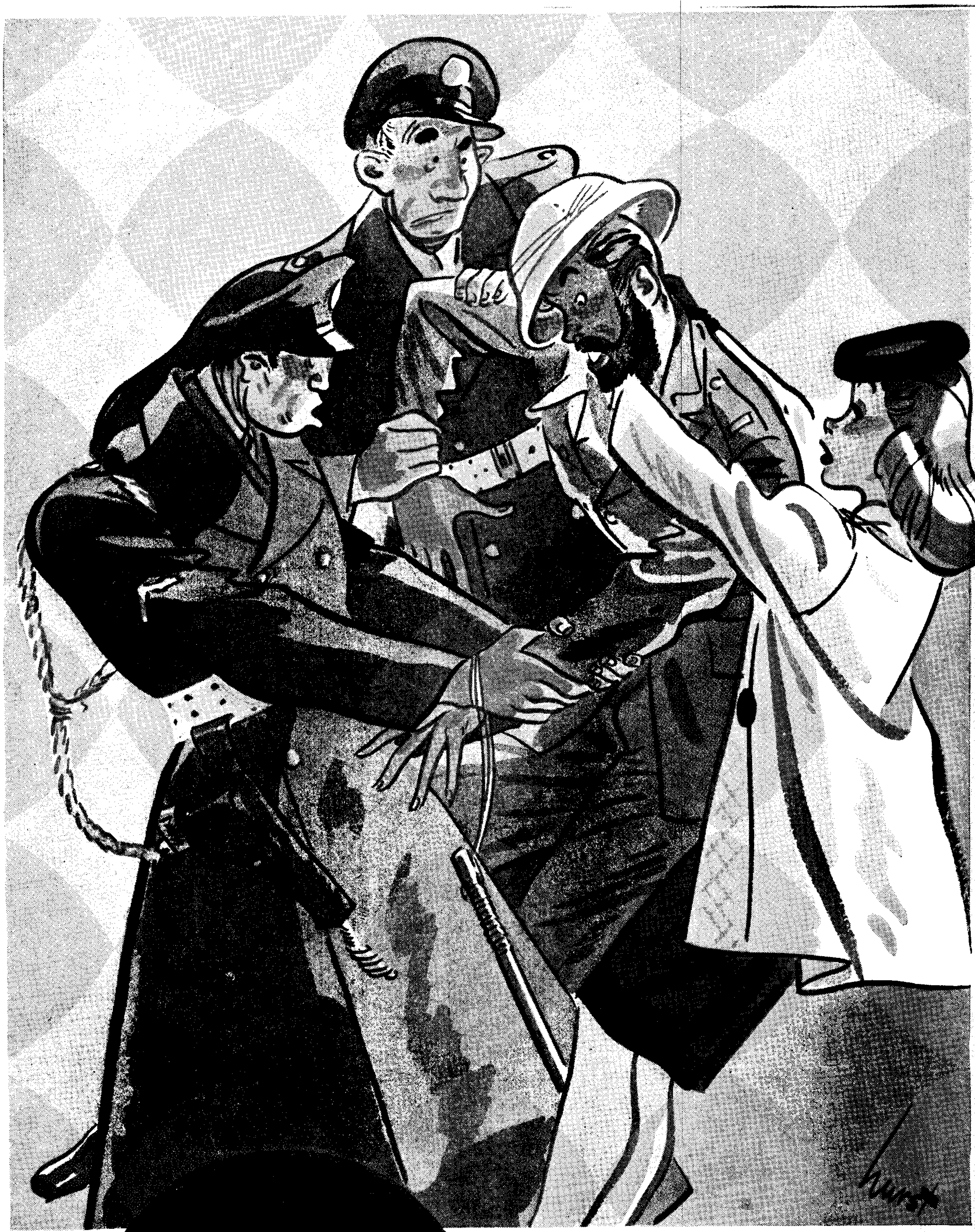
But God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us
ROMANS 5-8
I am the resurre and the life. And whosoever liveth and believ me shall never Believest thou th
ST JOHN 11:25

Athletic Evangelist Joe Moroney preaches his vigorous sermons from the stage of well-filled Missionary Temple

President Ann L. Spellman (left), Missionary Temple, helps with the music

But God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were sinners, Christ us
NS 5-8

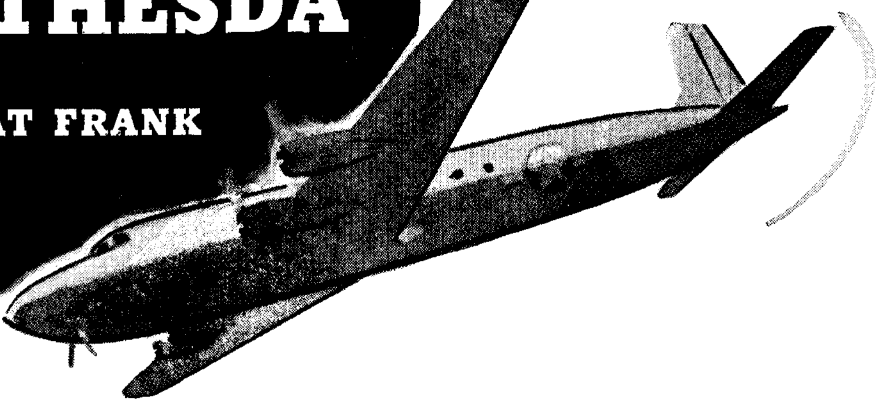
Brother Weinzierl, below, gives a sailor some effective attention



The sergeant put his big hands on Johnny. "Lady," he told the girl, "you better watch out for these phonies"

A DATE IN BETHESDA

BY PAT FRANK



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

He set out from a South Pacific island on a journey of military importance—and some thousands of cockeyed miles later he discovered that the trip was important to him, although not to the Army

IT WAS the kind of signpost you will find wherever there are Engineers, U. S. Army, and they have welded steel to the land and called it an air strip. It rose at the end of a strip carved from the souring, water-logged jungle of Malopan, Dutch New Guinea.

Under this signpost, cross-legged on the steel matting, sat Johnny Glendenning. He wore a tropic uniform so discolored by sweat and jungle ooze that he seemed to be expertly camouflaged. His G.I. shoes were balls of mud, the three top buttons of his shirt were open or missing, and all that distinguished him as an officer and gentleman was a single tarnished silver bar pinned to his bedraggled collar. Alternately, he was holding a thumb-smudged V-Mail letter close to his sunburned nose, and addressing the signpost. He told the signpost: "Darling, I'm sorry, but I cannot keep that date."

He was not talking to the top pointer, which aimed due north and said "Tokyo—2900 Miles," nor to the pointer that announced Sydney, Australia, to be twenty-six hundred miles in the opposite direction. He was not talking to Calcutta, Chungking, or Port Moresby, five hundred and eighty savage miles east along the coast. Johnny Glendenning was holding a conversation, aloud and earnestly, with the bottom pointer, "Washington, D. C.—10,142 Miles."

"Honey," he said, "there is not one chance that at 6 o'clock on the morning of February 11, 1944, we will meet in Union Station and catch the Bethesda bus and sit in the back seat and make love. There is not one chance."

FOUR RAAF Boomerangs taxied to the other end of the strip, and then broke into the thunder of take-off for their evening patrol. Johnny Glendenning did not see or hear them. "Prudence," he said, consulting his letter, "it is all right for you to say you will be waiting, two years to the minute and the hour and the day, as you promised. It sounds very romantic. But for seven weeks you haven't even bothered to write. Even if I could keep that date, which of course I cannot because it is already February 7, how do I know you would be there to meet me?"

Then he stopped, because he felt she would be there. She was that kind of girl. "I'm sorry, Prudence," he told the signpost, and he could see for a moment the exact shade of her taffy-colored hair and gray eyes. "I am very sorry. Don't you know that I am going to be here forever? I have been here forever, and I am going to stay here forever. I will be here on February 11, '44, and February 11, '94. I am going to become a *kiakia,* and wear nothing but a small seashell, and centuries from now anthropologists will find a strange redheaded race living near the Malopan River, and it will be a mystery in the Sunday papers once a year."

From behind the dense bamboos, in the region inhabited by Headquarters and Service Company, there jolted an explosion, accompanied by considerable blast. This was the Retreat Gun of the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers. It was not strictly a gun. The Second Battalion had no gun. It had misplaced its 37 mm. antitank weapon in its first clumsy landing, almost two years before, and it had lost its 75 not long after, on a day when the Japs came in force over Darwin. So now the Second Battalion used a few sticks of elignite for retreat and reveille, and considered a aluting cannon sissy.

Johnny got to his feet, slipped his letter into his hip ocket, and trudged down Jeep Alley toward the one-oom, palm-roofed structure on stilts which bore the ign: "U. S. Army—Officers' Club and Mess."

He was last in. He sat in his accustomed place on he long bench, mechanically stabbed two balls of hopped meat onto his plate, and sniffed them. "Zebuburgers!" he announced. "Zebuburgers! I am ashamed o look a zebu in the face."

"Me," said Captain Slats Toomey, scratching his umpy chest, "I am growing a hump from eating zebu."

At the head of the table the old colonel cocked his ead on its side so his good ear would miss nothing. "A ebu," he said, "at least looks like a cow. In New York hey are eating horse meat."

"Isn't that awful!" said Broadway Zucca. "Isn't that ust awful! I am so tickled to be in Malopan, New Guinea, right now, eating something called a zebu which have been eating three times a day for nine months nd which looks a little like cow, instead of being in New York where I could have nothing but horse meat nd Scotch and sodas and nineteen beautiful blondes nd could go to a show every night and after the show naybe to the Stork or Twenty-One. Oh, yes, I am so ickled!"

"If we only had that movie projector—" said ohnny Glendenning wistfully.

"So little Johnny wants to go to the movies," said Slats Toomey. "Me, I want to get the hell out of this hole."

JOHNNY said, "What are you fellows griping about? I'm supposed to be married in three days—four, I guess, considering the time change—in a church, in Bethesda, Maryland."

Broadway Zucca laughed. He laughed as if nothing was funny. "You going to get married," he said, "and you haven't had a letter in seven weeks!"

"Who has?" asked Johnny.

The old colonel refilled his coffee cup, and the wrinkles grew around his mouth and forehead, and his eyes seemed dull and bewildered and sunken in the tired flesh of his face. The lack of mail was the worst. It wrecked morale. But it was only part of the mystery. There was the matter of the movie projector. It should have reached them months before, but all he had ever received was a note from Special Services, addressed to the Commanding Officer, Malopan, and saying that since the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers, had been relieved, the projector would not be sent. "I think," said the colonel, "that I'll write again for that movie projector."

"It will be here in time for what war?" inquired Broadway Zucca.

Johnny thoughtfully ate his salt tablet, vitamin pill, and atabrine, one by one.

"Colonel," he said, "do you think they could have forgotten us? We finished this strip three months ago, and always before they moved us as soon as we finished a strip."

"Absurd!" said the colonel. "I'll admit this is a very peculiar war, and that the Army has made officers out of peculiar people." He looked up at Zucca and Toomey. "But who ever heard of the War Department forgetting a whole battalion?"

"Still," insisted Johnny, "the First Battalion has been home since November."

The colonel stared into the bottom of his coffee cup. It was strange, he thought, not getting any new orders. But what could he do? The commander of a unit didn't write to GHQ and ask whether, perhaps, he hadn't been forgotten. When the Army sent you somewhere you stayed there until you were ordered out. But perhaps a judicious inquiry—

The colonel lifted his head. "Gentlemen," he said, "it is, as I said, absurd to think that we have been forgotten, and left to rot here in Malopan. But just to ease your minds, I am going to send a delegation to Australia."

"Leave!" interrupted Toomey. "I can see myself in Sydney right now! Those Sydney babes!"

"The delegation," said the colonel, "is not going to Sydney. We are sending a delegation of one, because that is all we can spare. He is to go to Allied Headquarters and discreetly—discreetly, mind you—approach engineer officers at Headquarters who might know something about when we are to be relieved. It is a very delicate undertaking. If the officer I select even hints that we might feel we have been forgotten, or lost, he had better not come back."

"Who," asked Toomey, "is the officer?"

"I'm selecting Lieutenant Glendenning," said the colonel. "He is a bit younger than the rest of you, but a good deal more tactful, and at least he knows enough about the Army to respect his superiors."

"Teacher's pet," growled Broadway Zucca.

"I'm giving him six days' rest leave," said the colonel. "There's a transport due in tomorrow morning to refuel. Bound for Townsville. I will send a signal to the Army Transport Command, and arrange for him to be on it. Good evening, gentlemen."

The colonel rose and left the mess.

IT WAS the largest four-motored job that had ever put down on the strip at Malopan, and the largest transport plane Johnny had ever seen.

"My name," the captain said, "is Jarnegan—call me Jiggs. This is Mac Brown, my copilot, Coombs, navigator, Rankin, radio, and Pulaski, engineer. We were," he explained, as if it were quite important, "all on airlines before the war."

"That's fine," Johnny said. To him, they seemed a sophisticated, worldly lot, like advertisements of flying officers' uniforms in a men's magazine. He was immediately conscious of his tunic, faded and bearing signs of mildew, and of his best shoes, from which he had never been able to quite keep the green mold.

The C-54, he learned, had been loaded with fighter wings for an advance base on the other side of the island. Now it was on the way back, carrying damaged engines for reconditioning. Johnny was the only passenger. It was, he decided after the take-off, like riding in an empty boxcar. He fell asleep, and when he awoke the transport was on the ground. His ears ached and sang.

"Townsville already?" he asked Pulaski, the engineer.

"No. Horn Island."

"What's the trouble?"

"Don't know. We never stop here. Skipper'll tell you."

The captain, rubbing his guardsman mustache, was apologetic. "We got radio orders," he said, "to put down here. Don't know why. I'm afraid this may cut a day off your leave."

"Haven't had leave for nigh on to two years," said Johnny, "so one more day won't matter much."

"I understand the Aussies have a pretty good mess here," said the captain. "Don't play poker, do you?"

"I do some," said Johnny. As a good poker player, he didn't think it was necessary to tell exactly how much poker he had played. There was no use to announce that in Malopan there was nothing else to do except play poker, and that he had been urged by his victims to write a book on the game, come peace.

They played table stakes.

At two in the morning, when Johnny was apologetically winning the last big pot, the captain was rubbing his mustache in awe. "You're a very lucky guy," he said. "Up until tonight, I was called the Scourge of the Pacific. How much did you win?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Johnny. "Whatever you fellows lost, I guess."

THE five A.T.C. men examined him, coldly and grimly. "When we get to Townsville," the captain suggested, "I think we'd better have another game."

"Oh, sure," said Johnny.

He was awakened in the morning by the captain shaking his shoulder. "Glendenning," the captain said, "I've got bad news for you."

"Yes?" Johnny inquired sleepily. "Do they have coffee in this place?"

"I think you will have plenty of time to find out," Jiggs said, "because my airplane just got new orders. We're to unload what we've got here, and head west for Broome. Special job there. Don't know what it is."

"Where does that leave me?" Johnny asked.

"It leaves you on Horn Island—right smack between New Guinea and Australia."

Johnny considered this. After he had crawled into his cot, and tucked in the mosquito bar, he had counted his winnings. He had two thousand one hundred and ten American dollars, eighty-four Hawaiian dollars, twenty Fiji pounds, and ninety pounds ten shillings Australian. "I suppose," Johnny suggested, "that means no poker game in Townsville."

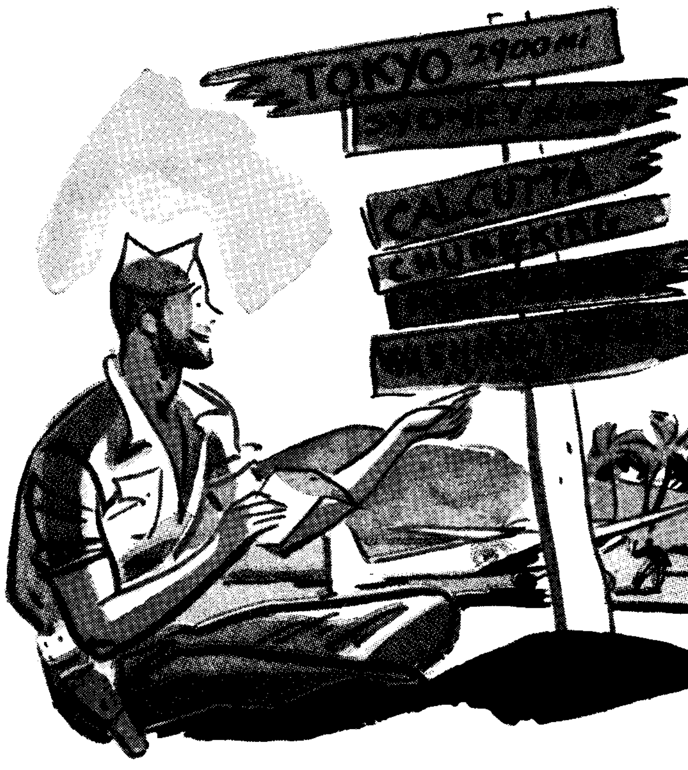
"I'm afraid not." The captain did not look happy. Then he said, with the air of a travel-bureau agent describing the beauties of Yellowstone, "Why don't you come on to Broome with us? After all, that will put you in Australia, although a bit to the west."

"Yes," said Johnny, "just a mere matter of about twenty-eight hundred miles west of where I'm going."

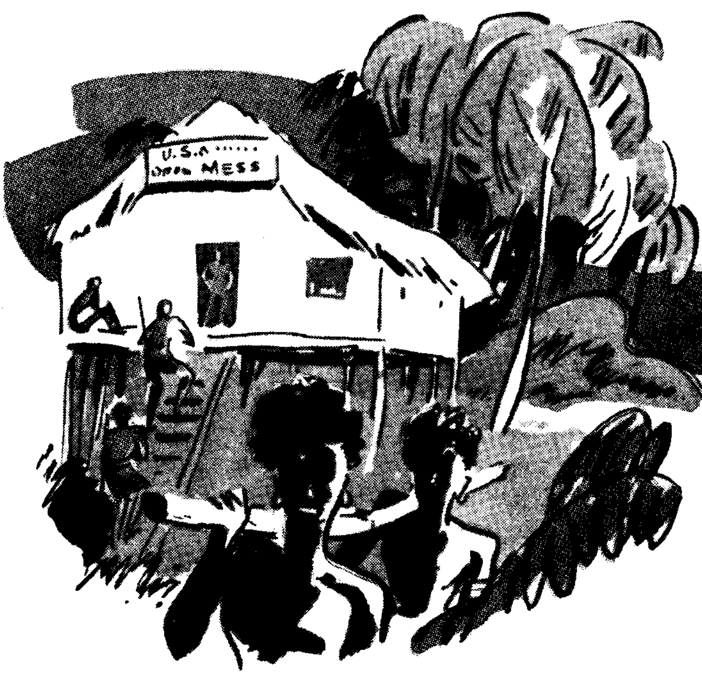
Jiggs snapped his fingers. "What's that?" he inquired. "Just a spit for a C-54. Nine or ten hour hop. We're sure to be ordered right back—probably direct to Sydney or Brisbane."

"This all sounds snafu," said Johnny.

"Oh, no, fellow. Be there by dark. May stay the

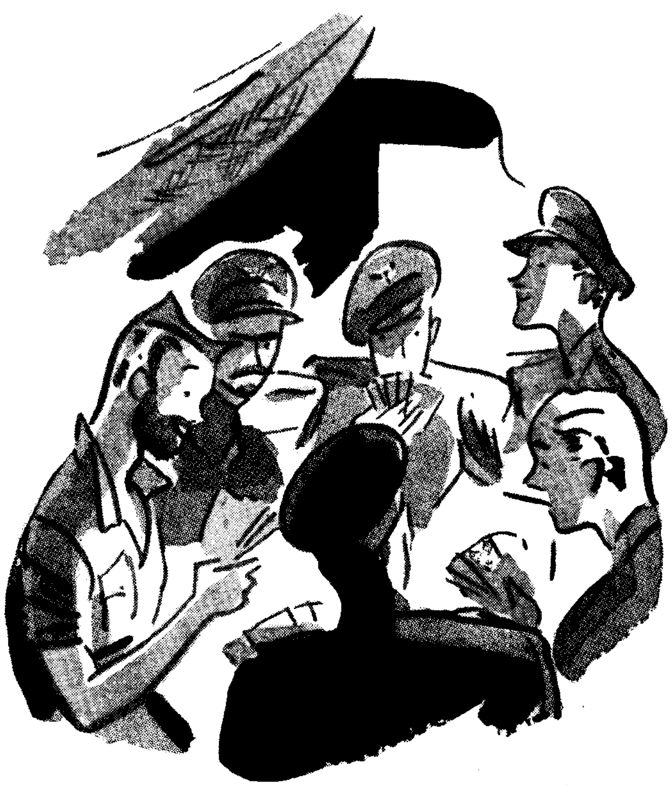


Johnny was holding a conversation with Washington



The Officers' Club stood at the end of Jeep Alley

At two o'clock Johnny was winning the last big pot



night. May take off on the return right away. Might be in Sydney tomorrow morning this time."

"Kind of a rugged trip."

"Not as rugged," said Jiggs, "as spending six days rest leave on Horn Island. There's no telling when another ship will come through here."

"Oh!" said Johnny.

"And tonight, of course, we can play poker in Broome," said Jiggs.

In Broome, the crew of the C-54 invested in what was likely the only quart of real rye whisky on the west coast of Australia. Johnny knew that a really good poker player does not drink at all. Never. Not even if he is playing penny ante in the Bethesda Friday Ladies Club. But he found the situation a bit difficult. He was a long way from Malopan, New Guinea, and an equally long way from Allied Headquarters. He took a few. Jiggs held fours when he held a full, but that kind of luck can happen to anyone. He took a few more. His luck improved, and his bluffs all seemed to work. He felt comfortable, and warm, and a little sleepy.

A sergeant entered their room and handed Jiggs a big envelope. There was a smaller envelope inside it. The smaller envelope had five red seals on its back. Jiggs opened the small envelope, read the paper inside, and handed it to Brown, the co-pilot. "Couldn't we play just another hour?" Brown asked. "I'm two hundred out on tonight, and you know what I dropped last night."

"They've gassed and serviced us," said Jiggs unhappily, "and we've got to move."

"Are we going to Sydney?" Johnny inquired, pulling a stack of bills from the table and thrusting them into his pocket.

Jiggs' face twisted, as if he had a pain in the stomach. "Well, not exactly," he said. "As a matter of fact, we are going to make quite a hop—quite a hop indeed—to Colombo, Ceylon."

"Where's that?" Johnny asked, measuring one more small drink of rye.

"Oh, it's in that direction," said Jiggs, pointing.

"Isn't that the way I'm going?"

"Frankly, no. But come to think about it, you might save time by coming with us. Chances are you couldn't get an RAAF plane out of here for GHQ tomorrow, or even the day after. And by that time, we'll probably be back here, and then it's just a matter of nine or ten hours back across Australia, and there you are all safe and sound at Headquarters, and still with a few days leave."

"I'M NOT sure," said Johnny, "that it's a good idea. It's not the leave so much. I've got sort of a special mission."

Johnny took the small drink. This was the first rye he had seen since a day long ago on the Top of the Mark, in San Francisco. In all his life, he never before had felt so confident and capable. He felt like a chicken colonel about to lead his regiment into action, on horseback and with banners flying. "Well," he said, "what are we waiting for?"

When he awoke, in the morning, it was very cold, although he seemed to be in a wool-lined sleeping bag, with his hands resting on an inflated life jacket. The four great motors of the C-54 were steadily drumming. He sat up, keeping the sleeping bag tight about him, and saw Pulaski. Pulaski was wearing a leather flying suit. "Hey," he yelled, "where are we?"

"Just about in the middle of the Indian Ocean," Pulaski yelled. "Want some coffee? Guess you'll need it black."

Johnny slowly fell back, until his head again rested on the life jacket. Then he began to groan.

In Colombo, they took four admirals and a British field marshal aboard, and Johnny won six hundred and fifty, including travelers' checks. Jiggs explained that

(Continued on page 75)

HIGH HATTER

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Walter Florell, creator of exotic headgear for ladies with much moola

THERE is a little place in New York, one flight up on a side street but worth the trip, where if you have an eye for a bargain and play your cards right, you can buy a hat for as little as fifty dollars. Pecunious ladies ranging in variety of façade from the Duchess of Windsor to Gypsy Rose Lee (pardon the billing, Gypsy) shop there for cranial fancies, and Miss Greta Garbo of the films once had the singular honor of being tossed out of the joint, for lack of, not funds, but enthusiasm.

Walter Florell, the gentleman after whom the emporium is named, spends sometimes three and a half to four minutes thinking up a new model, and the only kind of customer he wants is one who (besides having fifty clams in the knapsack) will utter little short gasps as each trifle is unveiled. Garbo tactlessly asked to have the tilt of a brim changed, or something. She never asked twice.

"It is a pity," Greta sighed, as she got the heave-ho. "You and Fay Brown could have been such good friends."

"Who is Fay Brown?" asked Florell.

"Why, that's *me,*" said Garbo. And that was how Florell discovered who had been sending him checks (he had a whole mysterious collection of them, and it was driving him mad) signed "Fay Brown." The Silent Swede believes—or with a dead pan pretends to believe—that her use of this plain American name cloaks her in anonymity wherever she goes, and kids some of the people some of the time.

Florell is dark, handsome and short, towering over his exotic five-foot wife only by the height of a pair of elevator shoes, but despite his lack of altitude and girth, he has a dash of Diamond Jim Brady in his soul, and both his hands are weighted down with Koh-i-noors the size of ration tokens. He has rather velvety persuasive brown eyes, and a way of looking with them at a woman who is wearing one of his hats as if she were the all-time dream girl. He calls his customers "Madame" in a voice as intimate as a silk nightie; he kisses their hands on arrival and departure. All this is included in the price of the beret, bonnet, or beanie, whether it is the average $50 job or something a little better at $200.

Also included, most of the time, is a rather good show. Joan Crawford arrives and buys three or four numbers for herself and seven or eight for some poor girl she feels sorry for. Gertie Lawrence comes in and tries on all the hats over the wrong eye. Hope Hampton appears for a fitting, carrying her white toy Pomeranian, which is nattily enveloped in a leopard coat.

An actress (who perhaps had better be nameless) sends back all her hats to have inches taken off the brims because she just had an inch taken off her nose. Princess Marta glides in with her Archduke Franz Josef and flourishingly autographs a portrait of herself with the inscription, "You are a genius!" (Florell says the fact that she wrote exactly the same line on a picture for his dentist hurt him only a *little.*)

Entrance of a Star

On a particularly exciting afternoon in the shop, the door opened, and a chauffeur in gala uniform appeared and threw bales of dresses, complete with hangers, onto the floor. A second later Gypsy Rose Lee, the Empress of Burlesque, strode in.

Florell recalls dreamily, "Gypsy was beautiful like a steak—alive like a bag of fleas—and as sound as a bank." She was wearing a tailored suit and a pair of magnificent suspenders over her rather noted chest.

"Honey," she instructed the milliner, "you've got to be careful what you put on me. I've got a terrific rear. I've had it all my life. Mother tried to massage it away, but couldn't—and now a large part of my success is based on it."

Florell whipped together a pink organdy hat that contained enough yardage for a Shubert backdrop. It looked quite a bit like a French bed, turned down.

Gypsy liked it instantly, but mused into the mirror, "I wonder if it will go with Brahms."

Carmen Miranda always comes into the shop with wet hair, always accompanied by two Brazilian gentlemen who are supposed to interpret for her. While Florell is in the process of designing one of the miniature grocery stores she calls turbans, Carmen will point triumphantly at a red, red rose and shriek: "Green! Green! Green!"

On the day the Duchess of Windsor dropped in to purchase a few beanies, the press of the nation kept the shop's telephone sizzling. Actually she bought seven hats, but by the time the news got to small towns in Texas, the figure was 40, and the revolution was practically here. One reporter, told that the Duchess had bought only her traditional beanies, asked Florell if he didn't think she ought to change her style. "Definitely not!" he retorted. "Those beanies got her a king."

Actually it was British royalty that started him off as a designer of feminine headgear. Born in Paris of a nonprofessional family, he was sent to dancing school as a boy to overcome his shyness, and soon was good enough to dance in the Diaghilev ballet.

Later he did some specialty work in ritzy cafés with a girl partner, and it was during this period that he began designing the costumes for his act.

The Duchess of Kent, then regarded as Europe's best-dressed woman, dropped into Dorchester House one evening in London, saw the little white sailor with the violets on it that he had dreamed up for his partner, and got the little shiver up the spine that tells a woman: "That's for me!"

Florell made her one like it. Not long afterward, he came to New York and set up his first shop in a little place that looked vaguely like a speak-easy.

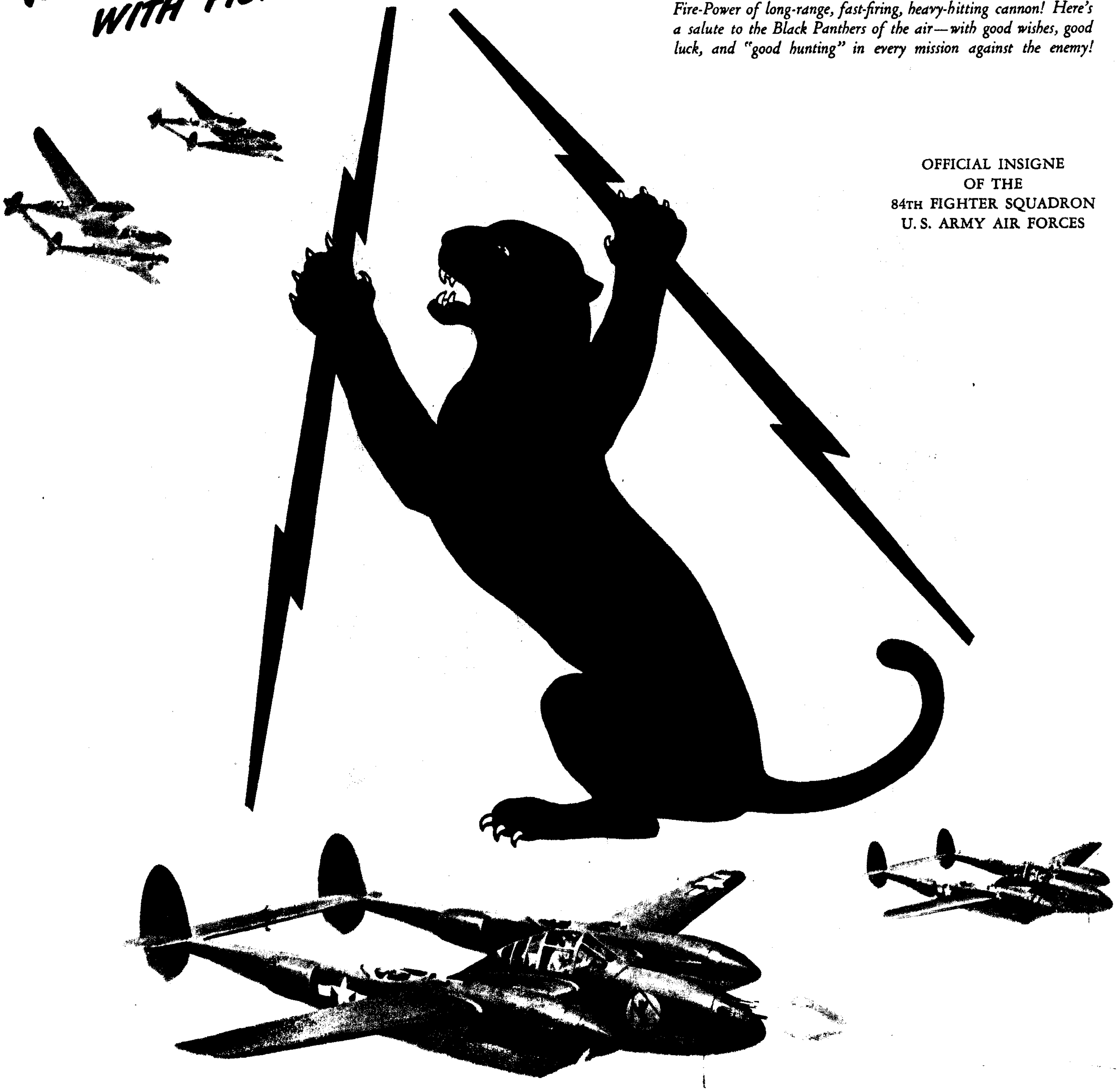
He thinks the distinguishing characteristic of all his hats is flattery. "That keeps me in the good graces of the husbands," he says happily. He believes women who dress for other women are dopes, and he is never more delighted than when a man looks at a Florell fantasy and says mistily, "My mother once had one something like that." When they admit that, he avers, you've got them by the checkbook.

All his hats have names. He wouldn't dream of showing an unchristened chapeau. The lid monikers range from simple things like "Eve" to guess-whats like "Raffle Me Off" and "Clean Linen in Public." Florell always has a reason for each name, but we won't go into that now.

Sufficient to say that if you have copies of "Adolescence," "My First Love Affair," "Follow Me," "Co-respondent," "Reno" and "Family Album," you are—at least from the eyebrows up—ready for anything. ★★★

BLACK PANTHER WITH FISTS FULL O' FIRE!

From out of the blue, as if from nowhere, a formation of "Lightning" fighter planes streaks after the enemy. It's the Black Panther Squadron—America's "84th"—whose fighting insigne is the snarling panther with fists full of fire. True to their battle emblem, the men of the "84th" are daring and skillful fighters. Their planes are among the fastest and highest fliers of all. And at their command is the Fire-Power of long-range, fast-firing, heavy-hitting cannon! Here's a salute to the Black Panthers of the air—with good wishes, good luck, and "good hunting" in every mission against the enemy!



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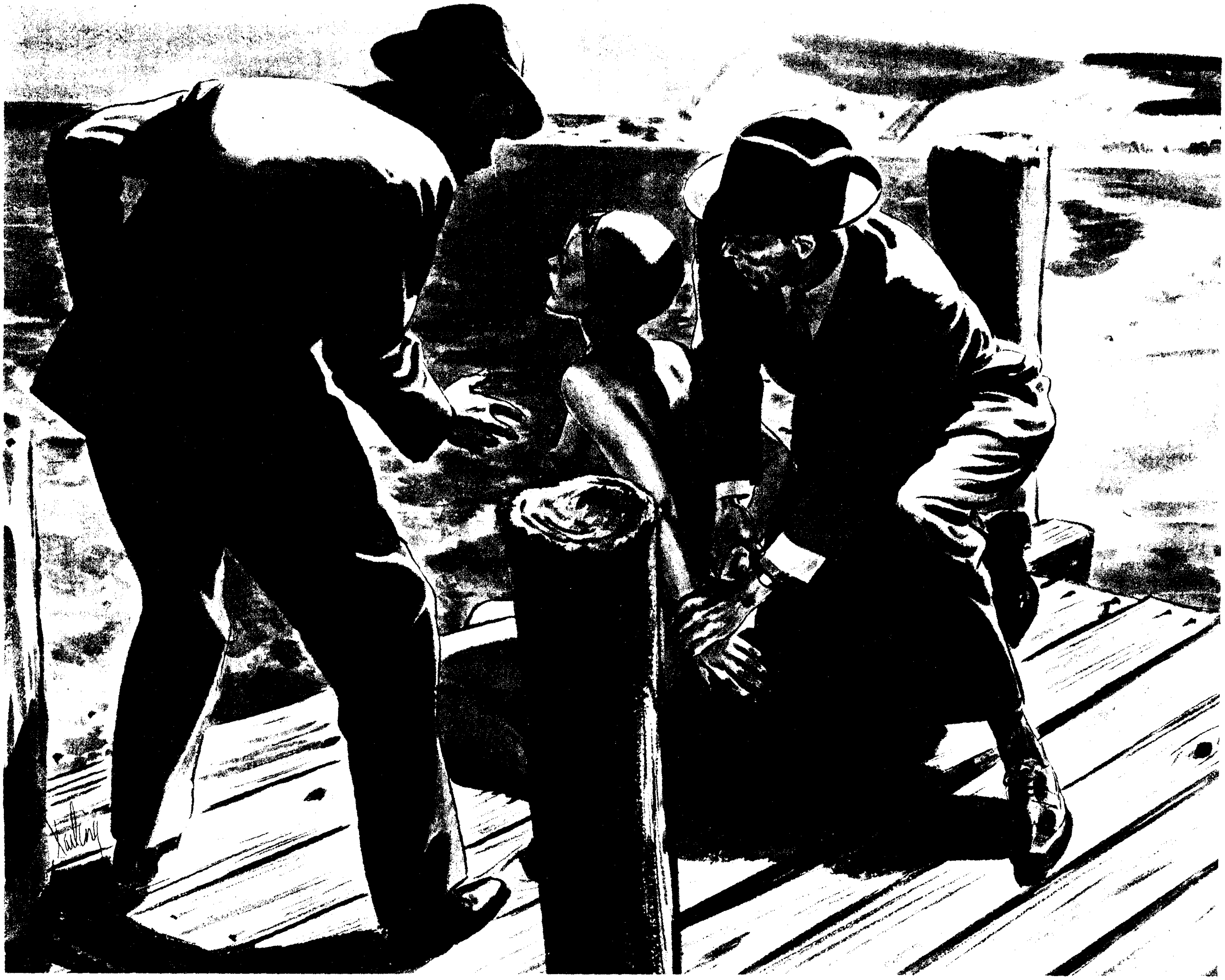


Devlin seized her wrists and I yelled, "Where's Orlando?" Caroma, powerless in Devlin's grip, sat like a thing of stone

I HATE ACTORS

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

WITH the temperamental Elvina Bliss and Dennis Wilde in the leading roles, Sons of Destiny, an old stage hit, is being filmed in Hollywood, by Empire Studios. Laurence Bison, a relic of the past, thinks he should have Wilde's part. Orlando Higgens, his agent, promises to get it for him—and does nothing.

Wilde is murdered—someone cuts his throat. Orlando Higgens is apparently guilty; he is arrested. But four movie moguls fake a neat alibi for him, and he is released. A little later, John Paul Jones, another member of the cast, is murdered—poisoned. Again the evidence points to Orlando. So back to jail he goes.

Fortunately, however, it is soon learned that he is innocent, and again he steps forth into California's sunshine. By this time all sorts of momentous things have happened. Orlando has fallen for a girl named Betha Fancher, and is trying to work her into a movie. He has found a person who can eliminate his headaches (started by Bison and painful). This person—a cockney who calls himself Mr. Albert—poses as an Oriental, a sort of *fakir*. When he rubs Orlando's aching head, away goes the ache! He has a daughter: Caroma. Orlando gets her a movie job, and he keeps her papa close at hand. Bison has fallen at last into Wilde's part in Sons of Destiny. He also falls in love with Caroma.

Chester Devlin, a gumshoe reporter, digs up so much juicy scandal that he gets in the hair of J. B. Cobb, big shot at Empire. Cobb—the recipient of several threatening anonymous letters—goes about surrounded by guards; he posts a cordon of private cops around the studio—to keep pests like Devlin out. Devlin gets in whenever he feels so inclined.

Investigating the murders, Lieutenant Egelhofer of the Los Angeles homicide squad at long last comes to the conclusion that the murderer is none other than Laurence Bison. He is therefore much surprised, one fine day as he is about to nab that actor, when Bison is murdered!

Who can the murderer possibly be? Only one person has the answer—or thinks he has: *Hercule Potnik, director of Sons of Destiny. Potnik informs the author that the killer is* a woman, and that he knows who she is! Whereupon, Potnik heads for Mexico, in haste.

For reasons of his own, Orlando plans to go to Mexico too—after marrying Miss Fancher. While the author is in his suite, pondering this-and-that, the phone rings. He answers it. His secretary, Miss Wondershake is in the lobby. The author directs that Miss Wondershake be sent up.

Conclusion

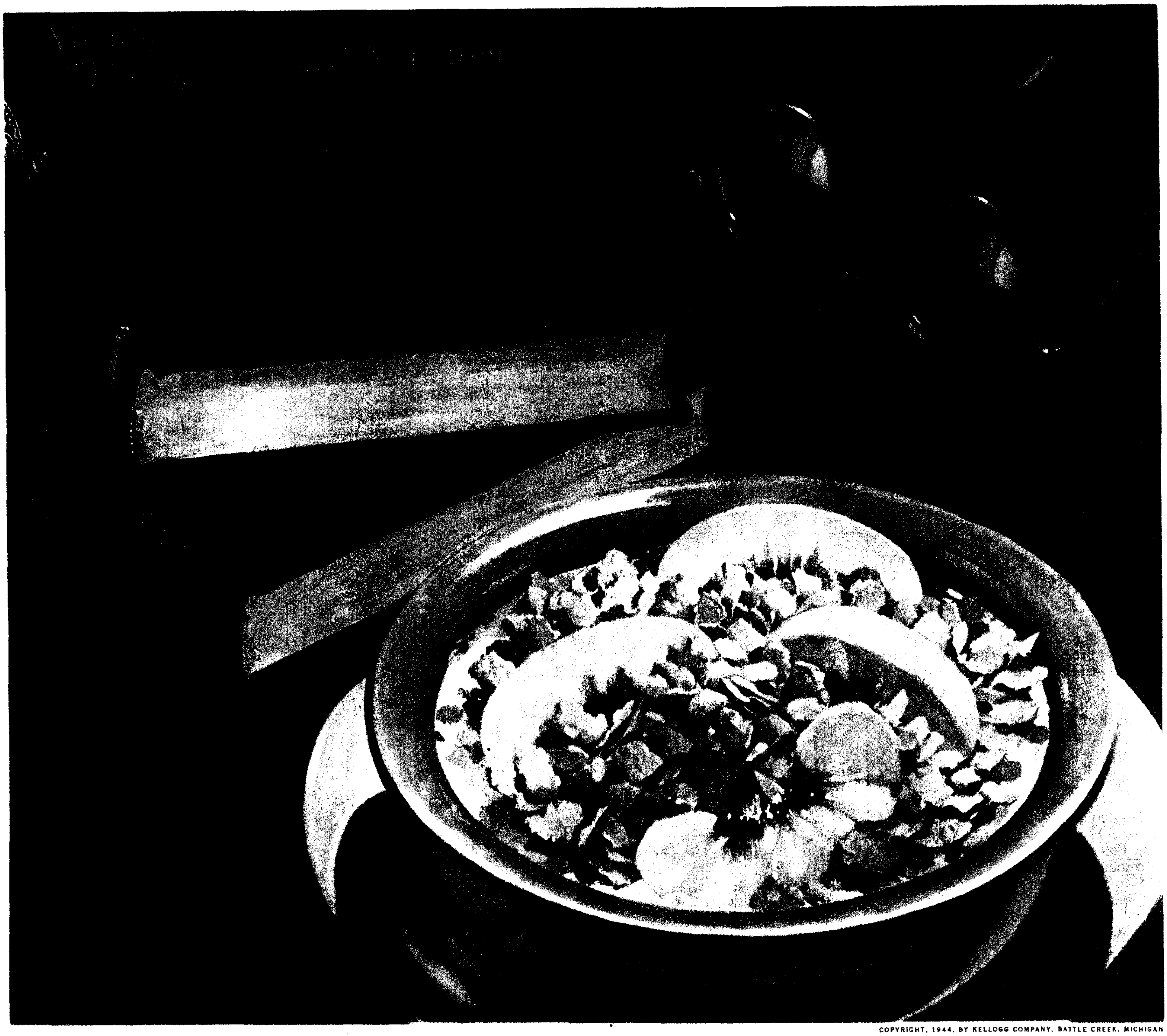
MISS WONDERSHAKE looked unusually scatterbrained as she came in. She was a nearsighted ash blonde and very proud of her knees, which a previous writer had told her resembled two spring mornings. Sitting down, she failed for the first time in my knowledge to uncover them, and I fancied things had reached a crisis in Laguna Beach.

Although pleasing to look at and a girl of considerable talent (I had once let her plot a whole movie for me), Miss Wondershake was always a conversational trial. She could not bear to express herself except in strings of clichés, as if she had stepped, full-blown, out of a love-confession magazine. I returned to my solitaire game, after greeting her, prepared to hear another chapter in her love saga. She remained silent, however, and sat breathing heavily and looking pale. I offered a drink, and she shook her head. This surprised me, for in a modest, genteel way, Miss Wondershake was a bit of a lush.

"I had to see you," she finally spoke, as I was shuffling the cards, "because it is much better to face things than to turn one's back on them. They say in Paris that a woman's soul is like a champagne glass—always bubbling over."

I nodded at this news.

"I don't know where to begin," she went on, in her pleasing, childish voice. "I'm so terrified. I said to Charlie this morning, 'I know that publicity will be fatal for our



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More than Meets the Eye

You have only to *look* at a bowl of crisp, delicious Kellogg's Pep to know that here is something that's going to taste awfully good.

But what many people aren't aware of is that there's more in that tempting bowl of crisp, light, golden-toasted flakes than meets the eye. Much more!

For Pep is made of sun-ripened whole wheat--the yardstick of cereal nutrition—and so skillful are the folks at Battle Creek that this cereal is in some respects even better than whole wheat, as you can read right on the package.

That's a good thing to know the next time you stand before your grocer's cereal shelf — or the next time you hear the youngsters say: "Let's have Kellogg's Pep for breakfast."

The Grains are Great Foods — W.K.Kellogg triangle but my conscience is something I cannot control.' It doesn't let me sleep a wink. I told you that Charlie is married, didn't I?"

"Yes, his wife is overweight." I nodded.

"Not only that, but she's possessive and extravagant"—Miss Wondershake frowned—"and can't get along on two servants."

"So you've left Charlie," I hurried the tale on.

"Oh, no," she looked wistfully at her knees, now uncovered. "Nothing can touch our love. It is based on mutual understanding. But I'm afraid I'm going to wreck our romance because I can't go on—unless you can save it."

"I'll do all I can," I said vaguely.

"I would have gone to the police but I just couldn't," she sighed. "The police would be bound to put me through a third degree, and I would tell all—and reveal Charlie's name and our love nest in Laguna, although they really have no bearing on the tragedy. But that's the way I always am—unable to resist any sort of questioning. They say in China that a woman's tongue is the stairway to calamity."

I looked at the pale, pretty face and the wide, frightened eyes and asked, soothingly, "What's on your mind, honey?"

"The worst thing is"—Miss Wondershake refused to get on any track—"that Empire is certain to find out about my not really working for you and spending all my time in Bide-A-Wee. That's the name Charlie calls our nest by the sea. I have no illusions about Miss McKillup. She would fire me immediately, no matter what you said. Old maids like that can't bear triangles. That's why my lips have been sealed. But now"—she fished a handkerchief out of her purse—"I am really doomed. Miss McKillup and Mrs. Rappaport will find out everything."

"WHO is Mrs. Rappaport?" I asked.

"Charlie's wife," said Miss Wondershake coldly. "It will be in all the newspapers, and the scales will fall from her eyes. I'm telling you all this so you will understand and find it in your heart to forgive me for the wrong I have done."

"Listen, dopey," I said sternly, "stop sashaying around and let's hear what you've done."

"Last Wednesday," Miss Wondershake faltered, "last Wednesday I came up from Laguna to collect my pay check at Empire."

"Who cares?" I glared at the girl.

"Last Wednesday," she went on softly, "was the day Mr. Bison was murdered."

I nodded and kept my eyes on the solitaire game, on the theory that a reluctant listener hears more than a hysterical one.

"I take it you dropped in at the bungalow," I said. Miss Wondershake's stare was a tribute. "What time was that?" I asked.

"Five o'clock," she whispered. "But you must keep my name out of it. I promised Charlie."

"To hell with Charlie!" I said. "He bores me."

"I love him," Miss Wondershake wept into her handkerchief, "more than tongue can tell. I shouldn't, but I do."

"What about five o'clock Wednesday?" I said. "And don't worry about your job. I'll cool off McKillup."

"I told Charlie you would," she sniffled. "I went to the office at five before cashing my check to—to—"

"To see if there was a loose bottle of bourbon around," I helped her over the difficulty. I also poured a couple of drinks and left the decanter at my guest's elbow.

"And I heard them," Miss Wondershake said over her glass.

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr. Bison and Caroma." She stared at the decanter, frightenedly.

"Help yourself," I said, "and try not to make me nervous by backing and filling. I know you like me."

"I do," Miss Wondershake sighed.

"Okay, then talk straight," I said. "Bison and Caroma were in my office?"

She nodded.

"Behind closed doors?"

Another nod.

"And you came in to cop a bottle of liquor and heard them. Go on from there," I ordered.

"I heard them," said Miss Wondershake, "and just stood there, transfixed."

"They were quarreling." I poured her another half tumblerful.

She nodded.

"About what?"

"His love had curdled," Miss W sighed into her replenished beaker. "I could hear every word. She was accusing him."

"Of what?" I yelled at my now woozy guest.

"Of using her as if she were a toy," Miss Wondershake said quickly, "the way men use women—and throw them aside like—"

"Like an old glove," I prompted. "And what did he say in answer to this charge?"

"He denied it, of course." Miss Wondershake shuddered. "He cried that he loved her and was simply mad about her, and she could see the truth by just looking in his eyes."

I decided to keep my tongue still. Miss Wondershake was not a girl to speed up or straighten out in a story. Lubrication alone might help, and I filled her flagon a third time.

"WHEN Mr. Bison said that," Miss Wondershake went on, "about looking in his eyes, Caroma began to call him the most unspeakable names—that I won't mention. He was just an animal, she inferred, with no concern for her spiritual side."

"What spiritual side?" I sneered.

"Well, for instance, he hadn't made a move to further her in her career," Miss Wondershake answered indignantly. "Not one single move to help her become a star. You know how men are, as a rule." Miss Wondershake stared into her own life with Caroma's eyes, and found it, very likely, a dream trampled by male feet.

I intruded. "After Caroma got through calling him names, what went on then?"

"I think that Mr. Bison tried to embrace her at this point," Miss Wondershake whispered, "because he let out an awful yell, as if he had been struck. And *then* he came out in his true colors. It was shocking to hear a man unmask himself. He said that love was one thing and art was quite another. And if he loved her ten times more than he did, it wouldn't help her a smidget. Then he began to yell at her that she was not an artist remotely and didn't have a smidget of talent. Then he said that the only career open to her was his arms. He would always love her as a woman but he could never applaud her as an artist. When she heard this statement, Caroma cried, 'If you say that again—that I have no talent—I'll kill you.' "

"And he said it again," I murmured.

"Oh, yes," Miss Wondershake said. "He couldn't restrain himself. He roared at her, 'I repeat you have no talent. You have no diction. You can't even dance. You have no profile and you have splay feet. And your acting reminds me of a squid.' "

"A SQUID," I repeated, fascinated.

"Yes, that's an octopus." Miss Wondershake was on her fourth beaker. "It waves its legs around all the time." She imitated the squid as best she could with only two legs.

I was impatient to hear the climax, and an end to our great Hollywood fiend mystery, and I blurted out, "Put your dress down and come to the point! She shot him, eh?"

"Oh, no," Miss Wondershake answered. "Mr. Bison wasn't through with her yet. He wanted to torment her some more, first. I am not on his side at all." Miss W hiccuped. "What fascinates me is that men are so alike in their dealings with women."

"Go on," I muttered, resigned. "Just keep going like a good girl and finish it."

"Well," Miss Wondershake tackled her tale again, "he confessed he had told her she was a great artist but said *that* was only when he was trying to make her yield. He said, 'I wish it understood from now on that the nearest you can ever get to art, genius or stardom is by being in my arms!' "

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Nothing, except she kept moaning, 'I ought to kill you. I ought to kill you.' " Miss Wondershake whispered, "Her heart was broken. I couldn't bear to hear any more. I felt so sorry for her. So I went to the cashier desk to have my pay check cashed. Besides, Charlie was waiting for me and I—"

"That's all you know?" I demanded sharply.

"Oh, no," Miss Wondershake sighed. "I made the mistake of going back to the bungalow. I'd—I'd—"

TELLER
TELLER

"I have no more. I don't know where it goes, but it slips right through my fingers!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

"You'd forgotten to hook the bottle of bourbon," I offered, "and Charlie would be mad."

"Maybe it was that," Miss Wondershake agreed eerily, "or maybe it was fate. I don't think you care very much for me." She regarded me with a suddenly critical eye. "You think I'm drunk."

"You went back to the office to cop my liquor," I said coldly. "And what happened?"

"I didn't get to the office." Miss Wondershake smiled sadly. "I was returning by the back way because it's shorter. And I happened to glance up and I saw the poor girl, Caroma, climbing out of your office window, making her escape from the brute. She kneeled in the window for a while and looked around but she didn't see me. Her hair was in awful shape, and a sleeve was almost torn off her dress. You could see she had been through a great deal. Then she dropped to the ground and ran like sixty."

"Did you see the body?" I asked. "*Did* you?"

"What body?" Miss Wondershake puckered her pretty brows.

"Bison, you idiot!" I yelled.

"Oh, no, I should say not," Miss Wondershake sneered. "I was too angry at him to exchange any words with him. I just turned around and left."

"You're lying," I glared at her. "You're covering up for that dopey kootch dancer."

"I swear by Charlie," Miss Wondershake answered, "I hadn't the faintest conception he was dead. I just thought she was escaping his further undesirable embraces."

I SAT silent for several minutes remembering things—Dennis Wilde's amorous didos with Caroma, shortly before his murder; Caroma cooing over the comatose John Paul Jones shortly before his poisoning; Caroma's passion for nudity and her curiously obsessive personality—a mixture of furtiveness and exhibitionism.

"Get Chester Devlin on the phone," I said to my guest, remembering she was my secretary, "and order up some more drinks."

"Everything is ruined now," Miss Wondershake murmured. "My job—my love affair—everything is dead."

"Nothing is going to be ruined for you," I soothed her. "I'm calling Devlin, not the police."

"But the trial," she moaned. "I'll have to be the star witness. And I'll be under oath to answer every question—about Laguna Beach."

"By that time, Charlie will be an old glove to you," I assured her.

"Do you think so?" Miss Wondershake asked hopefully, and went to the phone. She asked for room service first.

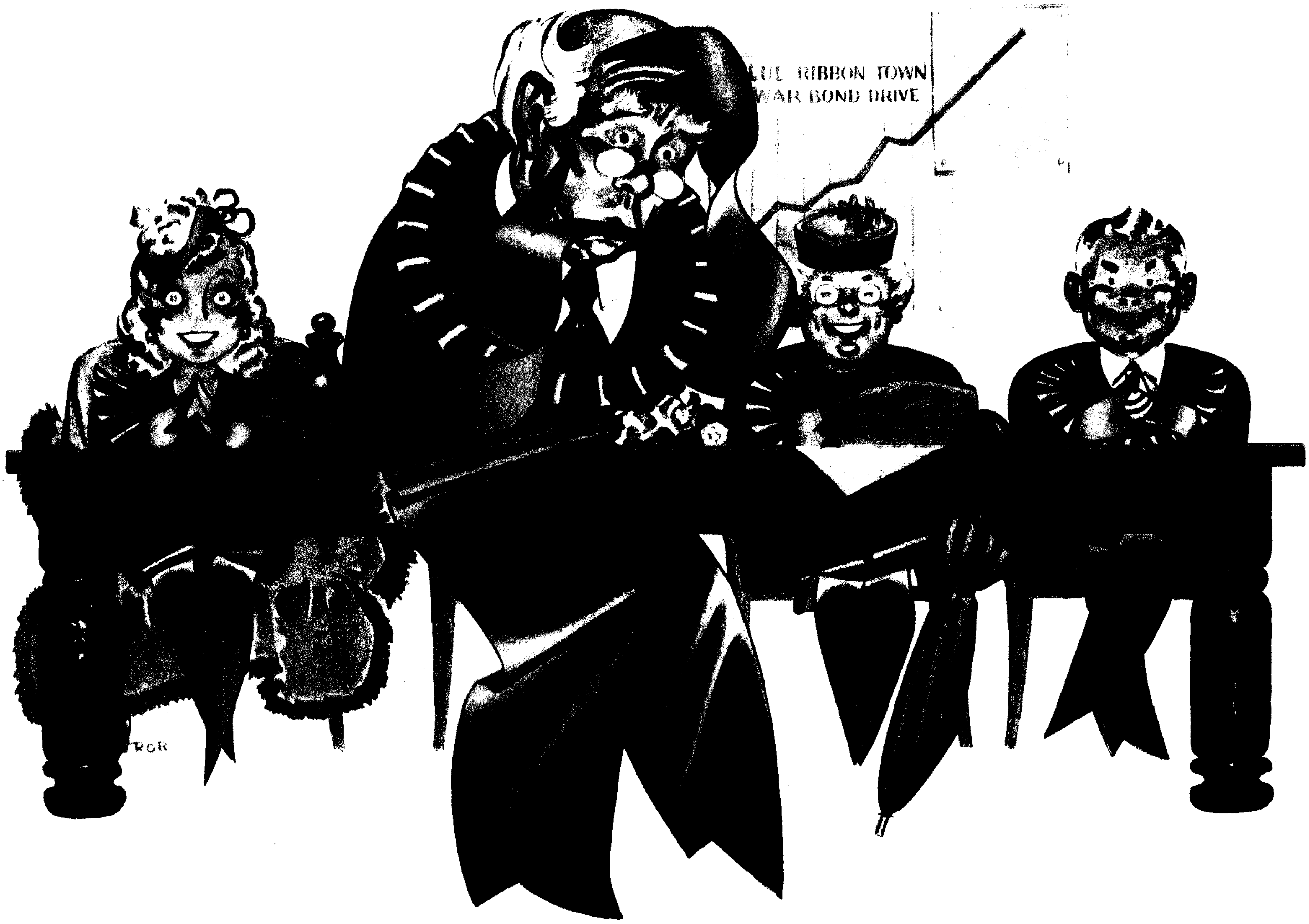
"What does Mr. Devlin drink?" she inquired of me efficiently.

"Anything," I said.

"He's not cynical," Miss Wondershake sighed and consulted her address book in her purse, "Lucky I have his private number with me."

My instinct to summon Devlin rather than the police was my old newspaper code asserting itself. Murder—drunk or sober, in hell or Hollywood—would never be a crime for cops to me but always a story for the front page—if not mine, Devlin's.

THE three of us sat in my room for an hour, drinking and reconstructing the crimes. We were dealing, said Devlin with a modern succubus. The true succubi, he explained to the popeyed Miss Wondershake, were women directly assigned by Satan to spread havoc in the male boudoir. They had been regarded in olden times as sex hobgoblins who could make themselves as lovely as debutantes and, with the aid of certain magic



Said Professor McVitty, "Dear, dear what a pity—
Now, *why* did I summon the War Bond Committee?"

"It seems I had something important to say,
But I fear I'm a bit absent-minded today—
And I can't for the life of me seem to recall
The reason for holding this meeting at all.

"Blue Ribbon Town's Bond Drive is crowned with success
So that isn't it . . . Ah, but is it? Yes, yes!
It comes back to me now—friends, the reason we're here
Is to toast our success with Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!"

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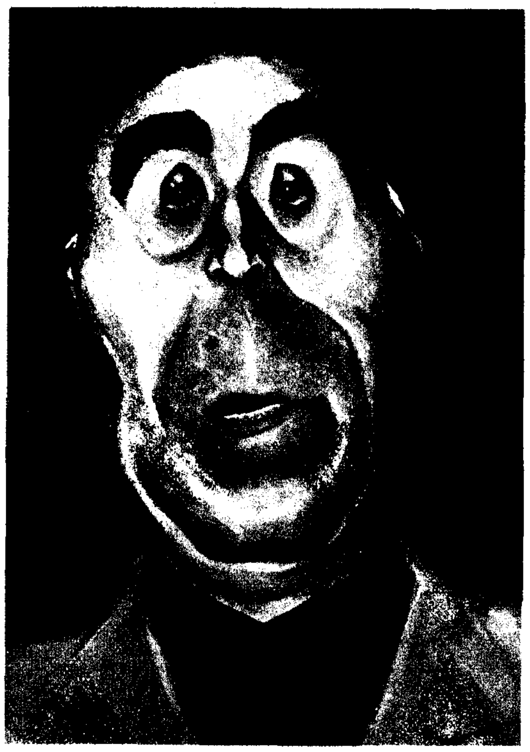
THE *Guilty*



ROBERTO FARINACCI

XXXV

OTHER Fascists may strike their colors and sob protestations of reform, but not Roberto Farinacci. A thief, a thug and a murderer, he has refused to add cowardice and hypocrisy to his long list of crimes. Today, in northern Italy, he jeers at Benito Mussolini as a "yellowbelly" who caved in under pressure, and he spits on the so-called Socialist republic with which Il Duce tries to curry popular favor. Better to die like a lion, he insists, rather than live as a jackal, and if the black-browed gangster has one regret, it is that he did not shoot Mussolini at the first signs of physical and mental collapse.

Farinacci was always *Fascismo's* "tough guy," standing out from his fellows by superior force and ferocity. The march on Rome in 1922 was led by him, Mussolini waiting in Milan until all danger had passed, and then following by train. During the struggle to consolidate power, Il Duce strutted and orated, but Farinacci slugged, castor-oiled and killed. Giacomo Matteotti, leader of the opposition, disappeared suddenly, and not until two months later was his headless body found in a ditch. Mussolini, frightened by the uproar, pleaded his innocence, but Farinacci met the attack head on, snarling the Italian equivalent of "So what!" The same brutal disregard for public opinion marked his assassination of Giovanni Amendola, another great liberal.

Fascist big shots, for the most part, clung to Rome, but Roberto Farinacci wanted a field that would have no plow but his own. Deciding on Cremona, he seized control of the city and the province by gangster methods and soon lorded it over all Lombardy. By 1925, he was strong enough to demand appointment as Secretary General of the Party, a post that made him second only to Mussolini in point of power and permitted free exercise of his innate ruthlessness. While Il Duce asked the outside world to admire Rome's clean streets and the fact that Italian trains ran on time, Farinacci filled dungeons with patriots. In 1932, tenth anniversary of the march on Rome, a general amnesty freed 20,000 political prisoners, but no figures have ever been given as to the number that perished in their cells or were killed outright.

A grafter, like all Fascists, Farinacci's rise to wealth was rapid. A daily paper, *Il Regime Fascista,* and a bimonthly magazine, *La Vita Italiana,* provided the opportunity for terrorism and blackmail. Another rich source of income was to order the arrest of merchants and industrialists, and then exact huge fees for defending them. Not that he was ever a real lawyer, for his right to practice was gained by the simple expedient of walking into a university and demanding a degree from the frightened faculty at the point of a gun.

Hates were Farinacci's weakness. Just as he pursued his enemies with relentless ferocity so did he defy public opinion by his insensate rage against Catholics, Jews and Americans. Unfrocked priests were carted from town to town, spewing their vilenesses, and even those Jews most closely identified with Italy's national life were hounded and degraded.

President Roosevelt was attacked regularly as "the pope of world Jewry." For a time, Farinacci carried Mussolini with him, but when Il Duce finally decided on a truce with the Vatican, one of the conditions was Farinacci's expulsion from the office of Secretary General. Nevertheless, a place on the Grand Council had to be made for him, nor did Mussolini dare protest when the fanatic continued his attacks on the Church, climaxing his fury by the murder of the Bishop of Cremona.

War was another of Farinacci's manias. A potent voice in promoting the invasion of Ethiopia, no man screamed more loudly for the "stab in the back" that would let Italy share the loot of France with Germany. Just as he had been a foremost advocate of the Albanian grab in 1939, so did he manufacture many of the "incidents" that led to the declaration of war on Greece in 1940. Under his expert handling, Daut Hodgia, a mangy Albanian outlaw shot by the police, became a "patriot butchered by Greek assassins."

Out of Italy's wars, of course, came revelation of Italy's true rottenness. A state run by grafters and ruined by grafters! An army without weapons, clothes or even proper food! Even Il Duce was abashed, but not Farinacci. With his usual brazenness, he blamed disgraceful conditions on General Badoglio and had him replaced by Ugo Cavallero, notorious for his corruptions while Secretary of War. But when *Fascismo* tottered to its fall, Roberto Farinacci was one member of the Grand Council willing to fight on and go down with the ruins.

A thoroughly wicked man, terrifying in many of his aspects, yet unable to divest himself of the touch of *pagliaccio* that marks every Fascist gangster. During the Ethiopian campaign, Farinacci hurried back to Rome, dangling a wounded hand, and received the Medal for Valor amid much acclaim. Not until some weeks later, when soldiers returned from the front, was it learned that the "hero" had injured his hand while dynamiting fish in an Ethiopian lake. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

---

words, wean men from the ways of virtue and leave them dead and doomed.

"Of course," said Devlin, who had been revealing an unexpected mastery of witchcraft lore, "there's a little bit of hell in every woman."

"And a little bit of heaven, too," Miss Wondershake hiccuped.

"Yes," Devlin agreed, "the female is a mosaic. But in Caroma we have the true devil's daughter. The medical professors would say that our little brimstone girl is full of psychoses and compulsions, but this is the prattle of quacks. The devil and the devil alone is responsible for sin. And by sin"—Devlin patted Miss Wondershake tenderly—"I do not mean love's young dream. I mean murder, ruthless murder." Devlin looked dreamily out of the window. "She may be a blood drinker even—who knows? A vampire hatched out of a pile of old movie scripts."

"I've read of women who killed for pleasure," I said. "Sort of like the praying mantis—an insect that devours the male while yielding to his embraces."

"I courted a praying mantis once," said Devlin, "and she died of indigestion—poor girl!"

Miss Wondershake stretched herself out on the couch.

"Where's Charlie?" she murmured and, closing her eyes, dozed off.

DEVLIN arose from her side. "A two-quart woman," he said admiringly. "I've seldom met her equal. I think she'll keep till we've cleaned the story up. However, it's better to be on the safe side." He disconnected the two wall-plug telephones and hid them behind the bathtub. "We don't want any news leaks," he said. "I'll take a cold shower and we'll be off in a minute."

I telephoned the Empire casting department from the lobby and inquired for Caroma's address or phone number. They were not on record.

"She's no fool," said Devlin. His car was in front of the hotel.

"Higgens' office," I said, and we drove off. We continued to discuss Caroma and her crimes.

"The only two oddities," said Devlin, "are the Jones murder and the Potnik attack."

"Yes," I agreed. "They were done by a man in a slouch hat."

"By a short man," said Devlin.

"Caroma disguised?" I said. "That's a little thick, isn't it?"

"Not for Satan's own," Devlin argued. "Murder is an old-fashioned and corny business."

"What about her threats against Cobb?" I asked.

"A morsel that attracted her," said Devlin. "She was saving him up for dessert."

"It all fits," I agreed. "My first impression of the girl was mania. And every time I've seen her, I've felt she was some sort of a lunatic."

"The professors will have a name for it," Devlin said; "but vampire is good enough for me." He took a deep breath.

I was aware that, under his casual manner, a vast excitement was smiting at his stomach. My own nerves were jumping about like grasshoppers. It took some effort to match his cool talk.

We parked in front of the Higgens building.

"Flannigan's our best bet for address and information," I said, "if she's still at her desk."

She was. She was sitting slumped in her chair, a handkerchief to her face, and sobbing industriously. I could hardly believe my eyes. She looked up, murmured automatically, "Mr. Higgens isn't in," and continued to gulp shamelessly.

"What's the matter?" I asked finally. "Anything I can do?"

She shook her pretty head.

"Don't rush her," Devlin whispered behind me. "The girl is in distress."

We both sat down near her and waited.

"I was cleaning out my desk," she mastered her gulping enough to say, "and it broke me up."

"Old love letters," suggested Devlin tenderly. "They always shatter a person."

"No." Flannigan controlled another outburst. "Mr. Higgens has fired me."

"When was all this?" I asked.

"An hour ago." Flannigan bit her lip.

"I thought Orlando was on his honeymoon," I said cautiously.

"It was called off," said Flannigan.

I had told Devlin the Orlando situation in full. "When did he get back from Yuma?" he asked.

"That's just it," said Flannigan. "He didn't go to Yuma. The wedding was called off, too."

Devlin moved nervously, and I halted him. "Just a minute, Chester, this is kind of interesting." I returned to the sorrowing Flannigan. "Who called it off?"

"She did," said Flannigan, "the bride. She didn't show up at the flying field but sent him a note by messenger. Here—he told me to file it. It's—it's my last duty."

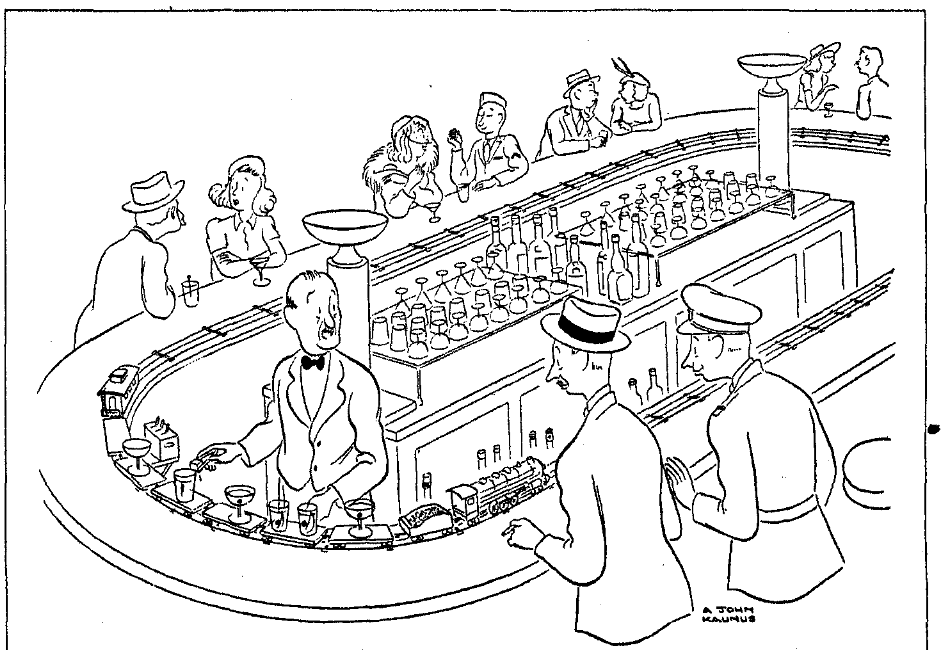
I read the note she held out.

"Orlando: East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet . . . Betha."

I handed it to Devlin.

"Which one is the Chinaman?" he inquired solemnly.

"Neither Mr. Higgens nor Miss Fancher has any Chinese blood in them," said Flannigan dully. "It's just a symbolic



"I had to borrow it from the kid when the boss couldn't hire another bartender"

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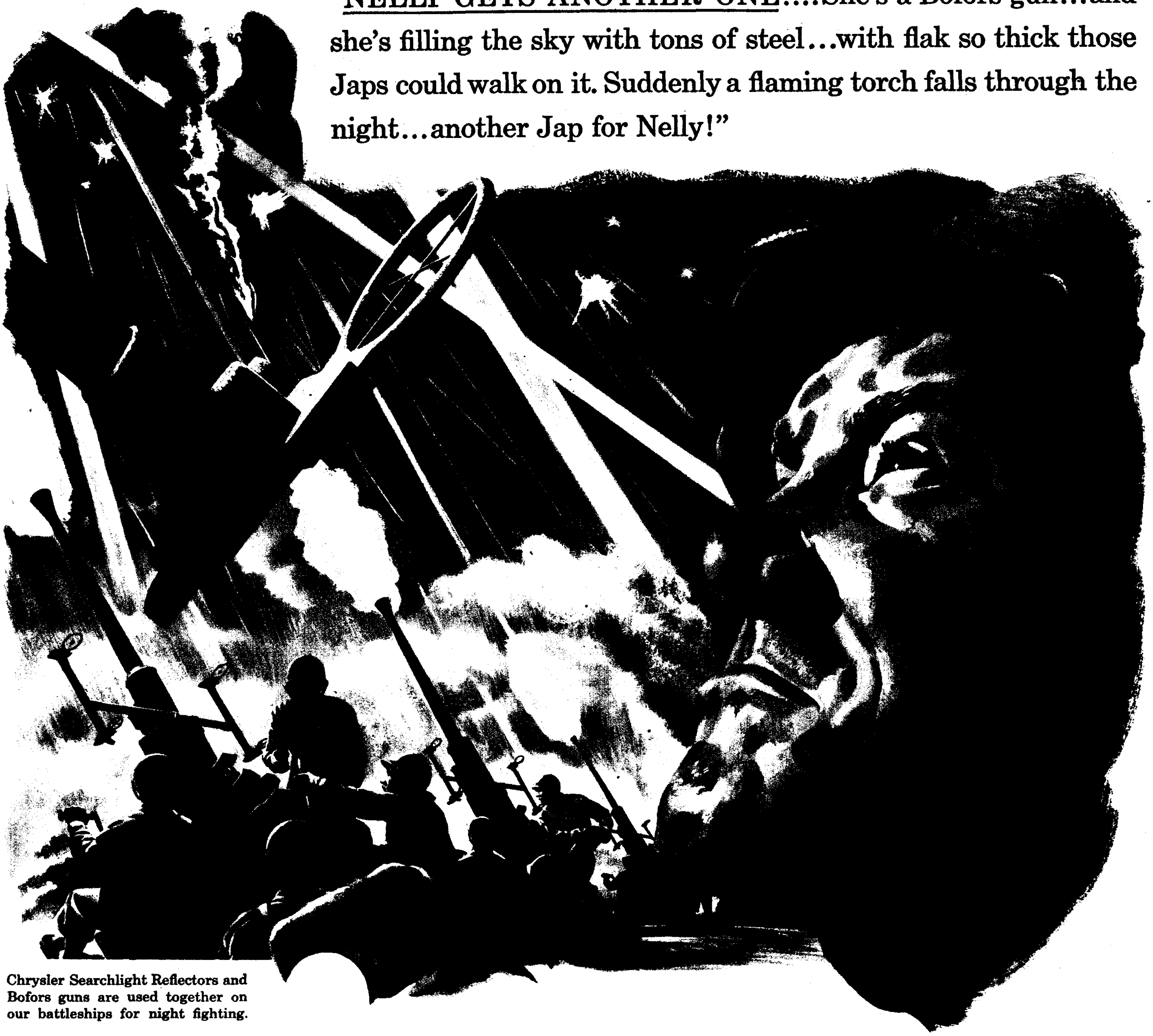
"NELLY GETS ANOTHER ONE!...She's a Bofors gun...and she's filling the sky with tons of steel...with flak so thick those Japs could walk on it. Suddenly a flaming torch falls through the night...another Jap for Nelly!"



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statement. That's the way Mr. Higgens understood it."

"The girl's an idiot," I said, "but there's nothing to worry about. They're probably married by this time."

"Oh, no." Flannigan began to repair her face. "She's disappeared. Mr. Higgens looked for her most of the day. He didn't come to the office till four o'clock. He was terribly drunk."

"Do you happen to know where a certain Miss Caroma resides?" Devlin spoke up. "I'm extremely eager to get in touch with her."

Flannigan stared at him. "I haven't her address or her telephone number," she said coldly.

"Are you sure?" I insisted.

"Absolutely!" Flannigan snapped her compact shut.

"WHAT about her father?" Devlin pursued. "I understand he works for Mr. Higgens. Perhaps he'd know."

"Mr. Albert is on a vacation," said Flannigan. "I tried to get him all afternoon for Mr. Higgens. He wasn't at the temple and nobody could tell where he was."

"Have you his address?" Devlin asked. "We'll go look him up ourselves."

"He lives here in that room." Flannigan pointed to a door. "That's the only address we have for him."

Devlin walked to the door, opened it, and returned after a moment's inspection.

"He's not at home," he said. "Do you know anyone who might give us a clue to the young lady's address?"

BUTCHER'S CAT

Though steak has hit twelve points
a pound,
He still has porterhouse and round.

He's not concerned with ration
books,
And what a cat he is for looks!

Unhexed by sixteen points a week,
I, too, could be composed and sleek.

MARGARET FISHBACK

"I don't care to talk about her at all," Flannigan said fiercely. "That chippy!"

I signaled Devlin to relax while I tried another tack. "Why did Orlando fire you?" I asked.

"Mr. Higgens lost his temper," Flannigan answered. "He had a headache and an awful hang-over—after he took a little nap. I advised him to go home to bed. But he kept walking up and down, swearing and kicking the furniture, and he said he wanted to take some girl out to dinner and forget it all. He gave me a list of girls to call up and I kept calling for an hour, and nobody answered except Elvina Bliss. She said she would rather drop dead than go out anywhere with Mr. Higgens. I kept calling the other numbers for another hour, and Mr. Higgens started blaming me for everything. He said I didn't know how to use a telephone."

"He'll sober up tomorrow," I said, "and apologize for firing you."

"He didn't fire me for that," Flannigan sniffled again. "It was after she came in. That chippy!"

"Who was that?" Devlin asked quickly.

"Caroma," said Flannigan. "I don't care to talk about her."

I kept the excitement out of my voice as best I could and inquired, "What time was she here?"

"Five-thirty," said Flannigan.

"You don't know where she is now?" I asked.

"I don't know and I don't care." Flannigan was grim.

"What did she come to see Mr. Higgens about?" Devlin asked softly. The question startled me. I felt suddenly dizzied, as if nightmare had entered the brightly lighted office. I listened to Flannigan with wild surmises shooting through my head.

"Mr. Higgens had agreed I should go out to dinner with him," she was talking woefully. "And I was going to go home and get dressed up. He—he had never taken me to dinner or any place before. I was just leaving when she came in."

"Caroma," I said, with a gone feeling in my heart.

"Yes." Flannigan nodded. "She said she was in trouble and had no one to go to for advice any more and that Mr. Higgens was her agent. She wanted his opinion."

"About what?" Devlin prompted gently.

"She wanted to know," said Flannigan, "whether she should continue with her career as an actress or go hide someplace."

"For Pete's sake!" I jumped up. "We're wasting time. He's with her! Did he tell you where they were going, Flannigan? It's important as hell!"

"No, he wasn't speaking to me," she answered.

"Just a minute." Devlin took my arm. "Miss Flannigan may have heard something vital to our mission. There's no sense in bolting off with nowhere to go." He turned to Flannigan. "Why was she contemplating concealment?"

"Because she was afraid there was something wrong with her," Flannigan answered.

"Did she mention what this failing was?" Devlin persisted.

"Yes, they discussed it," she admitted. "Miss Caroma said she felt she was under a curse of some sort, because every man who loved her always got murdered. She felt she ought to go hide herself away from men and not try to be a movie star." Flannigan paused. "Is she the murderer?" she asked quietly.

I nodded.

"That's what I thought," Flannigan said slowly, "when she was in here and started talking about Mr. Wilde and Mr. Jones and that Bison all having been murdered. Mr. Higgens tried to soothe her and told her not to worry. He said it wasn't her fault, she was just unlucky. But—" Flannigan paused.

"Go on," said Devlin, "where'd they go?"

The girl's hands were trembling as she answered. "I don't know. Wait—let me see if I can remember if they said anything. She was rubbing his head, and he asked her to go to dinner with him, and she burst out crying and said: Wasn't he afraid to take her out because she was so unlucky? That's where I stood up and began crying. I told Mr. Higgens we had a previous engagement, and he swore at me and told me to forget about it. I kept crying and he went crazy and said I was the last straw and to get the hell out and never come back. He called me a fake and a phony and a know-it-all and he said I was even worse than Miss Fancher."

FLANNIGAN paused. "No," she added, "he didn't mention where they were going. He kissed her right in front of me and sneered at me as he went out."

"Call up every restaurant he's ever gone to," said Devlin. "We'll keep in touch with you."

"It looks bad," I said.

Devlin nodded. "She's up to her old tricks," he said. "Come on. I've got a hunch."

"Do you think something has happened to Mr. Higgens?" Flannigan asked.

"If it hasn't, it will," said Devlin, "unless we can find him in time."

"Shall I call the police?" she looked up, white-faced.

"No," said Devlin. "The three of us

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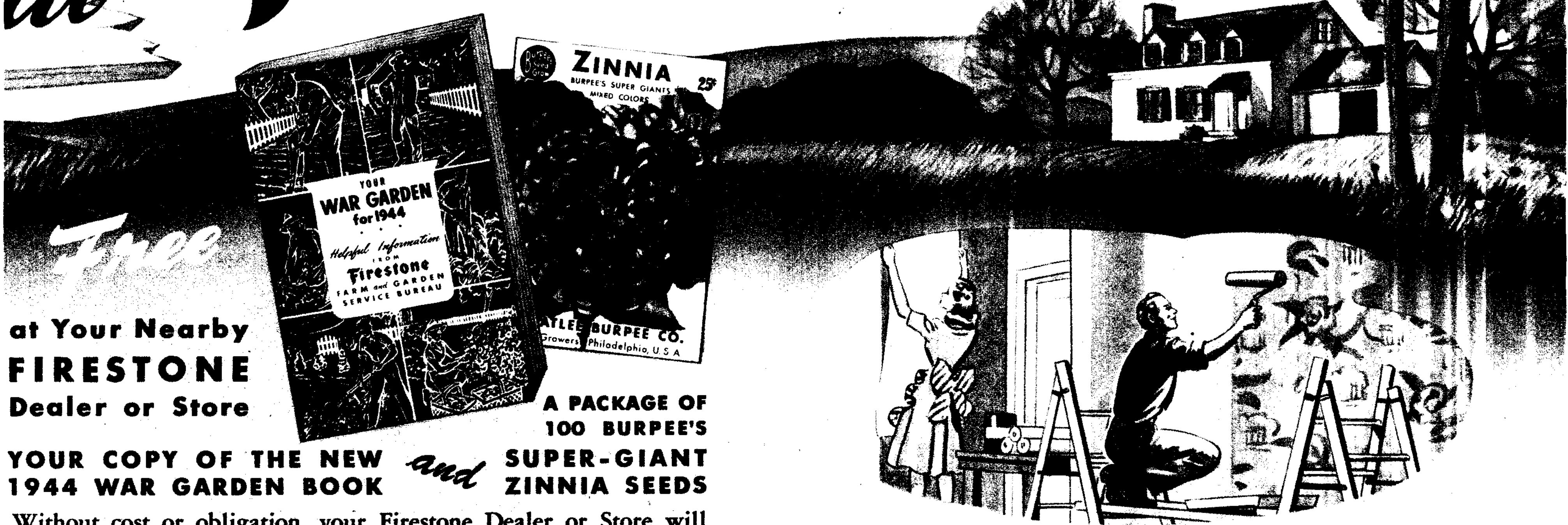
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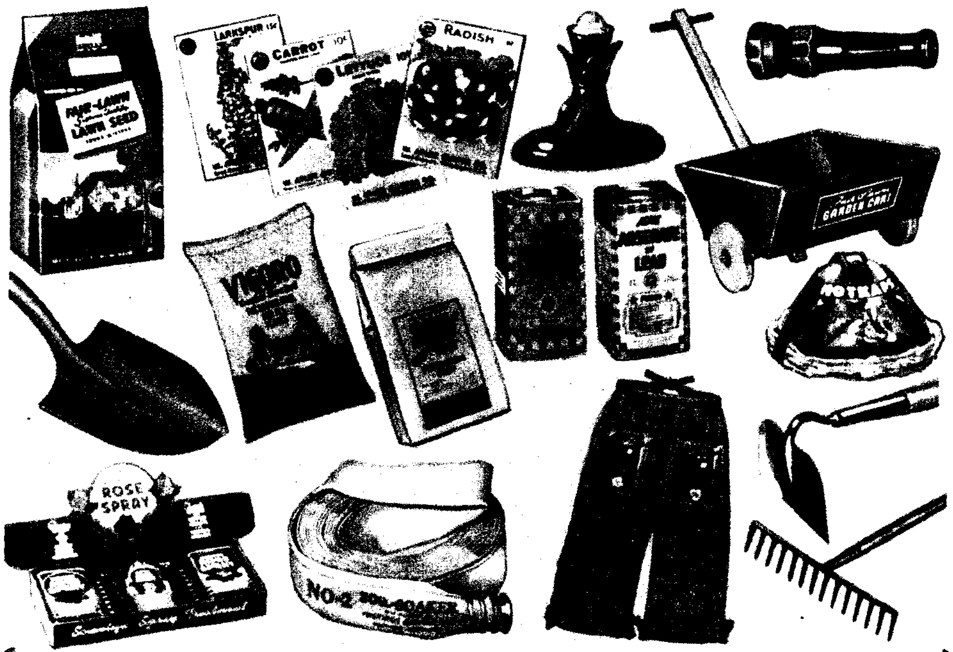
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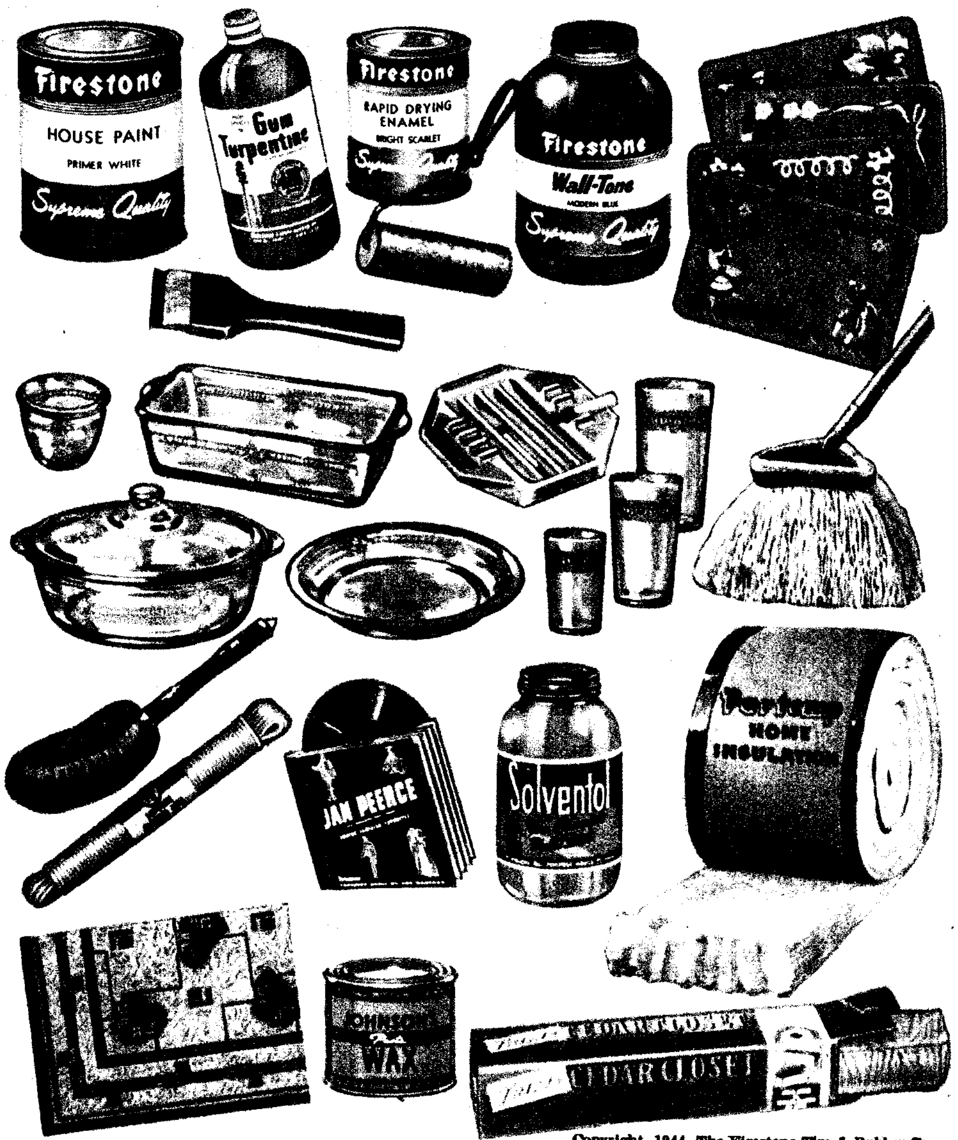
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HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with the list on page 73.

1. **The salvo of cheers that greeted the consummate bravery of the crew in trying to salve the wreck, was like a healing salve to the exhausted men.**
2. **As an exponent of extempore speaking, he gave a most interesting demonstration of the reaction of the cerebrum under sudden emotional stress.**
3. **Entering the Panama Canal through the Gatun locks in Colon, we proceeded through the Culebra Cut.**
4. **The aviatrix flew from Spokane to Miami to receive her solitaire.**
5. **The steward served a luncheon of bouillon, ragout, blancmange and lettuce salad.**
6. **He bade the attendant to massage his flaccid muscles and then swathe him in hot towels.**
7. **The era of partisan politics was marked by controversial bitterness and political contumely.**
8. **The equipoise of the villain was quashed when his alias was exposed.**
9. **The sword of the barbarian Sikh hung in the museum of Genoa.**
10. **The carillon pealed out the hymeneal anthem as the betrothed couple marched down the aisle of their beloved church.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation have been checked with seven leading dictionaries for the consensus of authority.)

Charles H. Hall

are better. You keep on the phone. We'll let you know soon as we can."

I followed Devlin out.

"I'm afraid that our friend Orlando has picked himself a lethal dinner partner," he said. "The girl's a devil. She probably responds to the moon or certain curious stimuli."

"What's the hunch you've got?" I asked eagerly.

"Psychology," said Devlin. "Our friend is in the throes of a heartbreak. His brain is seared with thoughts of his beloved."

"Talk sense," I said angrily.

WE WERE in the street. The early night was hot and airless.

"Pardon me. I'm a little excited," said Devlin, as we got into his car. "My hunch is that if Orlando follows the usual pattern of the male in such a crisis, he will have only one desire. To have Betha see him, happy at another woman's side. He'll take Caroma some place where Betha might catch sight of them—and suffer as he's suffering. The wounded stag's revenge," Devlin sighed; "a futile thing, but lovers are all brainless."

"You're right," I agreed. "Orlando would do exactly that. The only place I know is a drugstore where he used to meet Betha." I gave the address.

"We'll try the trysting place first." Devlin started the car. "And then we'll try Miss Fancher's home."

"He wouldn't take her to Betha's house," I objected.

"No, but he'll dangle her in the neighborhood," said Devlin. He sighed. "I speak out of a wealth of experience."

The fact that we were speeding down the street, lessened for the moment the nightmare that had followed me out of Orlando's office. We said no more and Devlin, with his face set, raced on toward the drugstore.

The soda-fountain clerk said, "Yes, Mr. Higgens was here about an hour ago."

I asked if he had been accompanied by a dark-haired girl who looked like a cat. The clerk—a humorist—nodded and told us sarcastically that Mr. Higgens had bought a bottle of perfume for the feline stranger. I could feel Orlando bent on outraging—if not Betha—at least the ghost of Betha in this ex-rendezvous.

"How did the cat woman seem?" Devlin asked.

The clerk snorted his contempt for all sirens and returned to his nectar spigots. Orlando the avenger had scored another triumph. His inconstancy had wounded the romantic soda man.

The ride to Betha's house took a half-hour. The fact that we had come upon Orlando's psychological footprints eased my alarm for the time.

Betha's house was dark. We rang the bell. The bloodthirsty barking of a dog answered. We rang again, and the racket increased. The flimsy little cabin rattled with the noise.

"She's inside," said Devlin, "but she thinks we are Orlando and is halted in her tracks."

"She wouldn't think so if he hadn't been here already," I reasoned.

"Naturally," said Devlin, "he parked his car in front of the door—with Caroma visible as Exhibit A."

"And called on Betha to recover some object he pretended he'd left in her house," I finished.

"His rompers," said Devlin.

"Come on," I said. "She won't be lured out a second time. And if she were, she couldn't tell us anything—except that we're on his trail."

"Is there a restaurant in this end of the earth?" Devlin peered into the undefeated jungle around us.

We returned to the car and toured the deserted roads in quest of a village Main Street. The night had grown hotter, darker and more ominous.

"I don't think she'll do anything till morning," I said hopefully.

"I don't know," Devlin drawled. "You can't tell about a maniac. Three murders are likely to have whetted her appetite—and made her hasty."

WE SPIED some street lights and were in the heart of a village in a few minutes. We made for the Jack and Jill Tavern. It was a spindly-looking room—entirely deserted. A rear door opened, and a buxom, frittery wench cooed her way to our table. We ordered drinks, and Devlin conducted the inquiry. Yes, there had been two diners almost an hour ago who answered our description. She had taken special note of them because she had a weakness for young things in love. It was too bad they had quarreled.

"Do you recall the nature of their spat?" Devlin asked. He had adopted a courtroom manner for the inquiry.

"Indeed," said our hostess, "it was the old story. Jack insisted that Jill was wasting her time trying to be an actress."

I started to my feet at this ominous

news, recalling the similar discussion that had preceded Bison's murder.

Our informant, a lonely woman avid for fellowship, drew up a chair and continued, "I'm terribly interested in the movies, so I listened. I recognized the girl, also. Dennis Wilde, the movie star, brought her here twice for dinner. This was his favorite hideaway, he always said. Poor boy! Such an untimely end! And it seemed like history repeating itself to see her again quarreling with another man over the selfsame subject."

"Did Mr. Higgens, the man who was here tonight, say she had no talent?" I asked, a little sick at heart.

"Yes, indeed." Our hostess beamed. "It seems that the poor child is in some movie and is utterly worthless in it. And they are going to have to cut most of her out of it."

"He told her that?" I stood up.

"He sounded very cruel, just as Dennis Wilde did," our hostess sighed, "but I suppose it is much the best way—not to encourage people without talent."

"No, it isn't," I muttered. "Excuse me, we're in a hurry. Did you notice which way they went after leaving here?"

"They went into Cradwell's on the corner." She picked up our large tip with a blush. "Are you detectives?"

"We're the little girl's long-lost uncles," Devlin answered.

I followed him out. Cradwell's was part drugstore and part rummage sale. We bought cigarettes from another lonely village merchant. This elderly gentleman recalled Orlando and Caroma easily. They had stood arguing for ten minutes. The girl had seemed put out about something. But all of a sudden she had recovered her good nature and bought a swimming cap and some rope.

"Some rope!" I repeated.

"What kind of rope?" Devlin asked quietly.

"A clothesline," the merchant answered, "about fifty feet I should say."

"Did she mention what she wanted it for?" I asked desperately.

"No," said our druggist. "I recall, though, she was very happy when I found it. And she insisted that the gentleman buy it for her. He didn't want to at first, but he gave in."

We left the store on a run and jumped into the car. We headed for the sea. Neither of us spoke, but I knew our thoughts were identical. A knife, poison, a gun—and now a coil of rope. I tried, fearfully, to visualize the crime. Orlando, even aberrated by heartbreak, would certainly not allow himself to be bound and trussed up—unless he were first laid low with a rock on the head, I thought miserably. But why a rope, then, if he were already unconscious? There were no trees on the beach, from which to hang anybody.

"To tie some stones to him," I said aloud, "and roll him into the sea."

"I was thinking just that," said Devlin.

We were at the seashore. Devlin pointed to a vague shadow in the far night.

"That looks like a pier," he said. "We'd better trot over."

"Why that way?" I ran alongside.

"If she weighted the body down with rocks," said Devlin, "it would be a sensible thing to drop it into deep water—off the end of a dock—and let it get stuck in the pier foundation. Otherwise, it would be certain to be washed up."

I shivered. The night, the black shore and the glint of rolling water had become full of terror. We trotted along down the beach. The certainty that there was murder at the end of our chase overcame me. A great affection for Orlando lent speed to my legs. That we were racing after a murderess who was probably armed and that we would come upon her, ourselves exhausted, never occurred to me.

Devlin's legs, with the dream of new and gory headlines giving them wings, were also unfaltering. The pier grew sharper in the dark as we sprinted and stumbled forward. We could make out its sagging top and batttered side, thrust like an ominous splinter into the sea.

DEVLIN seized my arm. "Wait a minute," he panted. "There's somebody out there."

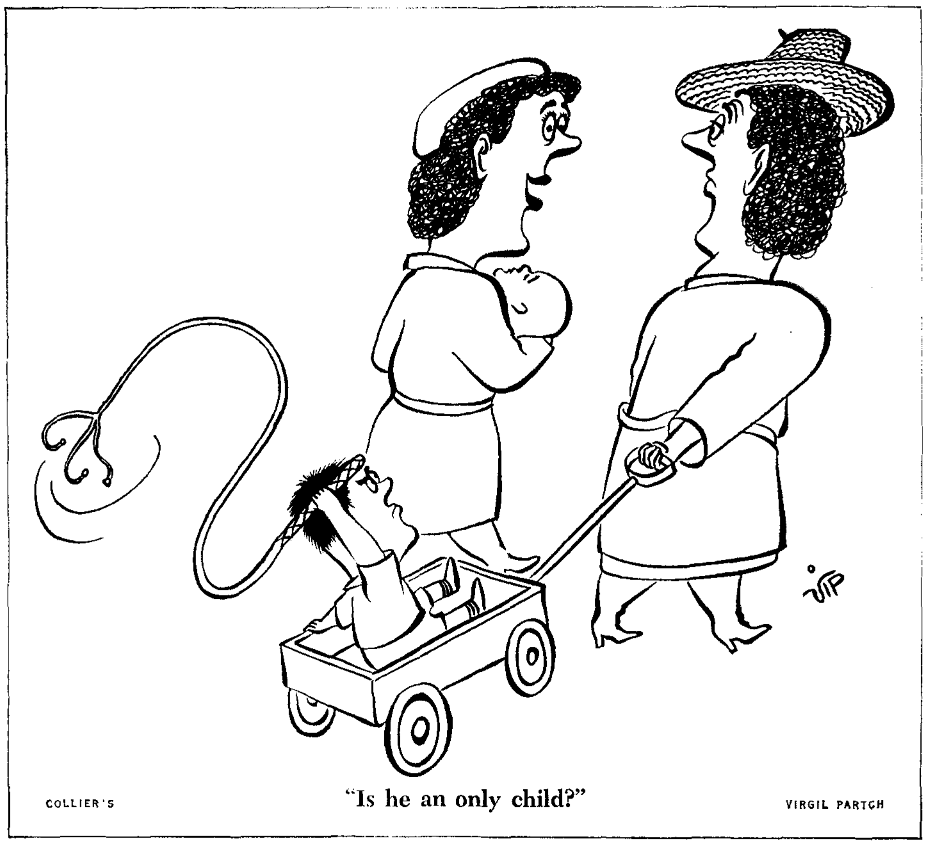
A white blur that looked like a stone or a sheet of paper was visible. It moved.

We continued toward it at a run. My heart was banging in my ears, and my jaws were aching with exhaustion as we drew close enough to identify the white blur that moved. It was a woman's body. The face was invisible, but I knew the general outlines of Caroma.

We pulled ourselves up on the pier. There was no Orlando. A naked Caroma in a bathing cap was sitting on the far end, facing the sea. We stopped for breath and then moved forward cautiously.

"He's gone," I whispered.

Devlin nodded, and we both sprinted down the precarious dock timbers. He reached her first and seized her wrists,



COLLIER'S "Is he an only child?" VIRGIL PARTCH

10 pounds of baby . . . or 20 acres of corn . . .

THEY'LL BOTH KEEP YOU BUSY!

. . . and for busy people there's nothing like this

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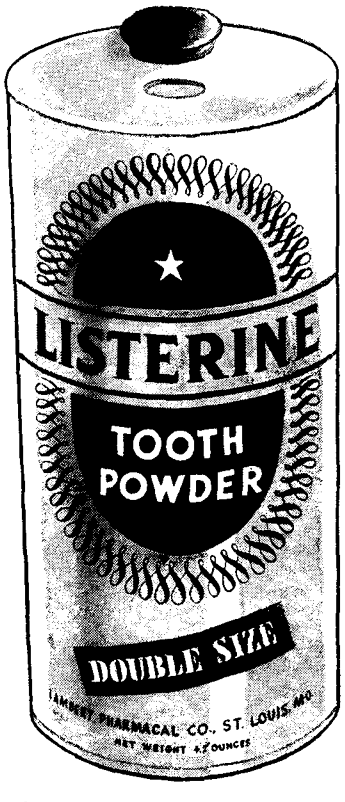

WHETHER YOU ARE the mother of a frisky new infant, or godfather to a war-essential food crop—chances are you're living at a faster pace these days. And, busy as you are, you probably have less time to spend on important little details, such as brushing your teeth.

How about it? Don't you ever catch yourself skimping on that morning brushing . . . sometimes even skipping it entirely? If you do . . . and you know, yourself, you shouldn't . . . at least make sure to use a dentifrice that does a real job every precious second you are brushing.

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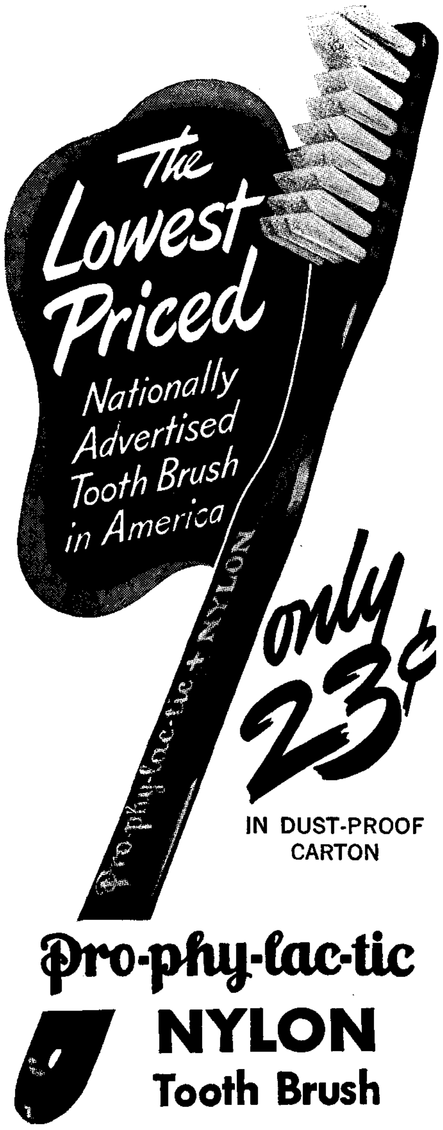

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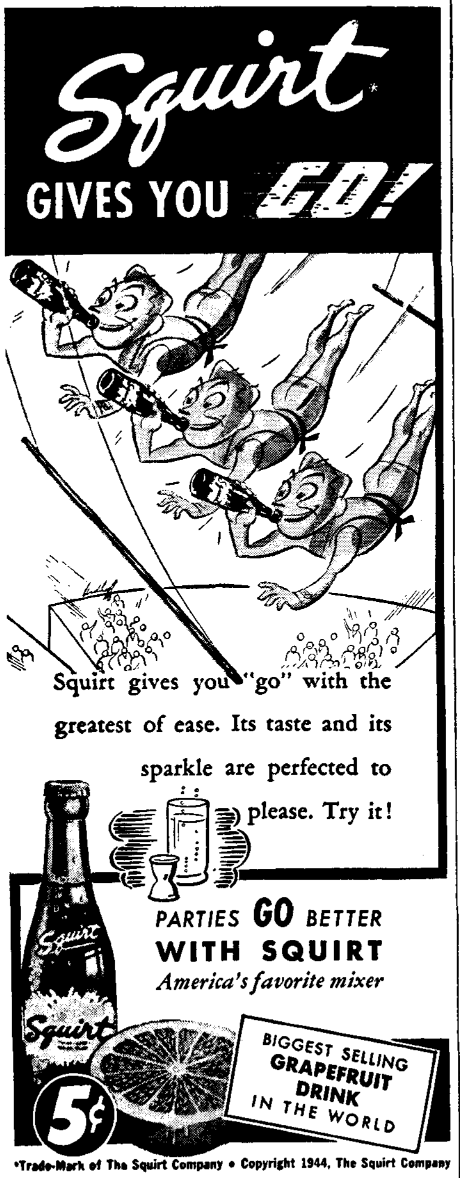

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pulling them behind her and twisting them.

I came up, yelling a question, "Where's Orlando?"

Caroma, powerless in Devlin's grip, looked at neither of us. Her eyes remained on the sea. She sat like a thing of stone.

"Hang on to her," I said and started undressing. "I'll have a look in the water."

"What did you do with Higgens?" Devlin twisted the girl's arm behind her.

She showed no evidence of pain. This thing of stone was unaware of us. Its head remained stiffened. The eyes, widened and glowing, stared at the water.

"She's having a fit," said Devlin softly, "a murder fit."

I dived into the water. It was only waist-deep. The tide, coming in, swept against me as I stood up. A body dropped off the pier would be either caught in the ballast rocks of the structure or washed up on the beach by this time. I remembered suddenly that Caroma's bathing cap was wet. She had been in the water. She might have towed the body out farther. Sand bars might be blocking its return. I fished desperately among the pier rocks, unable to see beyond my nose.

FIFTEEN minutes later, I crawled back on the pier. Devlin was busy with the inert and stiffened Caroma. He had found her clothes and was putting her stockings on her legs. I looked through the bundle beside him. There were two pairs of shoes. One of them was Orlando's. I could almost hear his chuckle as I remembered these natty suède oxfords crossed impudently on his desk top. I could almost see him rising ghostlike out of these empty shoes and grinning at us out of the night. But what lay wedged among those black rocks or rolling over the sea bottom wasn't grinning.

"She's either faking or gone nuts," said Devlin grimly. "Try bending her leg. It's like iron. She straightens out like a rusty hinge."

"She said anything?" I panted.

"No." Devlin pulled a dress over her angrily. "Doesn't react to words, slaps or kicks. She's out on her feet. The killer's trance." He glared at her. "The tigress gorged with her prey."

I kneeled and looked into a pair of glittering eyes. The pupils were enlarged and milky. I grabbed her shoulders and shook her violently.

Devlin interrupted my cursing. "Save your wind," he said. "We've got a long haul. She's in a cataleptic state—whether authentic or not, I don't know. But I've figured a few things out. She's been in the water."

"The police," I interrupted; "they can find him."

"We don't need them yet," Devlin answered coolly. "We'll go to the village, get some flashlights and come back. There's nothing to be done for Orlando—that we can't do with a flashlight."

"Did you see any rope around?" I asked.

"I'm afraid she's used it up," said Devlin.

We put Caroma's shoes on, picked her up by head and ankles, and started down the pier. I remembered the dark water in which I had fished for Orlando and then remembered the vital hour wasted, drinking with Wondershake and Devlin. I cursed myself for a witless dawdler.

As we reached the sand and started up the beach, I felt a desire to stand our burden on its feet and beat the maniacal silence out of it. I looked at the eyes, glittering up sightlessly at the night, and felt sickened.

Devlin said suddenly, "Did you notice the cuts on her arms? Her left hand is torn and the nails broken. He must have come to, as she was tying him up.". . .

It was a macabre drive back to the village center. Caroma sat between us. Her head was still stiffened as if attached to the body by an iron rod. Murder and mania pressed against me. The body of Orlando, bound and rolling over the sea bottom, kept floating before my eyes.

Devlin parked the car in the shadows of a tree clump.

"Watch her carefully," he said. "She may come out of this foul trance any minute." He handed me a spanner wrench. "If she does, take no chances. Tap her with this." He started out of the car.

"They won't have any flashlights on sale," I said. "You'll have to call the police."

"I'm going to call my publisher," Devlin said. "He'll take care of everything. If anyone should notice Miss Borgia, tell them she's had a drop too much."

He hurried off toward the lighted street. I sat, wrench in hand, and eyes on the rigid face. I remembered having seen this moribund posture among the insane inmates of a state hospital. I recalled the word "katatonia"—a lunacy that locked its victims away in some hellish inner world.

I looked at the broken fingernails and the torn skin on the hand—a small, tapered hand that seemed as feeble as a child's, yet it had murdered four times. I thought of Devlin telling his news eagerly over the phone, of the extras that were soon to end the nation's greatest murder mystery, of the radio bulletins that in a few hours would be spreading the tale of our dark beach and our nude lunatic to the ends of the earth.

There would be no explanations out of this cat-faced figure at my side. But murder would speak out of the sea when we found Orlando's body. I looked at the brown suède shoes beside me and cursed.

Devlin was approaching the car. He was walking slowly, a frown on his lean face.

"Get any flashlights?" I asked.

"Orlando Higgens was arrested two hours ago," he answered, "and booked for murder. He's in the Los Angeles police station at the present moment."

"You're out of your mind," I cried.

"Almost," said Devlin.

"It's a mistake," I said. "They've got somebody else."

"No." Devlin shook his head. "He was arrested swimming around off our pier yonder and towing a fifty-foot rope in his hand—with nothing on it."

I felt giddy. "That's nuts!" I said, but I knew it was true. A newspaper editor never indulges in whimsies. Orlando was alive! My old friend and shakedown caballero was not lolling about in Davy Jones' locker. "I can't believe it!" I exclaimed. "He's alive, eh?"

"Occupying his usual cell." Devlin nodded and got into the car. He looked thoughtfully at Caroma. "I think we'll take a leaf out of her book." Removing a ball of cord from his pocket, he proceeded to tie our passenger's ankles together.

"Who arrested him and for what?" I asked.

"Egelhofer," he answered, busy with his cord. "The charge is the murder of Laurence Bison."

"But they wouldn't leave Caroma behind." I tried to figure out this "happy ending." "If they arrested Orlando, they'd take her in as a witness."

"They failed to notice her." Devlin straightened. "I think she's okay now. I don't trust a silent woman." He started the car and we bounded once more through the night, this time toward Los Angeles.

"WHAT did you tell your publisher?" I asked.

"The entire tale," said Devlin. "We're going to play the Orlando Higgens arrest down as a bit of police bungling unworthy of our readers."

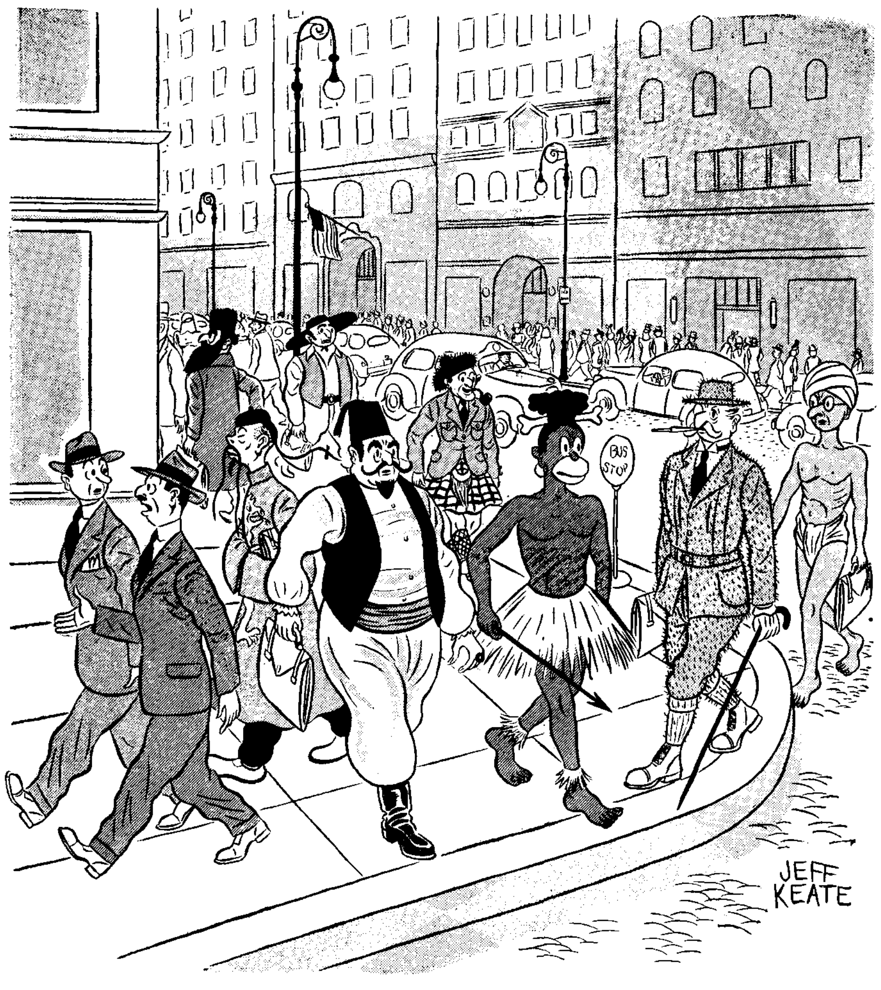
"He's sold on Caroma, eh?" I muttered.

"He's holding the front page open till two-thirty," Devlin said coldly, "for the authentic solution. We're getting out a special Caroma edition."

"I'm a bit muddled," I said, looking at our rigid passenger.

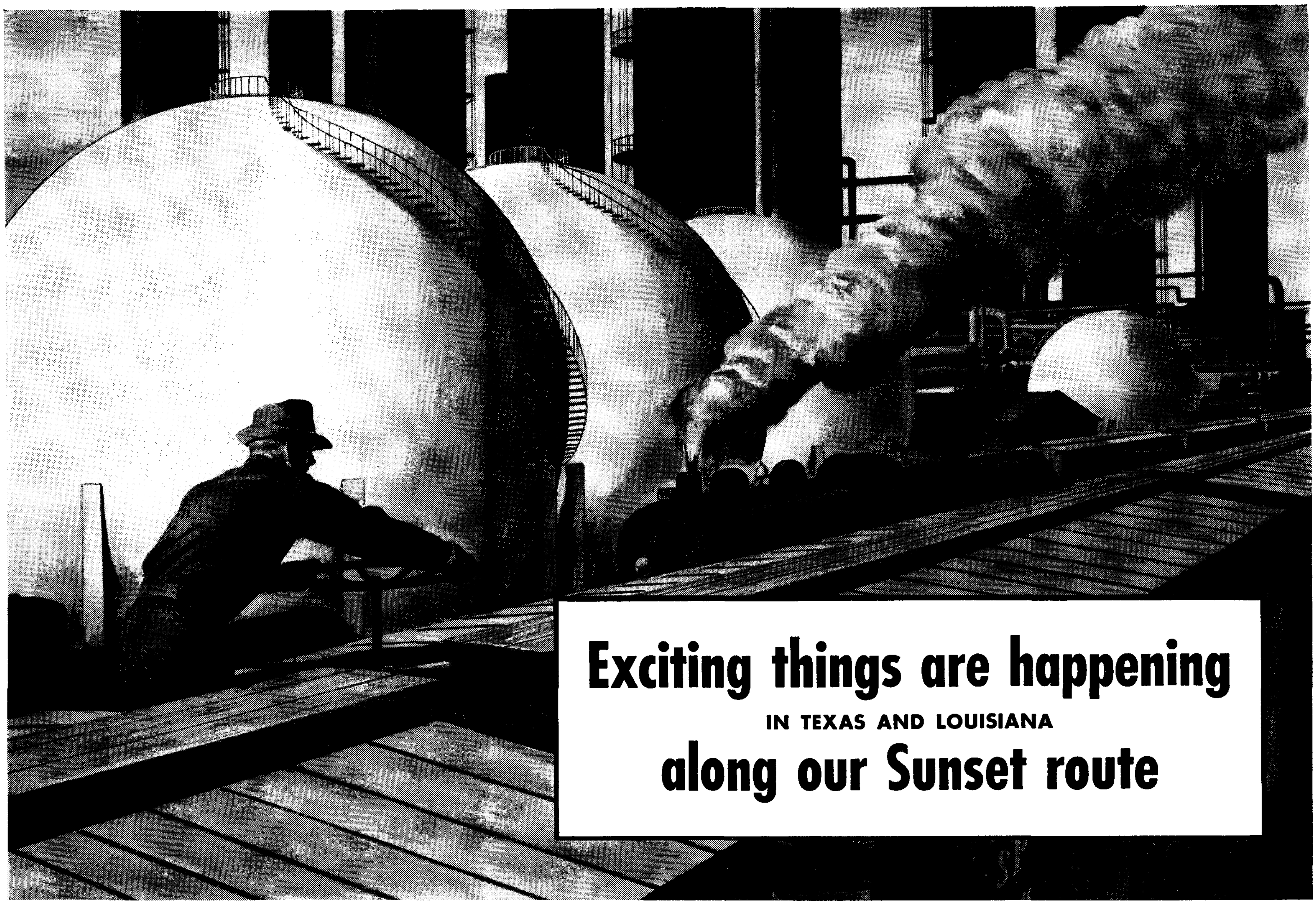
"I am not," said Devlin.

We hurtled on in silence. Orlando alive



"After all, we aren't more than sixty hours away from any spot in the world!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



Exciting things are happening
IN TEXAS AND LOUISIANA
along our Sunset route

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It was in 1883 that the last spike was driven in our Sunset route, the nation's second transcontinental railroad (the first was our Overland route).

During that epic period—as nowadays—great events were shaping along this pioneer rail line.

The Sunset route provided the first direct rail connection between Pacific Coast cities and the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans. Today, by this historic route, Southern Pacific lines in Texas and Louisiana link the new industrial South and Southwest with the new industrial West.

Rich in natural resources, Texas and Louisiana have experienced remarkable industrial growth in recent years. And war's demands are speeding this development.

Along the Gulf Coast bordering both states shipyards launch vessels of every type, from war and cargo ships to landing craft.

In both states, too, petroleum is a leading resource, and its refining a leading industry. Huge new synthetic rubber plants utilizing petroleum products are located at several Gulf Coast points. And in the interior factories are being readied to convert the crude synthetic rubber into finished products.

Great chemical industries have arisen, chiefly in the tidewater territory. These industries are soundly based on abundant mineral resources, including sulphur and salt, as well as forest and farm products, transmuted by industry's magic into an amazing variety of useful products.

As an outgrowth of Louisiana's large-scale sugar industry, wallboard and other building materials are made from sugar cane. Glycerine is obtained from cottonseed . . . plastics from soy beans . . . starch and glue from sweet potatoes.

Texas has a growing number of new iron and steel plants, which use Texas iron ore. Here is the nation's first tin smelter, also the world's largest plant for production of magnesium from sea water.

In both states paper is made from pine logs, and far-stretching forests stand behind manufacturers of furniture and building materials. Airplane factories operate round the clock.

Vegetables and seafoods are packed here in huge volume. Cotton production keeps thousands of spindles turning. From the "Magic Valley of the Rio Grande" in southernmost Texas come millions of cans of citrus fruit juices. Texas Panhandle wheat and other cereals are processed by Texas mills.

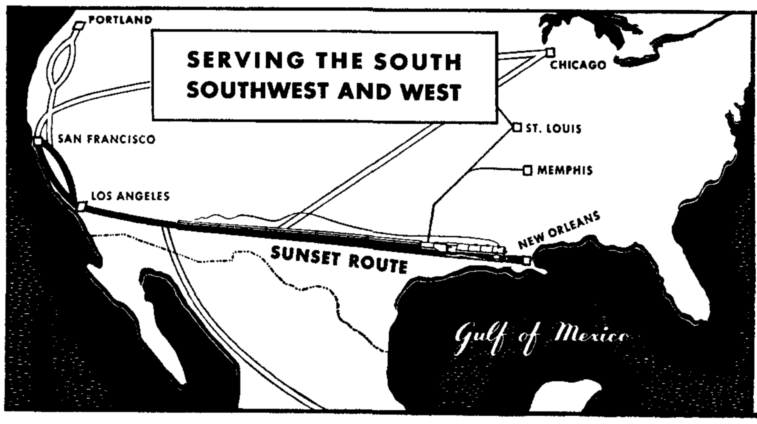
In this industrial growth of Texas and Louisiana at one end of our Sunset route, and of the Pacific Coast states at the other, railroad transportation has had its part to play.

Steadily through the years, the western and southern railroads have sought to develop manufacturing along their lines, for new industries are a major source of added traffic.

For this purpose we have long maintained an industrial department. And this is the reason Southern Pacific and other roads have made freight rates that aid the industries we serve to assemble raw materials and market finished products.

We look to the permanence of these industrial developments along our lines as an important factor in our railroad's postwar progress. Southern Pacific will do its best to help hold industrial gains and encourage still further expansion throughout the territories we serve.

A. T. MERCIER, *President*



S•P

The friendly
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One of America's railroads—
ALL united for Victory!

KEEP YOUR TEETH IN

IF AN experiment in New York State succeeds, future generations will have to make few trips to the dentists, for it will prove that healthy teeth are not an act of God, but the right of every human being. The experiment is to be sponsored by the State Department of Health, and will be carried on in two medium-sized cities. Its aim will be to find out definitely whether children can be protected from caries (the dental term for localized destruction of teeth tissues by microorganisms), in other words, cavities and the trouble that goes with them.

The medium to be used in the experiment is sodium fluoride, a white powdery compound of metallic sodium and fluorine gas, which will be added to the cities' drinking water in minute quantities. It is the fluorine that works the dental trick. The sodium merely goes along as a convenient agent of transportation into the body. If a person drinks small amounts of this compound, the fluorine is picked up in the digestive tract and deposited in the teeth, where it hardens the enamel and makes it highly resistant to the special bacteria that cause decay.

Years of careful research have shown that this protective action always occurs where public water supplies have the right quantity of fluorine in them. Why it works is not yet fully understood by biological chemists. But it does work, and so powerfully that scientists are anxious to capture the benefits for all the people. Many already have them, for the country is dotted with cities where naturally fluorinated water holds teeth decay far below the national average.

Last year Collier's told of Hereford, Texas, where caries is almost unknown. Fluorine and other chemicals in the water get the credit. But Hereford is not unique, nor is the action of fluorine a new discovery. The chemical was tried as far back as 1874 in the hope of improving the teeth of children and pregnant women. But clinical methods were not accurate enough to determine the precise part played by this mysterious element. Sixty years elapsed before organized scientific work was begun.

A Natural Preservative

Some ten years ago, it was observed that the mottled tooth enamel prevalent in certain parts of the country was caused by fluorine in the water. People with such disfigured teeth rarely needed a filling. Dentists concluded that fluorine must be a tooth preservative. They started out to discover how much would produce mottling, and whether a lesser amount would still prevent decay. Experiments were made on animals. Two parts of fluorine in a million parts of water seemed to be the minimum for mottling, while one part still gave good protection against caries.

A test was then started, to see whether all American cities with fluorine in their water supply had consistently better teeth. They had, but it took a decade to prove it. An involved problem had to be solved, for it was necessary to show that fluorine and nothing else was saving teeth.

Examining teams of dentists and chemists visited Middle Western cities with good teeth and bad, analyzing water, food and soil. Examinations were made on children from ten to fourteen, because in this age group the tendency to tooth decay was easiest to diagnose. Migration statistics were included to eliminate false data contributed by children who had brought bad teeth from other localities.

A consistent picture finally emerged. Over seven thousand children in twenty-one cities had been tested. The fluorine-drinking cities of Galesburg, Illinois, and Colorado Springs, Colorado, showed less than one third the tooth decay found in fluorine-poor Michigan City, Indiana. In the first two places, 25 per cent had no caries at all; in the last, not a single child had escaped it. The rest of the towns fitted into place, with dental troubles closely proportional to lack of fluorine.

Further studies were made to eliminate the possible effect of sunlight, hard water, food habits, other minerals. Only when good teeth appeared in the absence of all of these influences and at the same time in the presence of fluorine, were the experiments called successful.

Conclusions were that six times as many children escaped tooth decay in cities where fluorinated water was drunk as in those where it wasn't; that good teeth, once established in childhood by chemical means, tended to remain good for life.

No Danger to Health

One more important investigation was required. Did fluorine, poisonous in large quantities, endanger health while saving teeth? The answer was easily found. Colorado Springs and Amarillo, Texas, banner fluorine towns, had been drinking the stuff for fifty years without dangerous effects. Other communities, with enough fluorine to cause distinct tooth mottling, had been taking it for as long as forty years, also with no effect on general health. Added assurance came from the United States Public Health Service which says that one part per million of fluorine is perfectly safe. That is exactly the amount that may save the country's teeth.

The New York State experiment should prove whether artificial fluorination can take its place with the standard use of chlorine and other chemicals in mass protection through the water supply. The identity of the two cities chosen for the experiment will be kept secret to avoid psychological factors. They are the same size and close together. The drinking water of both is at present fluorine-free.

When the test begins, City A's water supply will be left untouched, to give a standard of comparison. City B will add enough sodium fluoride to the water at the pumping plant daily to hold the content closely to one part per million at the faucet. This will be just enough to build good teeth. In summer, when people drink more, the dose will be cut, so that the yearly average will be constant.

Dentists will make annual examinations of 4,200 children in each city, recording tooth-condition, health and other data. The job will take ten years, so that the last batch of children to be tested will have had fluorine from birth. Long before that time is up, results should begin to show. In the meantime, no harm can come to the population. State chemists have computed that it would require twenty-five tons of fluoride daily to render City B's water poisonous; the actual amount used will be about forty pounds.

If New York's experiment succeeds, and the policy of fluorine treatment becomes universal, dental decay may eventually disappear in communities served by public water systems. The nation's 70,000 dentists will welcome the change, for at present they are so overworked that three fourths of the population receive no dental care at all. And even if caries were banished altogether, they would still have enough to do in orthodontic work that most of them don't even attempt today. The relief from pain and expense felt by the generations of tomorrow will be incalculable. DAVID O. WOODBURY

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and kicking (like a herd of steers, no doubt) in a jail cell, had lessened considerably my interest in the girl. She seemed now a victim, rather than a menace. Terror had obviously stricken her mind and paralyzed her motor nerves. But terror of what? What could frighten into insensibility a girl who had been seen an hour ago laughing in a drugstore? And what was Orlando doing swimming around with a fifty-foot rope in his hand? And how had the police happened to be on the scene?

"I can't figure the thing out," I said finally.

"You're out of practice," Devlin said. "Hollywood atrophies the brain cells." He increased our speed. "Orlando escaped her," he went on grimly, "but she's guilty of three murders—enough to merit our attention."

I was silent.

"We've a lot to do," Devlin resumed, after a hazardous mile. "Our first problem is to keep Caroma covered up till we break the story."

"Didn't Orlando make some sort of statement?" I asked.

"Our friend is holding his tongue for reasons we will soon find out," said Devlin. "By the way, I told the boss you were helping me and not to send me any assistance. I do not trust the modern journalist. You'll have to play nurse to our Lady Macbeth while I check up at the D.A.'s office. He and the mighty Egelhofer are giving out a joint statement at ten o'clock. We'll just make the soiree."

WITH the luck that attends the comings and goings of a good newspaperman, we arrived at the Criminal Courts Building intact and on four wheels. Devlin parked at a distance from the door.

"Hang on to that wrench," he said softly, "and conk her if she gets restive. Remember she's a murderous maniac. Don't give her a chance to untie her legs."

"She won't get away," I said.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," Devlin said. "I just want to get the gist of the statement."

He hurried off. I sat watching Caroma, who remained as immobile as a fireplug, and tried to piece together the eerie events of this night. Three things clamored for answers that were missing: Why was Orlando keeping mum in his cell? By what clairvoyance had the police managed to fish their quarry out of the dark Pacific? What had terrified Caroma? . . .

Devlin returned in twenty minutes, aglow with excitement.

"I haven't seen so many news gatherers under one roof since the Dayton flood," he remarked, as he started the car. "How has she been behaving?" He looked roguishly at our passenger.

"She's still moody," I said. "What did you hear about Orlando?"

"The case against our friend is pure Camembert," Devlin answered. "It appears that a sleuth named Leroy Strauss has been tailing him for weeks."

"So that's how they knew where he was," I muttered.

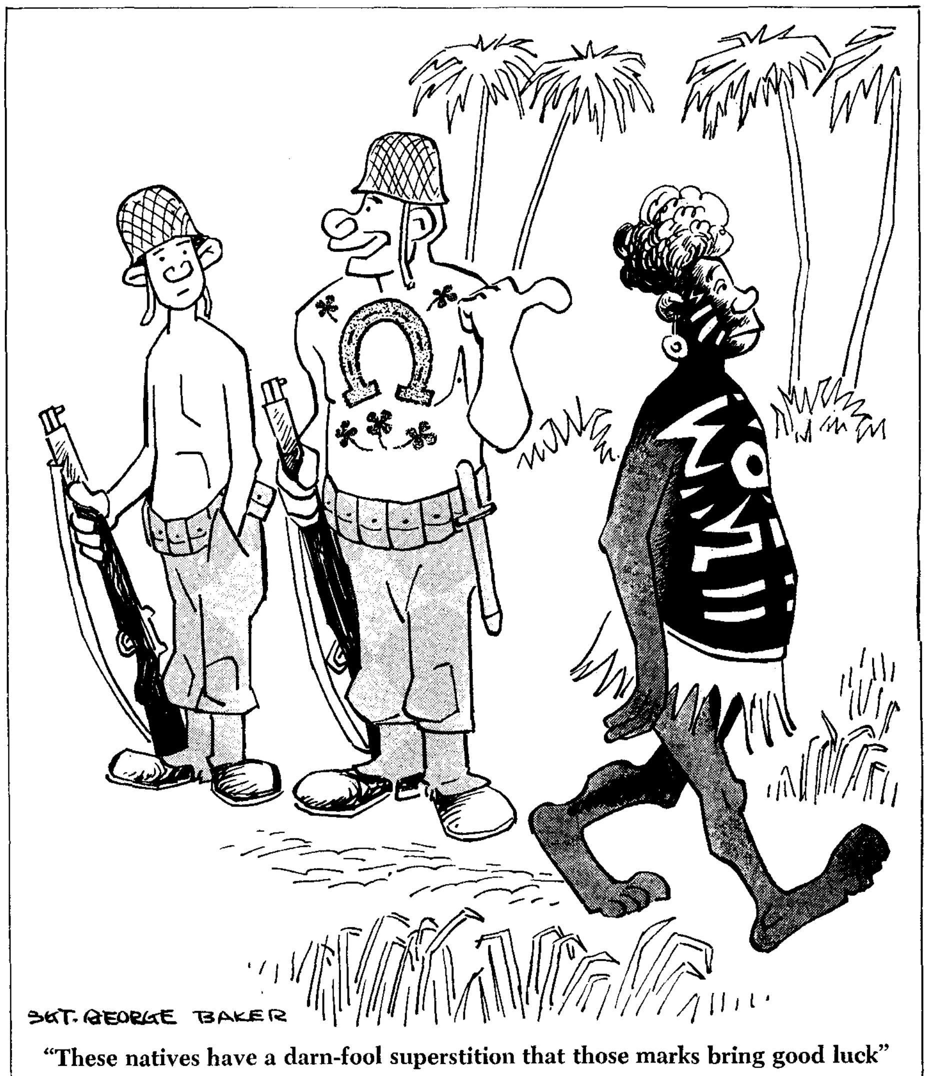
"His alibi for the Bison murder," went on Devlin, "has been broken. He was not in his office between four and six-thirty of the fatal day, according to Leroy Strauss—who saw him leave but lost the scent after fifteen minutes—and also some five reliable witnesses who tried to phone him, Elvina Bliss among them."

"I know," I said. "He was at Betha's house."

"Miss Fancher," Devlin explained, "is regarded by the police as a Munchausen—and rightly. Another point of interest is that the Bison letter threatening Wilde's life—the one Orlando exhumed for the police—is a forgery. It doesn't resemble Mr. Bison's other communications."

"But that's no case at all," I said.

"I didn't say it was," Devlin drawled; "but Egelhofer and Mr. Fortesque are very happy with it. They were going into the matter of Orlando's two attempted getaways when I left. It seems he booked a plane for Mexico this morning but



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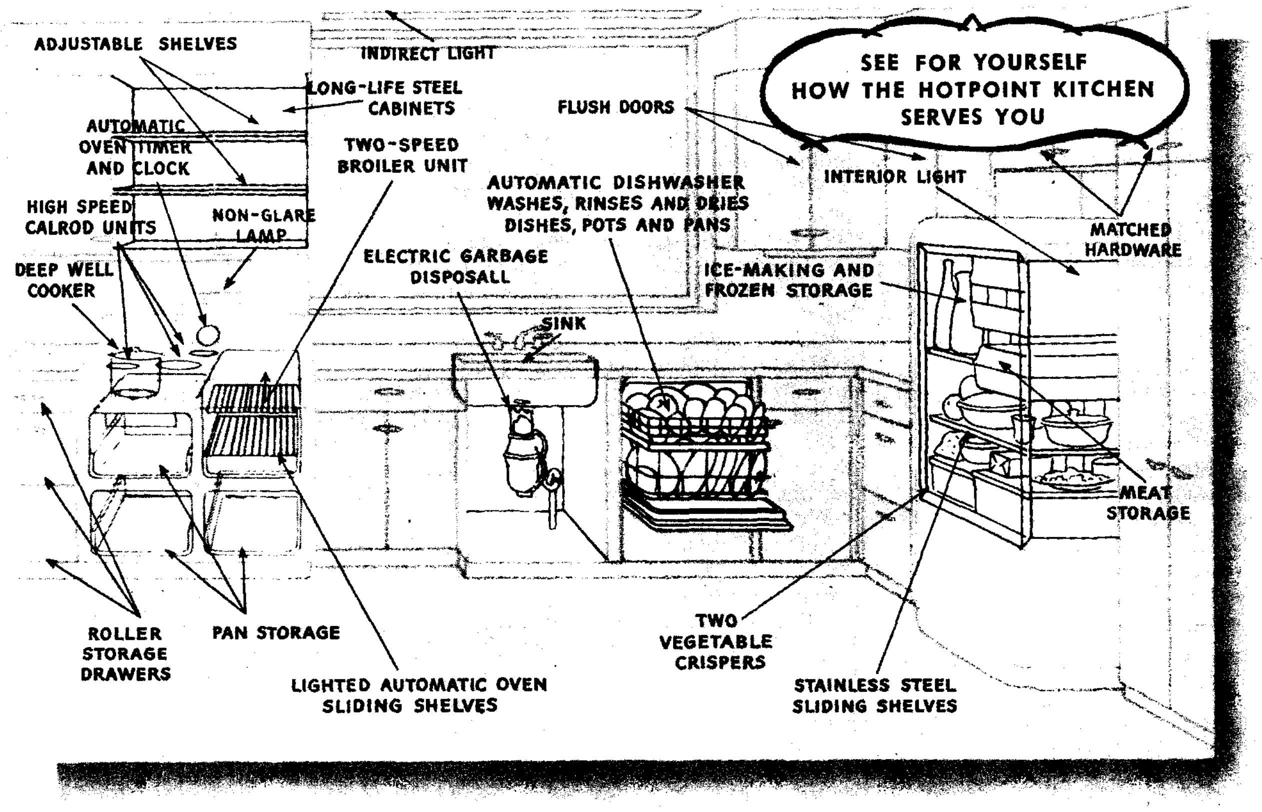
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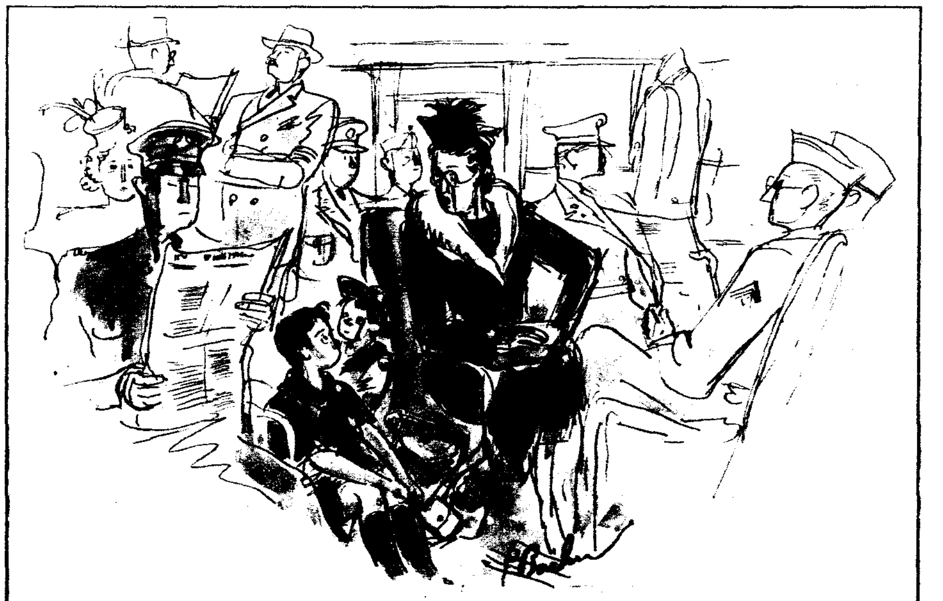


"Young man, are you permitted to tell where you're going?"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

changed his plans and decided to put out to sea tonight."

"Swim off, eh?" I chuckled.

"There was a small boat we overlooked," said Devlin. "He was sporting around in the water with it when Detective Strauss waded out to get his man."

"I never heard such poppycock," I said.

"Higgens put up a battle," Devlin went on happily, "and was subdued under the waves. The motive for the triple slayings is jealousy. Orlando is infatuated with our Mona Lisa here and liquidated her other admirers." He stared at the cataleptic girl. "I gather that she hid during the fracas in the sea. Mr. Strauss mentioned noticing a companion with Orlando, and they suspect it to have been our stone maiden. They're combing the seashore for her."

"They probably think Orlando killed her," I suggested.

"That is the general gossip," Devlin agreed.

WE HAD stopped in front of the police station. Our passenger was a problem, for I insisted on going in and seeing Orlando.

"We'll take her along, then," said Devlin. "The detectives are all in wading, looking for her."

We carried Caroma quickly across the pavement. The station was deserted except for a lone sergeant behind the desk. Devlin opened a door off the station corridor, and I followed him into an empty office.

"Lieutenant Egelhofer's chambers," he explained. "He won't be back for an hour." He fished through a desk and found a pair of handcuffs with a key in them, and fastened the unresisting Caroma to a steampipe. "I think that will keep her out of mischief," he murmured.

We stepped into the station.

"Hello, Sergeant Tittero," Devlin greeted the uniform behind the desk. "How are things going?"

"You missed all the excitement, Devlin." The sergeant looked up. "It's all over now."

"That's too bad," Devlin said. "By the way, here's an order from Lieutenant Egelhofer."

He fished a note out of his pocket, and Sergeant Tittero studied it. It permitted Chester Devlin and one other reporter—myself, evidently—to talk to the prisoner, Orlando Higgens. I recognized Devlin's handwriting as I glanced at this passport, and quailed.

"I don't understand this." The sergeant frowned. "Nobody else has been allowed to. He's being held strictly incommunicado."

"You may call up Lieutenant Egelhofer," Devlin began firmly.

"That's okay," the sergeant said. "I don't want to bother him. Come on, I'll take you back."

We entered the gloomy cell house.

"Last cage on the left"—Sergeant Tittero pointed—"and no monkey business."

"Thank you, Sarge," Devlin said.

Sergeant Tittero grunted and walked away. With Caroma handcuffed to a steampipe in Egelhofer's office, and our presence under false colors, I suggested nervously that we work fast, before something went amiss.

"Plenty of time," said Devlin. "You're more out of practice than I imagined."

The cells were dark and empty. A light shone feebly in the farthest one. We stopped in front of it. Orlando was sitting on a bench at the rear of the cell, and beside him, pressing against him, was the turbaned Albert. They were talking in whispers. Neither looked up as we stood before the bars. The shadows half covered the two cellmates, and I could barely make out Orlando's stockinged feet.

"I've brought you your shoes," I said quietly, "so you shouldn't catch cold."

Orlando didn't look up. He continued his intense whispering.

Devlin raised his voice. "Deliverance is at hand, Orlando," he announced. "I want a few words with you first."

Orlando, without taking his eyes from his turbaned companion, answered in a low, gritty voice.

"Get out of here, will you! Don't bother me!"

"Your troubles are over," Devlin answered. "We've got the real killer, tied and ready to hand over to justice. I would like a brief account from you of what happened on the pier."

"We thought sure she had you," I chimed in, "after we found out about the rope."

"There's no sense in your covering up," Devlin said firmly. "She's confessed everything."

I stared at Orlando, thoroughly baffled. He had not stopped his idiotic whispering to his cellmate.

"I told you to get out of here," he spoke up hoarsely. "Butt out, for the love o' Pete! I'm busy, can't you see?" And then, in a furious voice, he added, "You dumb lugs, can't you take a hint?"

And he still hadn't taken his eyes off Albert. I was about to shout back when Devlin whispered, "Listen to him."

In the silence, we heard Orlando, tense and sibilant, addressing his motionless crony. "You're under contract to me, Albert," he was saying, "for a whole year. You can't do this to me—break your contract—and you're a chump if you do. I can make you the biggest thing in the yogi world. Bigger than Gandhi." He half turned toward us and said in a vicious voice, "Will you two dumb lugs beat it and leave me alone. Damn it, I'm in conference!"

"He's gone potty," I murmured.

"Stir-crazy," Devlin nodded.

I looked sadly at my old friend in his cage. The breakdown he had been battling against for several months had finally tripped him. I doubted whether even the wonder-working Albert could help him now.

"Orlando," I said loudly, "pull yourself together for a minute and listen—"

"Shut up, you dumb half-wit!" he cried back. "And get out, quick!"

"Mr. Albert," Devlin called into the gloomy cell, "could you persuade your pupil to talk to us for a moment, and could I also have a moment of your time. I would like to discuss your daughter Caroma."

ALBERT'S face, staring at Orlando, remained motionless. They seemed to be sharing a hypnotic state.

"We'll have to get Sergeant Tittero's keys," said Devlin, "and talk to them at closer quarters. It's quite a night for lunatics," he added, as we walked toward the station room.

Something was buzzing in the back of my head like a reluctant plot turn. The quality of Orlando's outcries haunted me, with their insistence on our dumbness.

"He's either crazy," I muttered, "or up to something."

"That yogi-dabbling usually unhinges the mind sooner or later," said Devlin. "It's not for Caucasians." He started for the police desk.

"Wait a minute," I said. The plot turn was buzzing violently. "There was something funny about Orlando's voice."

"Dementia praecox Hollywooditis," said Devlin.

"No," I said. "I got a feeling. Wait till I ask the sergeant a few questions. Stand by." I walked up to the desk. "Excuse me, sergeant," I asked, with a mad idea wheeling through my head like a bat, "how did that fellow in the turban get in the cell with Higgens."

"That phony!" Tittero grunted. "The lieutenant let him in like before. I can't see it at all."

My head was loud with an unbelievable thought, but I managed to keep my voice level.

"Did Albert show up at the station after Higgens was brought in?" I asked.

"No, they brought them in together," Tittero answered, "Strauss picked the swami up on the beach after he nabbed Higgens. Why?"

"Just asking," I said and stared at Devlin.

His eyes glittered back, and we both stood speechless for a moment.

"You're not so out of practice as I thought," Devlin murmured.

The sergeant was talking. "Strauss spotted that loon in the turban as he was pulling Higgens out of the water. He called the guy over, and this fella helped smooth Higgens down. He does it by rubbing his ears, or something. It's all in the mind." Tittero looked at us cautiously. "Funny you should ask," he said. "I was wondering about it myself. A guy swimming with a swami. Strauss said Higgens refused to budge without Albert when he caught sight of him. Claimed he'd go crazy without that goonywart around to hold his head."

"Thanks," said Devlin and pulled me away. I stood staring into a new and fancier nightmare.

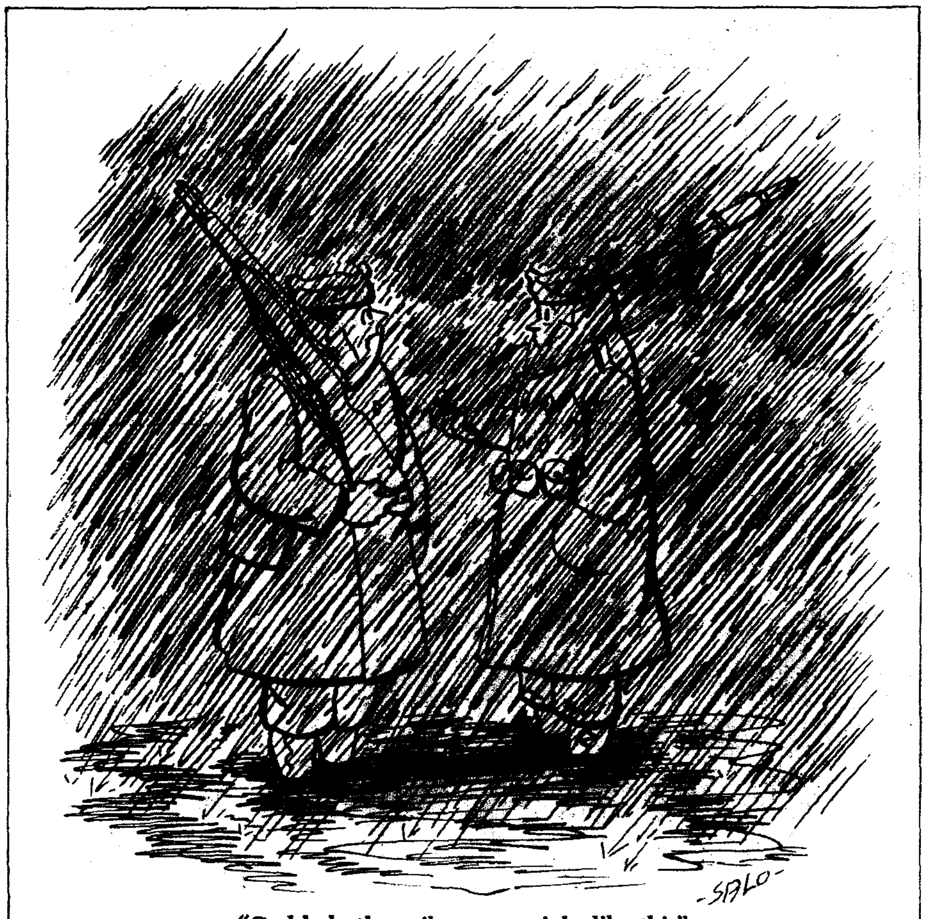
"Albert's got a gun on Higgens," Devlin whispered. "We made a little mistake. Papa's the phantom slayer."

"I know." My throat felt icy. "Orlando was trying to talk himself out of being murdered. The man's a maniac." I stared at Devlin, dizzily. "It's Albert! He's the one!"

Despite the horror lurking in that dark cell, a desire to laugh mounted in me. Albert, the wonder worker, under contract to Orlando to keep his life a bed of roses —sitting with a gun in his employer's ribs! Albert, the headache remover, a maniac and triple murderer! A fiend out of nightmare! A more grisly and hellish joke no man had ever played on himself than had our prince of salesmen, Orlando. He had sold himself a chimera for an aspirin tablet.

I started for the cell house, still dizzied by these revelations, but Devlin stopped me.

"We'll only kill him if we bust in," he said softly. "The gun's in his ribs, and a



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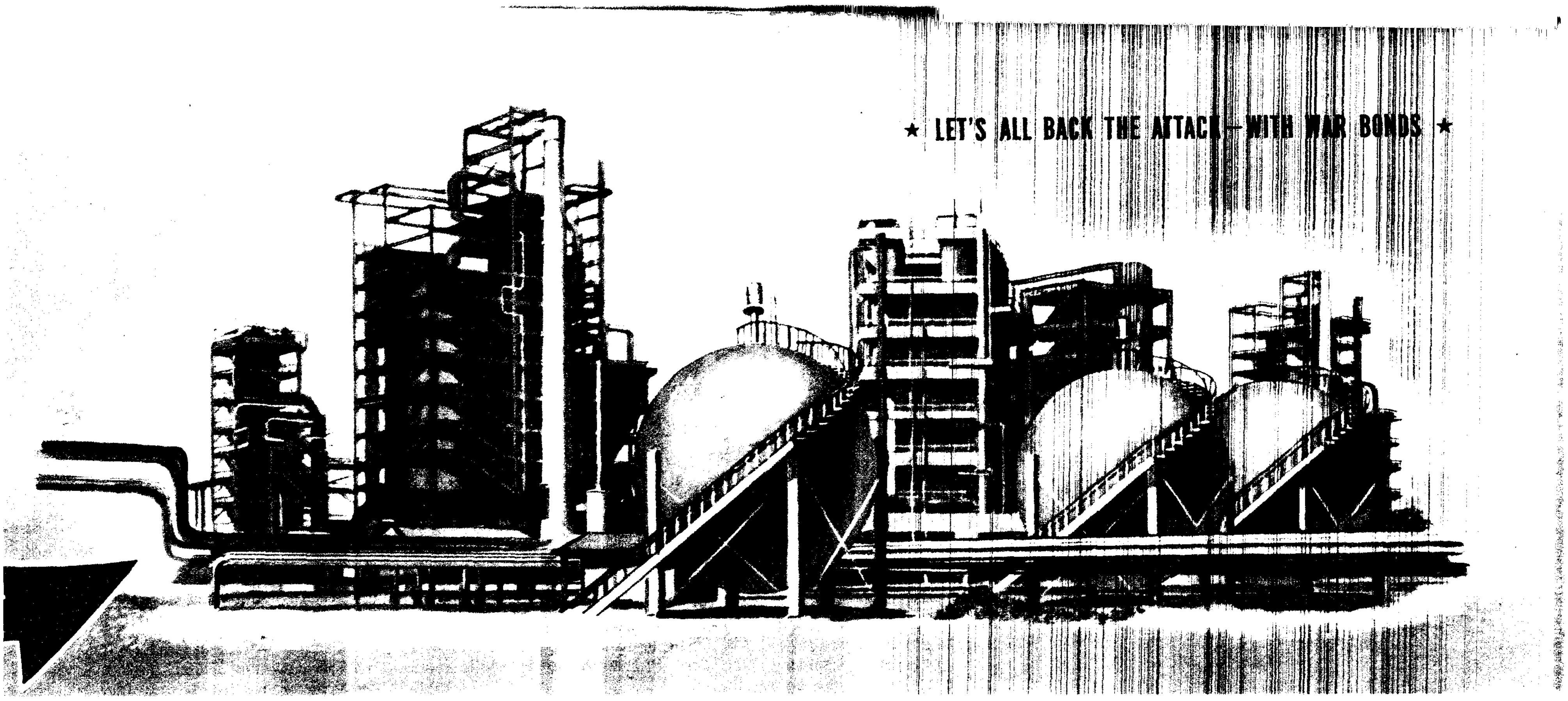
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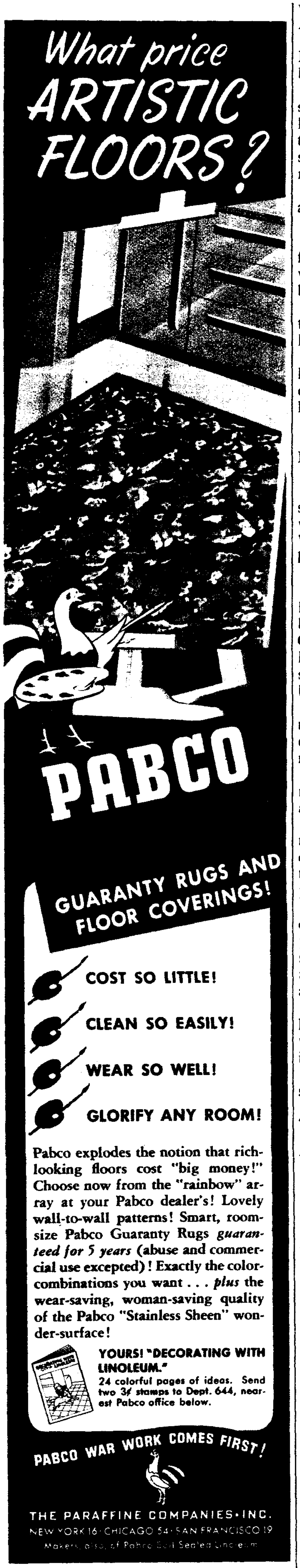
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very touchy lunatic is holding it. I recall Albert's position."

"Orlando's talked him out of it so far," I pointed out. "But what if the spell breaks?"

"His daughter's lovers," said Devlin slowly, "Wilde, Jones and Bison. He knocked them all off. And now he's going to scotch Orlando—as soon as our friend stops talking his arm off. A father maniac."

"We're wasting time," I said desperately.

"No," said Devlin, "I'm thinking."

"That's what frightened Caroma into a fit," I whispered. "She knew her father was the killer. She spotted him on the beach and went mad."

"An interesting family," Devlin muttered. "Come on. You've given me a lead."

I followed him bewilderedly into Egelhofer's office. A look at Caroma handcuffed to the steampipe cleared the fog. I knew what Devlin was plotting.

"I'll do it," I said.

"No," he answered; "it's my story." He was unlocking the cuffs.

"You're liable to get killed," I said.

"It doesn't count—if it happens on a story," he answered sagely. "It's the only way to take Papa's mind off Orlando. We'll give him a better seducer to start him fretting."

"We'll go together," I insisted.

"No," said Devlin, "you can't stage a love scene with three people in it. It becomes a scrimmage." He was lifting Caroma over his shoulder. "I'm sure Orlando will do his bit. And you talk to the sergeant, son, so I can whisk my darling by his desk unseen."

I looked at the news ace with a lunatic maiden slung over his shoulder, and dropped a sigh for a profession I should never have quitted.

Sergeant Tittero was studying the funnies. I blocked his line of vision as fully as I could.

"We're doing a movie at Empire about the Los Angeles police force," I began casually, "and their fine work in solving the Hollywood crime wave. I wonder if you would care to act in it—I mean, as yourself, Sergeant Tittero. The studio could arrange for a three-week layoff for you and pay you a few thousand for your services. J. B. Cobb asked me to pick out a few policemen who were photogenic and—"

"Hey!" Sergeant Tittero came out of his trance with a yell. "Where you going with that stiff? You can't take any stiffs in there!"

With an oath at me, he dropped from his stool and scurried out of his enclosure.

"WAIT a minute, sarge," I said desperately, "there's a killer in the cell with Higgens. Albert—the monkey with the turban. He's got a gun in Orlando's ribs. He's mad as a cuckoo. For heaven's sake, don't bust in. He'll shoot. Give Devlin a chance. It won't hurt you any—just five minutes."

"What the hell you talking about?" Tittero had stopped and was staring at me. "Go on! It's some more of your bull!"

"So help me!" I cried. "Give him just three minutes more. Listen, sarge, this is your big chance for a promotion. A lieutenancy. You can make the arrest. I tell you he's solving the whole murder mystery . . ."

"Who was that stiff?" Tittero asked, blinking.

"It wasn't a stiff," I said quickly. "It's Caroma, Albert's daughter. We're using her as bait."

"You're both nuts." Tittero pushed past me. I followed him into the cell block.

"There they are," I whispered desperately. "Don't go nearer. You'll spoil it." Tittero stopped and pulled his gun free.

Devlin was standing in front of Orlando's dimly lit cell. His arms were around Caroma. He announced in a loud voice, "Darling, I adore you. You are the apple of my eye." He tightened his grip on the cataleptic girl. "Caroma," he cried, "let us leave your stupid father, Albert, behind and fly—fly to the East. I shall love you as you have never been loved before. Wilde, Jones, Bison and Higgens are amateurs."

I held my breath. The turbaned head had turned slowly in the shadows.

Devlin, setting himself up like a duck in a shooting gallery, kissed Caroma and sang out, "My dream girl, your lips are like honey."

THE turban rose. A gun exploded in the cell as Orlando was swinging a roundhouse right to his healer's jaw. The two cellmates rolled over the floor in the dark in a death grapple. Tittero dashed forward to open the cell door.

I grabbed Devlin. "Did he get you?" I asked.

Devlin was holding a bleeding hand. "My little finger." He grinned. "A small sacrifice. Please excuse me while I telephone."

He released Caroma, and she remained standing rigidly, her head cocked as if harking to a lark.

"Not bad," said Devlin critically, "if she were only a little more lively."

He hurried out with a story that was sizzling and ready to serve.

Sergeant Tittero had entered the cell. He clipped the struggling Albert over the head with his gun butt. Orlando tottered out into the corridor, stepping over his turbaned guide and philosopher.

"Were you guys dumb!" he muttered, and slid to the floor. . . .

The great Hollywood murder mystery is over, and I am dictating these few final notes in a plane to my secretary who is airsick—or so she says. No, it is not Miss Wondershake. At the last minute, Miss W insisted she couldn't go to New York to work unless I took Charlie along. Charlie, she said, would be a very good business manager for me after he had had a little coaching. I decided, however, to blunder on without Charlie, and Miss W waved me a pensive goodby from the flying field. So did a few other friends whose rueful faces followed the plane, I am sure, until it was lost in the night. People who say goodby to you in Hollywood always act as if they are being marooned.

Note No. 1 has to do, naturally, with Mr. Albert. Of the thousand and one newspapermen who have written of him to date, only one, in my opinion, has done him justice—Chester Devlin. While other enfevered narrators referred to Albert as "fiend" and "monster," Devlin, in all his writings on the subject, has called him with unswerving simplicity—The Hollywood Sage. And in the editorial debate as to what should be done with Mr. Albert—to best serve the interests of society—Devlin has held to the line that he be placed in charge of Empire Studios to supersede Jerome B. Cobb. A larkish idea that grows on you the more you consider it.

To date, however, the campaign to make Mr. Albert a movie producer has not been taken seriously by the authorities. That addled cockney has been tucked away, instead, in a padded cell. Albert's belief that he had slain five "adulteraters," as he called them, rather than three, confused the police for a time and delayed his commitment while they sought the two missing bodies.

A psychiatrist managed finally to deduce from Albert's babble that he fancied he had added Orlando Higgens and an unidentified adulterater in an old fedora, to his bag. This was Chester Devlin. Albert went into such a rage when it was pointed out to him that these two citizens were still alive, that the police dropped the subject.

I HAVE a few notes on Albert's motive that are a little clearer than what has been written on that point. The truth (as revealed simply by Albert himself) was that our yogi friend had brought up his daughter Caroma to be a priestess. Albert had floated about for years, happy in the thought that Caroma was a sort of " 'oly creature." He had dedicated her from infancy to what he called the "mastery of the h'infinite." The wily Caroma had concealed from him her true pagan nature and had pumped up his delusions of her 'oliness—until she enrolled in the cinema. Preferring, thereafter, to

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BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

ESCAPE FROM BEAUTY

by Peter Paul O'Mara

be a movie star rather than a goddess, the girl had lost all interest in " 'oodwinking her 'igh priest father."

I am convinced that Caroma did not suspect Albert of being the Phantom Slayer until after Bison's murder. She had climbed out of the window of my bungalow on that afternoon because Albert had come knocking fiercely at the door.

It was on learning that her newest paramour had been wiped out in my office that she must have put two and two together. Her katatonic seizure on spotting her homicidal parent lurking on the dark beach is proof enough for me that it was a late and sudden knowledge of Albert's gory doings that sent her off into a mental limbo.

ALBERT'S attack on Orlando as another "adulterater" was the result of a conversation with Bison before his murder. The actor, confronted by a lunatic with a gun in his hand, bent on avenging his daughter's honor, evidently sought to confuse the issue by throwing Orlando into the plot as the original despoiler.

"I was sorry in a way to kill Mr. 'Iggens," Albert explained; "but it 'ad to be done. Because 'e was the first, according to Mr. Bison, 'oo debased the 'igh level of 'er spirit."

Orlando, who was sitting at the time of this revelation a few feet from his former healer, demanded loudly that Albert stop talking through his hat.

"I never laid a finger on your idiotic daughter," Orlando screamed. "You've got to clear my name. You owe me that much at least."

"Mr. 'Iggens is dead." Albert looked blankly at the raging Orlando, "and I would rather not discuss 'im with strangers. 'E would 'ave been a 'igh-level spirit if 'is carnal nature 'ad not got the upper 'and."

My notes on Orlando are brief. I was put out at his failure to call me up and say goodby. But on thinking it over, he is probably still being held incommunicado at the Green Mansions Retreat—an institution for Hollywood's more solvent lunatics. Orlando was whisked to this hospice an hour after Albert's capture. The matter, which was more or less overlooked by the enraptured press, happened as follows: Orlando had just finished explaining to the army of listeners jammed into Egelhofer's office his version of the evening.

"I went swimming with Caroma because I felt bad," he cleared up the situation, "and she insisted I tow her around by a rope because she was afraid to swim alone in the dark. So I was towing her when—"

At this point in the narrative, Gilbert Higgens appeared at his son's side bellowing like Taras Bulba. A retinue of six men, three of them in uniform, accompanied him. A great deal of confusion ensued. Gilbert waved a court order he had just secured, and demanded that his son be handed over to him and his retinue. The order pronounced Orlando to be a lunatic and prescribed his immediate commitment to an institution for the mentally unfit.

Gilbert had busied himself secretly obtaining this eleventh-hour document. It was the only way of preventing his son from being tried as a triple murderer and, possibly, convicted. The fact that the police had again released Orlando failed either to impress his intrepid father or to invalidate the findings of the court. Orlando was toted off in a state of semi-coherence to Green Mansions.

I am sure he will be able in time to prove his sanity and resume his career. It would be unfair to single Orlando out—among all my Hollywood friends—for residence in a bughouse.

To return to Albert: On the subject of his attempt to sabotage Sons of Destiny, he had little to say.

"I did my best," he muttered modestly on one occasion, "to prevent further bloodshed. But nobody would 'eed my warnings. I 'old no grudge against Mr. Cobb 'oo, I understand, is a 'igh-level spirit."

I am a little reluctant about putting down my own true connection with the great Hollywood shambles, but I may as well get it over with. It was I, rewriting the Destiny script, who invented the character of Valaria, played by Caroma, and concocted a love switcheroo that placed her in juxtaposition with Wilde, Jones and Bison.

Had I not written Valaria and given her three kissing scenes with the principals, she would never have met them, and there would have been no crime wave. In the original script, Valaria was known as Fifi and was never in contact with the picture's stars. However, I have too many sins on my conscience as a writer to coddle this one very long.

As for Potnik's notion that he knew the killer and expected to be her next victim, there is little I can clear up here. Potnik is in Mexico, and his one brief wire to me reads:

"Police made sensational mistake. Am telling you confidentially that real killer is still running around. Am not coming back to Hollywood until situation is improved."

I showed this communiqué to Elvina, who is obviously Potnik's choice as the Phantom Slayer. She giggled a bit, but would offer no enlightenment beyond the acid comment, "Fine and dandy. The further that drip stays away from me, the better it'll be for him."

One of the reasons I am flying to New York, by the way, is to avoid the world *première* in Hollywood of Sons of Destiny. The heroes who made this epic in the teeth of death are scheduled to attend the opening in a body, led by Mr. Cobb. They will wear a small insigne on their coats reading, "Empire Commandos."

AS I was dictating this last repulsive paragraph, a familiar chuckle sounded behind me. I turned and beheld a man who looked like Orlando Higgens, except for a sweeping mustache that disfigured his face. Beside him sat a young woman masked by an enormous bundle of roses and a pair of white-rimmed dark glasses. I stood up and joined them.

"What's going on?" I asked. "Charades?"

"We were married this afternoon," Orlando answered in a low voice.

"Shh," Betha whispered fiercely. "We want to avoid any undesirable publicity."

"It's a hell of a thing to have to wear on your honeymoon." Orlando twirled his false lambrequins. "But the bride insists."

"It's very becoming," said Betha firmly. "It's the same sort of mustache that Egdorf wears in The Wild Duck."

"I take it you have been adjudged sane," I said. "I mean Orlando, not you, Mrs. Higgens." I held out my hand. "Congratulations! I suppose you will be getting off to Niagara Falls."

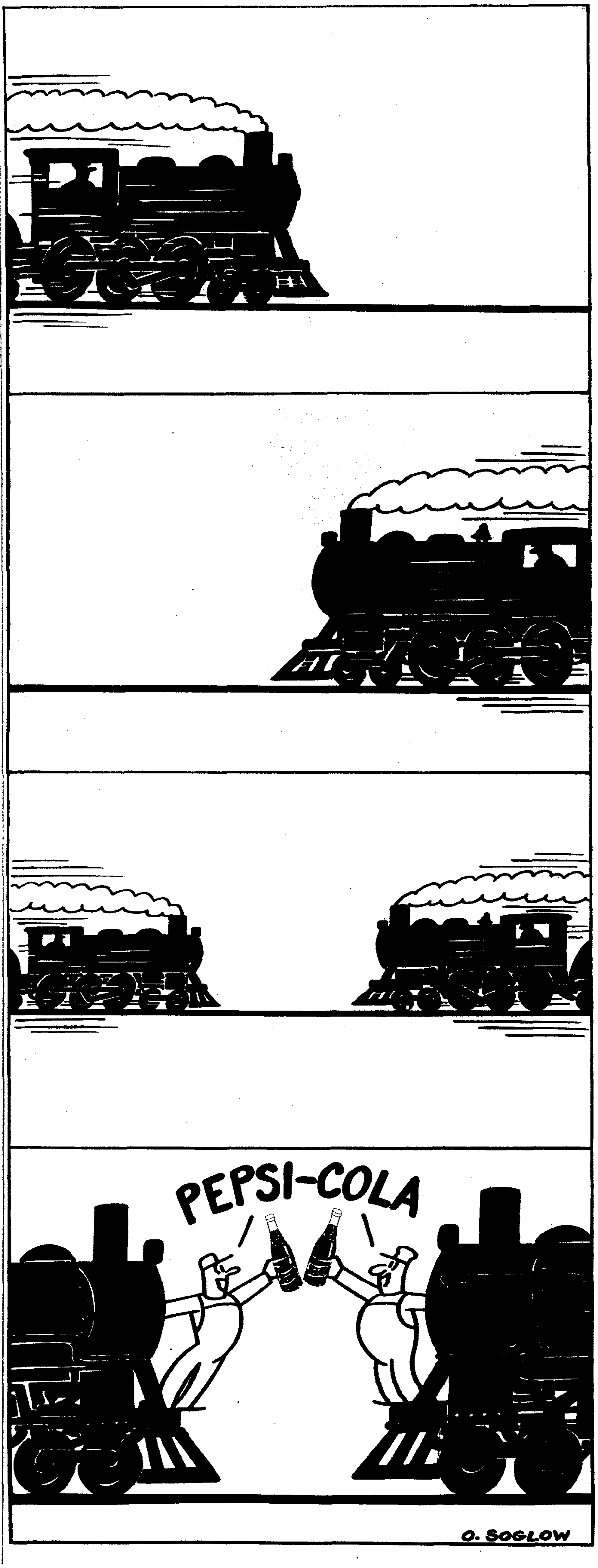
"No," said Betha, "we're getting off on Broadway. I am going to do Ibsen."

"And how!" Orlando added, beaming.

I am back in my seat, looking out of the plane window as I finish my dictation. The night is lighted by a lantern moon. The world is hidden beneath a bank of radiant clouds. As I look on this eerie, soap-bubble set of untenanted space, one of the clouds detaches itself from its fellows and seems to be off in misty pursuit of our ship.

I watch it as it changes shapes, capering after us through the moonlit waste. At the moment, it looks like a little goose, and the thought comes to me, sleepily, that Hollywood is still on my trail.

THE END



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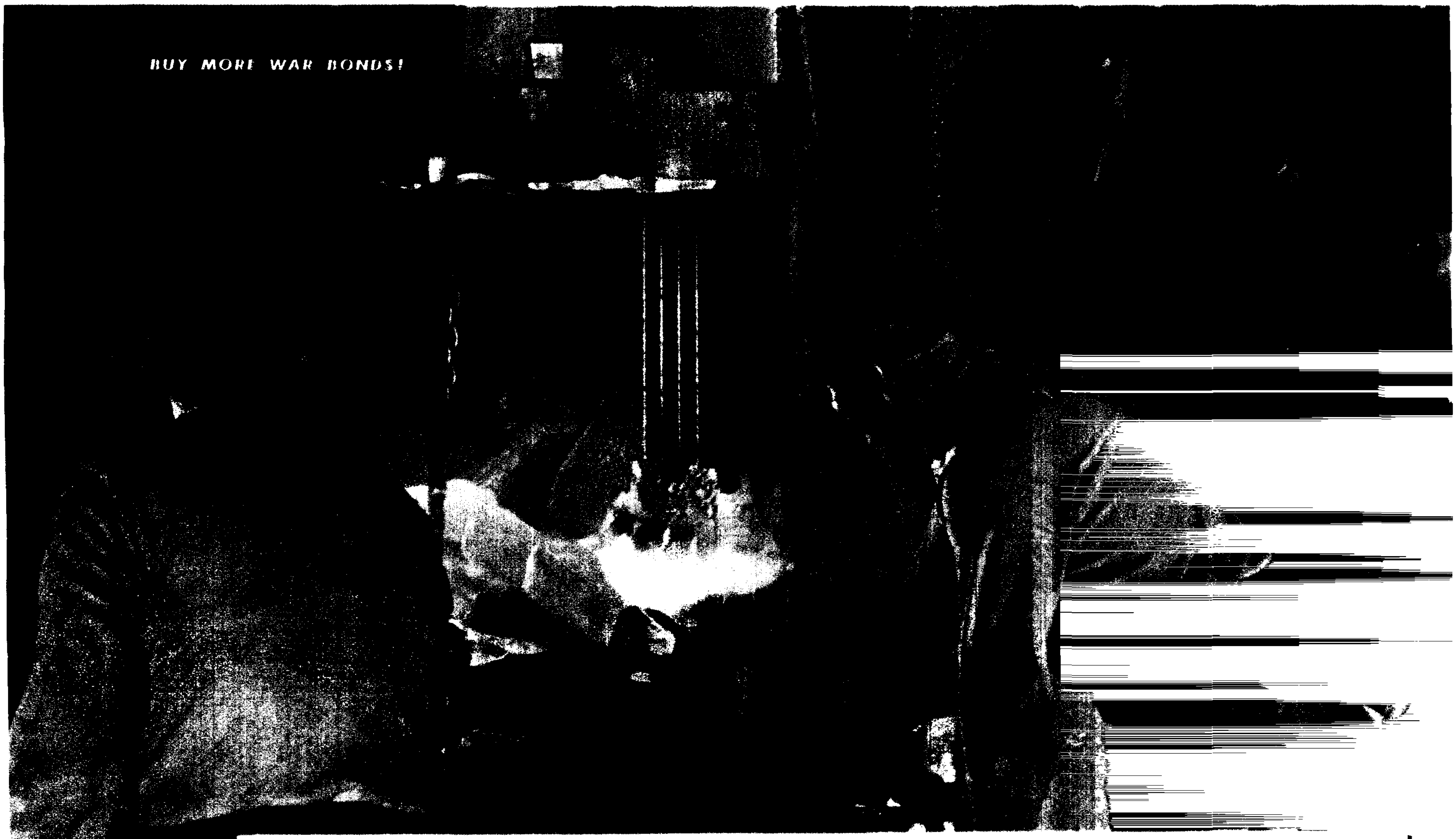
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There's Another War

Continued from page 14

problem to our Armed Forces, the Army and Navy have succeeded to an incredible extent in mitigating the menace of a great many other serious diseases. In every part of the world, there are winged and crawling creatures of every shape and size which spread disease. Natives of these areas drop by the thousands and the millions—but American troops move among these people as if charmed. The precautions devised by the services to frustrate the ceaseless sorties of germ carriers have proven their worth. For the Army says that the odds against disease in our forces are one hundred times greater than in the Spanish-American War.

The mosquito is perhaps the most ubiquitous foe. For in addition to malaria, this critter packs around an imposing array of fevers. There is dengue fever, which has earned the nickname of "breakbone fever," because that's what you think it's doing to you. But the Army hasn't lost a single life because of dengue. The best protection against this kind of disease is protection from mosquitoes.

The Army has been able to eliminate yellow fever as a menace by developing a vaccine against it. This fever is mosquito-borne and is found chiefly in jungle areas in Africa and South America. It gets its name because the victim's skin yellows. But in spite of the fact that thousands of Americans have traveled through regions where there is yellow fever, we have not had a single case.

Forearmed Against Disease

When an insect, carrying a disease which men cannot be vaccinated against, breaks through the Army's defense and makes contact, the effects are minimized by modern medical knowledge. For instance, some tropical mosquitoes carry filariasis, a disease which lodges in the lymph glands and circulates through the blood stream. Natives of areas where this disease is endemic often contract elephantiasis—enlargement of some part of the body to a fantastic size. We know that this happens to those who have repeatedly contracted filariasis. So when an American recovers from this infection, he is shipped out of the area as soon as possible. Thus, the possibility of elephantiasis is reduced practically to nil.

Over a period of many years, Americans have heard stories about the African tsetse fly—which carries trypanosomiasis, or sleeping sickness. But to troops operating in areas of Africa where the fly is found, sleeping sickness seems no more of a possibility than frostbite. These soldiers have been taught that the tsetse will bite their legs, if given the opportunity. Therefore, they wear heavy leggings. They spot their living quarters on high ground, while the fly hugs the low spots.

In the Pacific and in some parts of North Africa, the natives commonly pick up a little something called schistosomiasis. This is a fluke—harbored by fresh-water snails—which will bore into a man's skin while he wades across a stream or takes a bath. It gets into the blood stream and attacks the liver. In areas where these flukes are present, American troops do no fresh-water swimming or wading. Their bathing water and drinking water is freed of flukes before they touch it.

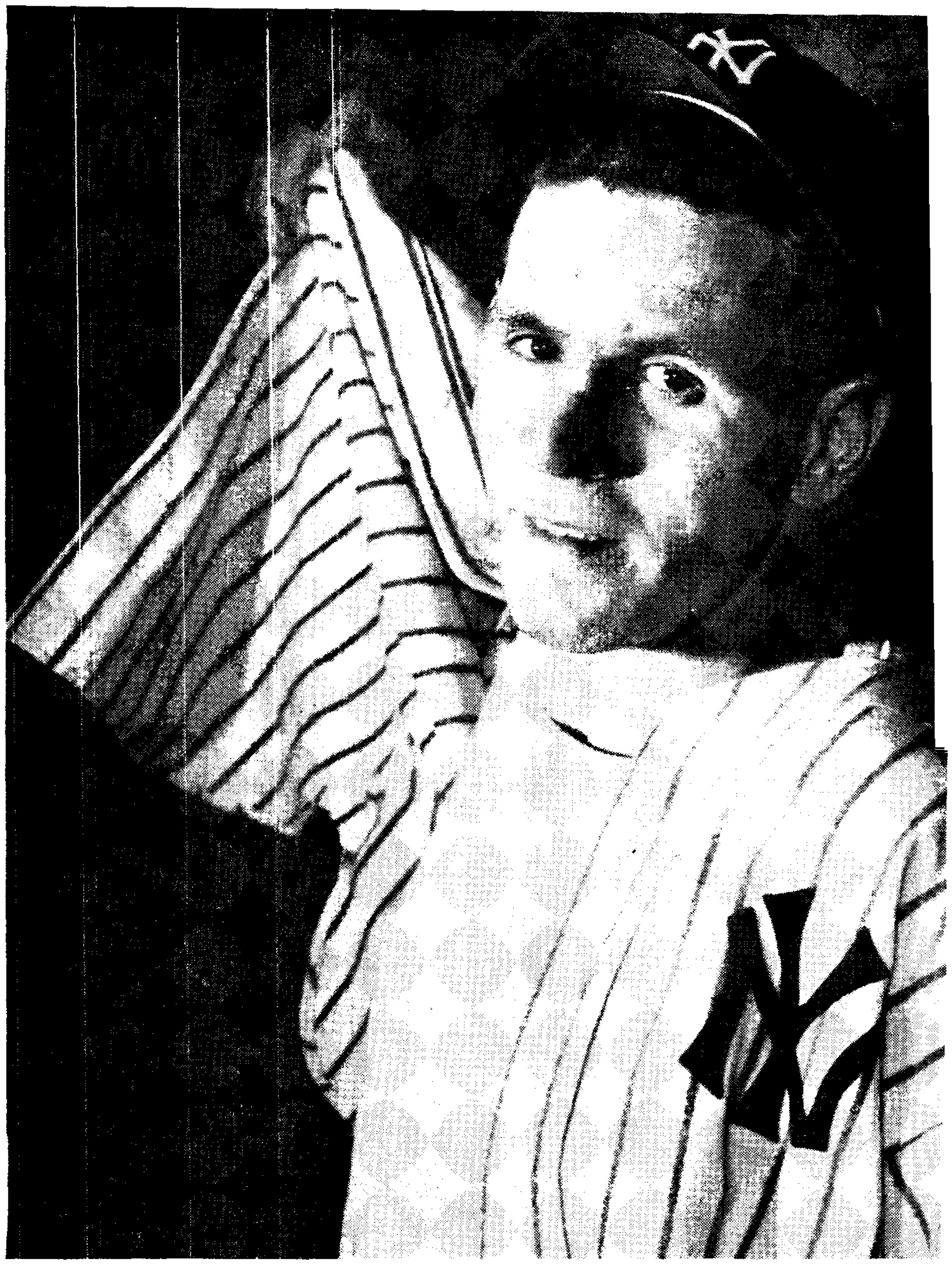
The Army knows just where these exotic afflictions may be found, by what form they are transmitted and how to protect men against them. None of them are exactly capable of wiping out an army. But there are epidemic diseases which could destroy our armies in some parts of the world, and the record of protection

(Continued on page 46)

Connecticut Yankee

By Arthur Mann

Meet Monk Dubiel, the standout rookie of the new baseball season



PHOTOGRAPH [illegible] MONAHAN

When the New York Yankees first signed Walter Dubiel, currently heralded as a combination Ruffing, Chandler and right-handed Gomez, his Hartford friends and neighbors, the police commissioner, parish priests and even the monsignor went all out with a touching banquet and celebration that nicked the celebrants for a pretty penny. The mad rush to climb aboard the bandwagon filled the dining hall of the Polish Catholic Home to overflowing, and praise percolated in all directions as the meal ran its courses.

It was a monster affair, but the monster himself was absent. Dubiel was huddled in the darkest corner of a near-by movie, wondering what he'd do or say when the house lights would reveal him as a fugitive from his own testimonial banquet.

The newest Yankee pitching prodigy, a healthy-looking 4F because you don't notice the growing cataract in his left eye, is that shy. But this particular bit of escapism was really a sort of hedge against the dubious future.

"Taking part in a silly affair like that," Dubiel explained, "would only make it tougher when I returned to Hartford as a failure in organized baseball."

Besides, he had vowed never again to suffer the ordeal of a few months before when he was "lucky" enough to win a dozen victories of the fourteen that had given Hartford Hospital a championship in the Public Service League. Monk then pitched and won both games in a post-season series, for a record of fourteen wins and no defeats in the year. Doctor Thomas N. Hepburn, father of the fabulous Katharine, felt that the team should be rewarded with fete and food, and it was so ordered.

The Pitcher Who Came to Dinner

Dubiel disagreed and, upon learning the exact date of the banquet, obtained a twilight pitching job that would place him in uniform far from the scene. But Doctor Hepburn fooled him. The start of the banquet was delayed, and a corps of rooters was dispatched in automobiles to cheer Monk to victory and speed him back to the celebration.

And so there he was at the banquet anyway, red to the roots of his black hair, and inconspicuous except for his sweaty costume, the only baseball uniform in the room. He was the only one in stocking feet, too, because the management refused to let him scar the floor and rugs with spiked shoes. But the reluctant hero's real travail came when they broke their promise not to call upon him for a speech. Pushed to his feet by willing hands, he stared blankly at a gigantic pinwheel of human faces. The room spun, and head noises prevented him from hearing his own words. After the agony, he apologized to Doctor Hepburn for whatever was wrong with his unheard speech.

"Well, Walter," Doctor Hepburn said, "if you didn't hear the words, they'll remain a secret, because nobody could possibly understand what you were trying to say."

But don't conclude from all this that the Connecticut Yankee lacks backbone. He was top man among Newark pitchers last year, winning sixteen in only two thirds of the season. He beat Syracuse with a no-hitter, lost a one-hitter to Montreal, pitched six shutouts, and four of his nine defeats were by the score of 1-0. His earned-run average for three years of organized baseball is less than 2 per game.

A lifetime of ungentle poverty, due chiefly to the early death of his father, has made hard work a habit for Dubiel and his family. Sweating as a steel treater in the Rockwell plant at Hartford between baseball seasons might satisfy some players, but Monk hated to see the other waking hours wasted, so he held a night job as pinboy in a bowling alley. At seven cents a string, he managed to pick up three or four dollars each evening. When Manager Joe McCarthy commented on the pitcher's physical fitness this year and the value of steel treating as a conditioner, Dubiel chuckled.

"I guess you never worked a bowlin' alley, Mr. McCarthy," he said. "I got fat at the steel job. It was setting up seventeen strings an hour that kept my weight down."

While the New York Yankees may have harbored doubts as to his pitching skill, they have never found Dubiel shy of financial acumen since the first negotiations three years ago. The Ruppert representative, acting for the minor-league affiliate Newark, because big-league clubs may not deal with sandlotters, exerted a bit of pressure to obtain his agreement to terms. Dubiel saw the handwriting on the wall, as well as on the telegraph blank, and he signed with deep reluctance.

As he suspected, another offer arrived to top the Yankees' bid. When the pitcher telephoned the news and figures, he was reminded sternly that the signature was binding and would be so regarded in any court of law.

"Even though I'm only twenty years old?" he asked.

The Yankee scout arrived on the next train, armed with a better contract which was signed by the kid's older sister.

The shock of being away from home for the first time was hard for Dubiel to take, and he gummed up things at first, though he did manage to win thirteen while losing six for Akron in the Middle-Atlantic League. Two years ago, the Yankees promoted him to the Binghamton club in the Class A Eastern League, but he said nothing doing.

"When I get to Hartford," he said, "I'll stay home. I know it. I can't help it. Can't you send me someplace else?"

A Wow in the Piedmont League

So the Yankees sent him to Norfolk of the Piedmont League, a lower classification. There he not only led the league in all departments of pitching but led the batters as well with an average of .346, and didn't come near enough to Hartford to be homesick.

Last year at Newark, he practically commuted to Hartford after he had started pitching on June 1st.

"They kid me about rushin' home to see my mother," he said, "but they don't know that my mother's had twelve heart attacks, all pretty bad. She's seventy and she jokes about how the thirteenth will be the unlucky one. They don't know, of course, that my mother has scrubbed the floors of the Aetna Building for thirty years, an' she refuses to quit, because in a little while she'll be able to retire with a paid-up insurance policy for $2,000. That's why she keeps on workin'. When she dies, it'll be a stake for my kid brother. He's twenty-one, an' been paralyzed since birth." ★★★

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(Continued from page 45) against these has been just as good.

Bubonic plague was one of the great scourges of history and in some areas of the world it still kills thousands of people. It is a disease which invades the blood stream and causes a high fever. There is also a pneumonic plague, which attacks the lungs and is almost invariably fatal. Bubonic plague is transmitted from rats to humans by fleas, which bite one, then the other. An Army doctor, asked how to avoid plague, said succinctly, "Stay away from rats."

American troops are kept out of rat-infested areas, so far as possible, and are lodged in ratproofed quarters. Medical officers are under orders to act decisively if plague is reported in areas where our troops are stationed. If it's bubonic, all rats go on the public enemy list, and the Army is entitled to bait traps with dynamite if it's necessary to exterminate the rodents. We have a vaccine to protect our men against plague. The Army has not had a single case and the Navy has had only one. The sailor recovered.

Millions of humans in the Orient have died, are dying or will die from cholera; yet not a single American soldier or sailor, among the thousands moving through the danger areas, has contracted it. Cholera is an intestinal infection, which results in dehydration of the body unless liquids are poured into the victim. American troops have been protected by a cholera vaccine. They have also been taught to look with suspicion on every drop of water they drink. For cholera is spread by polluted water or food—neither being exactly hard to find in the Orient. An American veteran of the Far East called on some new arrivals. He found them sipping iced drinks.

"Has this ice been boiled?" he asked.

"Boiled? Who ever boiled ice?" came the answer.

Without another word, the veteran tossed the drinks out of the window. The prudent soldier boils even the water out of which ice is made. He eats only freshly prepared and thoroughly cooked food. An apple a day in cholera country doesn't keep the doctor away.

Probably the Army's outstanding triumph in the war on disease is its success in controlling louse-borne typhus, which ranks next to malaria as a killer of men. Typhus is usually spread by the louse, which thrives on the filth of war. There is also a murine typhus, distributed by fleas, and a sort of Japanese version—tsutsugamushi fever—carried around the Orient by mites. Typhus germs circulate through the blood stream, and the disease takes about two weeks to run its course. At the end of that time, close to half of those who contract it are dead.

The Scourge of Europe

In the wake of the last war, 10,000,000 people came down with typhus in the area between Egypt and Poland. Of this number, 5,000,000 died. In Serbia alone, typhus killed 350,000. Typhus is again reported in this area. Intelligence reports its presence along the German-Russian battle front. It is possible that typhus has contributed to the German disaster on the Russian front and, should it get out of control, could decimate the Nazi forces.

Plenty of soap and water go a long way in preventing typhus outbreaks. Although the Germans are trying frantically to delouse everyone who crosses their borders, they are hard put to find enough soap and water for the home front. Captured documents revealed that Nazi officers discipline troops caught sending soap to the home folks.

American troops have plenty of soap, but that is only a small part of the Army's story of checking typhus in a large body of troops for the first time in history. It is now using on the disease battle front a new insecticide known to the chemists as dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane, but more familiarly as "DDT," and a new vaccine developed from research done by the United States Public Health Service and the Army.

DDT is something you are going to hear a great deal more about, since it is the most potent bug killer yet found. It kills bedbugs, flies, lice, fleas and a number of other insects, but its greatest present usefulness is in combating the lowly but mighty louse. Part of a soldier's equipment today is a small pepper shaker of DDT which, when dusted into his clothing, kills all lice immediately and any which contact the clothing for a month afterward.

Vaccine Grown in Eggs

The vaccine which has proved so effective was made possible as a result of the discovery by the Public Health Service that the yolk sac of a developing chicken embryo could be used to grow a vaccine for Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Researchers at the Army Medical College, handling the potent typhus germs without regard for the risk, made a further—but still secret—discovery.

The result was a new typhus vaccine. We are using thousands of dozens of eggs every week to make this vaccine and are supplying it to our allies. The Germans, we know, are using an inferior vaccine and are having typhus outbreaks. Even if they had our formula, it is doubtful if they could produce the vaccine in quantity. They don't have enough eggs.

The record established by this vaccine has been so good that the Army is almost afraid to believe it. There was a serious outbreak of typhus among the natives when we landed in North Africa. Our men were advised against getting over-friendly with the Arabs, who often carry the typhus louse. In the course of the North African operation, only a few Americans got typhus—and they recovered.

In Egypt, there has been an epidemic, with 500 cases a week reported at times in Cairo alone. The mortality rate has been as high as 50 per cent. Again, we had only two cases, neither fatal. Neither the Army nor the Navy has reported a single typhus death. In the British army, vaccination is not compulsory, and the typhus rate among the nonimmunized has been rather high.

The fact that our troops have been immunized against typhus may change the course of the war. No military leader would needlessly expose his armies to typhus. The fact that typhus is present in Spain might have influenced Hitler to decide to keep his armies out of there. Our leading experts on typhus say that an epidemic of typhus may sweep up through the Balkans to Poland this year. Our troops can move safely through such an epidemic. But will the Germans be able to hold out against the disease?

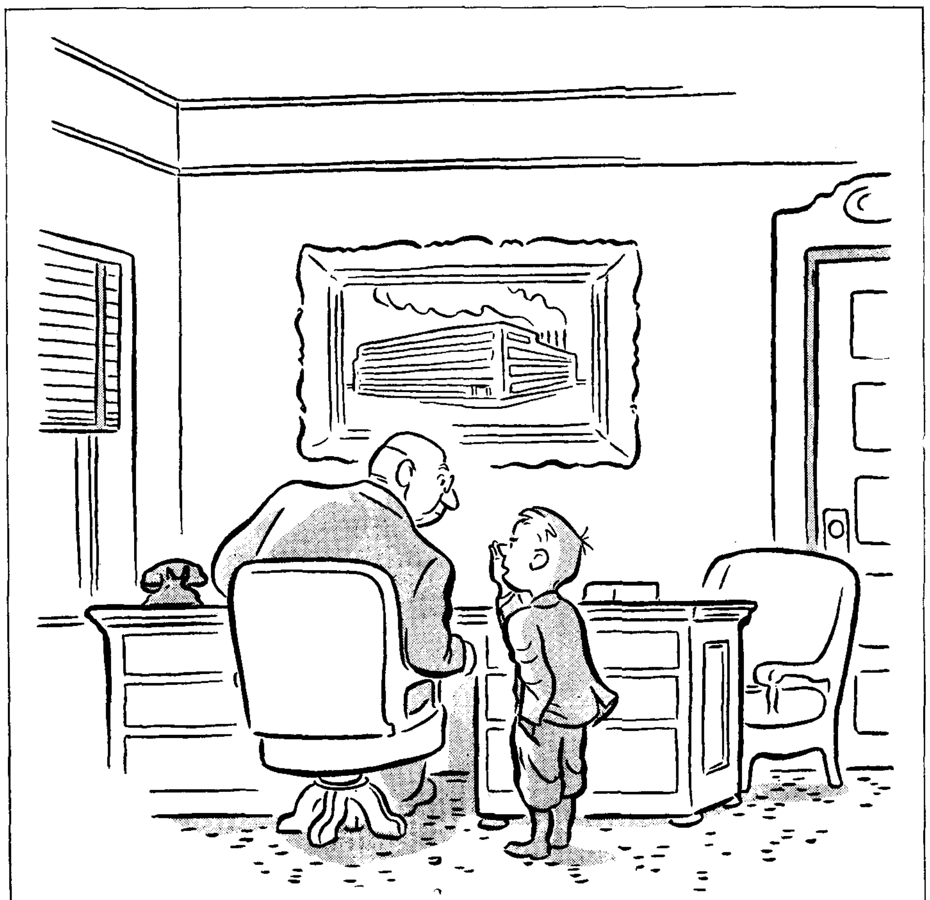
The movement of troops through the world is going to change the disease picture after the war. The Japs are spreading disease from island to island in the Pacific. There is little danger that our troops will bring back any epidemic diseases. Extreme precautions are being taken. We may have scattered malaria outbreaks, but mosquito control in this country is so far advanced that malaria can hardly get out of hand.

The greatest danger spot in the world is India. The same mosquito which carries yellow fever in Africa is present in India. There is no yellow fever in India now, but if one mosquito infected with yellow fever gets loose in the Orient, it might be the spark in the tinderbox. Great care is being exercised to prevent such an occurrence.

The presence of Americans in so many parts of the world will undoubtedly improve health conditions generally. The Americans and British have set up a commission to clean up the Caribbean. We are working closely with the French public health authorities in North Africa and with the Italians in Sicily. This may result in a permanent reduction in the typhus and malaria rates in the Mediterranean area.

The mosquito is taking a drubbing all over the world, and soap is being used for the first time in a lot of places. No matter how many lives the other battles cost, the American war on disease seems destined to save even more.

THE END



"Would you be interested in some hot paper clips, Mr. Benson?"

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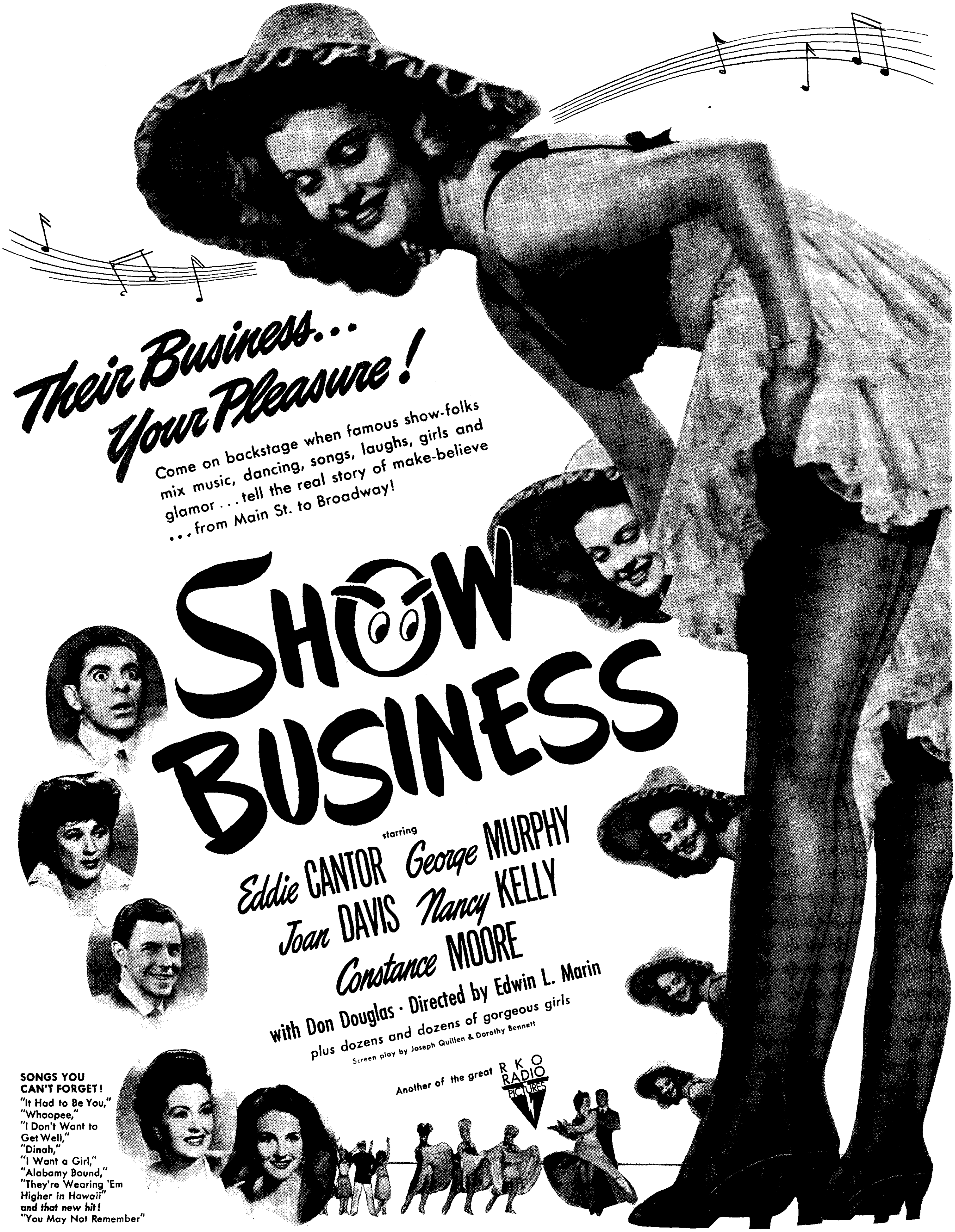

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He Set the Horns Ablowing

Continued from page 13

name," replied the woman, speaking slowly and still in English. "My husband's name. I was his wife, and I knew him, which you never did. He was brave, yes—and a good man—but not young, as I was then. He was just, but grim, a hard man—hard master and hard servant. He scorned comfort and peace. He might have lived at ease in Boston—but no, he must guard the frontier and even drag me into the perilous wilderness with him. Duty, duty, duty! That was his cry. That was his life."

"And his death!" exclaimed Jane proudly.

THAT afternoon, Jane did not go back to reaping the new-land buckwheat, but went down to the river by a roundabout way to avoid Fortinat Duguay, and took Johnny with her. Nobody saw them go. They would pick wild grapes on Gluskap's Island, the bushy head of which was but two miles distant, downstream.

She launched her birchbark canoe, placed Johnny just forward of the middle bar and glided down with the current, keeping close inshore, out of view of the house and yard.

They landed at the island's upper tip, left the canoe screened by little willows and ascended the short, steep bank. She carried Johnny up the bank and set him on his feet at the top of it, among shore elms, flood-bent willows, and trees of moosewood and wild cherry all draped and tangled in grapevines.

At the edge of the cleared meadow beyond the thicket, she halted as suddenly as if a hand had been set against her heart. She held her breath, listening. What had she heard? Nothing, most likely. She moved again, skirting the high wall of trees and bushes and vines, hand in hand with the little boy. But before they had gone twenty yards, unmistakable sounds this time halted and chilled her again: the windy boomings of Pierre La Plante's foghorn from the bluff half a mile below the island, urgently, frantically voicing and repeating that dreaded warning which only once before, and long ago, had been heard so far upstream as Gluskap's Island.

Jane Barclay was not afraid for herself, but for the child at her side and for the rest of her Acadian family. As far as she was concerned, if it were not for Johnny, she would willingly go away with raiders from New England—even with English pirates!—back to the land and people of her own blood and of her heroic father's high traditions. But her father had died in his duty; and she had a duty here.

She lifted wondering Johnny in her arms again and turned and ran back to the canoe. She paddled with quick, strong, stabbing strokes, sending the water swirling astern in little spinning whirlpools. Faint wails of conch shells sounded from far downriver and again the bellowing of La Plante's foghorn and soon the music of her stepfather's horn of the chase.

The girl, with the little boy in her arms again, reached the big log house behind the willows on the bluff only to find it deserted. All was quiet there, and the lordly horn was mute. The dogs were not there to greet her. The stable, pigpen and henyard were empty. She entered the kitchen and saw, at a glance, that all the pots and pans and dishes of copper and pewter were gone; the storeroom, too, had been cleaned out. Her Acadian family must have worked fast and hard.

She sat down on a stool, still with Johnny clasped to her breast. "The cowards!" she whispered.

Then she wept, with her left hand to her eyes. She wept for a lost mother. She could forgive Emma Fontaine for leaving her, but not for deserting the baby, no matter how great the panic and the need for haste.

Suddenly, a sound at the door caused her to look up through her tears; her mother was in the kitchen, advancing with outstretched hands.

"So here you are—and the pirate's topmasts in sight!" cried Madame Fontaine angrily, grabbing at the little boy.

Jane held tight to Johnny and sprang to her feet.

"Give him to me!" cried the woman. "He is mine! Haven't you done mischief enough? The schooner's in sight, I tell you! It's Dan Tucker's square-rigger with the sprung topmast. Give him here—to me—to his mother!"

"You're not fit to be his mother!" cried Jane. "You ran away and left him!" But she released the little boy, who withdrew his arms from her neck reluctantly.

"You, too, Jane, you crazy child! Come along," said her mother, now more frightened than angry.

"I am not going with you," said Jane. "Take Johnny—and my heart with him—but I will not go with you. I am not afraid of an English ship—even if it's a pirate ship. I am going back to my own people, if they'll take me. I'm not a coward. I'm my father's daughter."

"You little fool!" exclaimed the woman in a terrible whisper, and with a terrible look on her face. "You call yourself your father's daughter. Well, John Barclay was my husband—but he was not your father. Your father—perhaps the truth will bring you to your senses—your marvelous father was a gay young sailor, a privateer captain then, before he took to outright pirating—a dashing sailor whose name was Daniel Tucker."

Madame Fontaine clutched the baby tighter now and continued to stare fixedly at her first-born with shame and mockery and defiance in her blue eyes. Jane, struck rigid with shock, stared back with stricken eyes.

"Now go, if you will, since you *are* your father's daughter," continued the woman bitterly. "Aye, his true daughter! Go back with him to your darling New Englanders—after he has set a torch to the walls and roof which have sheltered you these seventeen years. Blood will out! Tucker blood!"

SHE turned and left the house then, with little Johnny gazing back wonderingly across her shoulder. Jane took one step as if to follow, then crumpled to the floor and crouched there with both hands pressed to her eyes and her slender body shaken by sobs of grief and shame. She did not hear the quick steps and sharp halt of booted feet at the door.

"What is the trouble here?" asked a clear, unhurried voice.

Jane looked up through her tears, blinking and trying to stifle her sobs and to still her heart. She saw a tall figure on the threshold, but dimly. Here was the pirate. Here was the faithless, ruthless, hated and hateful outlaw—that black disgrace to his English blood—who had begotten her. She brushed a hand across her eyes and saw more clearly.

The man at the door was very young, though tall and broad-shouldered. His thin, tanned face wore an expression of apologetic concern and curiosity. He was not Captain Tucker, certainly, nor did he look like a pirate, though there was no mistaking the sprung main-topmast of the big schooner in the stream.

"Why are you crying, and alone?" he asked. "There's no call for you to be afraid of me and my men, not for all this blowing of horns an' taking to the woods like partridges. I'm no pirate, nor am I on a punitive expedition. Not now. All we want is fresh victuals—butter an' beef an' such—for which I'll gladly pay with rum or good silver crowns and shillings."

"But it's Tucker's ship!" she said, between lessening sobs.

"Aye, she's Dan Tucker's Gerfalcon," he admitted, with a flickering smile and a note of satisfaction in his voice. "I hunted that pirate all the way north from the Bahamas an' overhauled him only three days since on this very river, no more than thirty mile downstream, I reckon. I had the legs of him, but he had the guns. He knocked my little Concord Lass into a sinking wreck, but not before we were alongside an' aboard, hand to hand.

"So we stopped aboard, and came on upstream, looking for fresh stores and maybe some of the buried treasure they say Tucker has cached along this river. But we haven't found either fresh butter or pirate gold, so far."

"Is he—dead? That pirate?"

"Dan Tucker? Aye, dead an' feeding the fishes."

SHE rose from the floor and stood motionless and silent, with averted face. He stepped across the threshold and advanced to within a pace of her.

"My name is Bancroft," he said, and removed his hat. "John Bancroft, Junior, of the late privateer schooner Concord Lass of Boston—Captain Bancroft, if you like—and entirely at your service."

She did not stir or speak.

"I don't know who you are, an' can't guess," he continued, now in a hurried and urgent voice, "but I can see that you are not one of these people, that you're neither French nor Acadian, but English—all of England, old or new—and that you're not happy. Tell me what you are doing here. What can I do for you? Why are you crying here, all alone in an empty house?"

She glanced at him and away again, still silent.

"Are you a captive?" he asked. "Tell me who you are—what you are—and let me help you, if I can. I'll be glad to help you. I—I'll even take you away from here if—if that's what you want. I'm to be trusted. Bancroft, you know—of Concord an' all that. The truth is, I don't care who you are, but I'll do anything in my power to help you—to comfort you. To be quite honest with you—I feel—you make me feel as I never felt before about any—anyone. It's a case of—that's to say, I'd do anything in the world for you. A case of—well, I reckon the long and the short of it is, I love you—love you, d'ye hear!—an' want to take you home with me. And that's the truth, even if I can hardly believe it myself!"

She was looking at him now, with magical lights in the depths of her tear-wet eyes. He extended both arms and touched her shoulders lightly. Her luminous gaze did not waver.

"But—you do not know," she sighed.

"And I don't care—don't care what I don't know—for all I want is you, yourself," he whispered back.

"Hark! What was that?" she cried.

His hands fell from her shoulders and he turned his head to look at the open door. "A musket shot, it sounded like, away downstream," he said. "And there again! Two! Three! And one from upstream. Did you hear it? And that? One from the woods!"

A man looked in at the open door. "Be ye thar, sir?" he asked.

"What's going on, Bosun?" asked Bancroft.

"They be comin' upstream in canoes, sir. From Jemseg, I reckon. Injuns an' French. An' downstream, too."

"Pipe all hands back aboard," ordered Bancroft; and as the boatswain disappeared, shrilling on his whistle, he seized Jane by a hand and ran from the house.

The girl resisted. "No!" she cried. "I cannot leave my little Johnny."

He halted and eyed her searchingly. "Your little Johnny? Who is he? You—haven't a baby?"

"Oh, no! But I love him, and he loves me—my little half-brother, who's different from all the others."

She jerked her hand from his grasp and was about to turn from him when a musket banged at the edge of the woods.

John Bancroft staggered, stood steady and clapped a hand to his left thigh; blood welled out between his fingers. He smiled gravely at the girl.

"An' that's the thanks I get for ridding their river of their worst enemy," he said.

She sprang to him and clasped him in her arms and cried out for help. Two sailors came running, laid hold of their captain at knees and shoulders and headed for the path which led down to the schooner's boats. Jane ran with them, with a hand pressed to Bancroft's bleeding thigh.

"Are you coming with me, my sweeting sweet?" he asked.

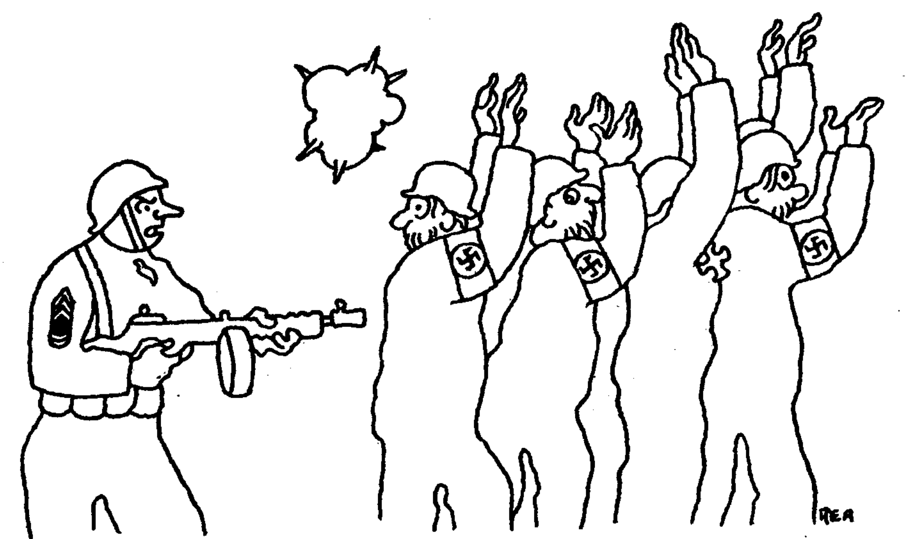
Jane nodded, her heart too full for words.

"We have a surgeon aboard—and a preacher, too," he said.

Halfway out to the big schooner, Jane stood up in the boat and cried, again and again, "I'll be back for you, Johnny, and take you home with me, Johnny, and love you always like my very own baby."

At that moment Fortinat Duguay appeared at the top of the bank and leveled his musket, but before he could press the trigger, he pitched forward and rolled down into the mud and wild rice, cursing; and there in his place stood merry Jules Fontaine, waving his cap.

THE END



"Remember, one false move outa you babies and I let you escape!"

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Blackie: "Say, Whitey, that coat looks too short on you."

Whitey: "Maybe so, Blackie, but what there is of it is swell!"

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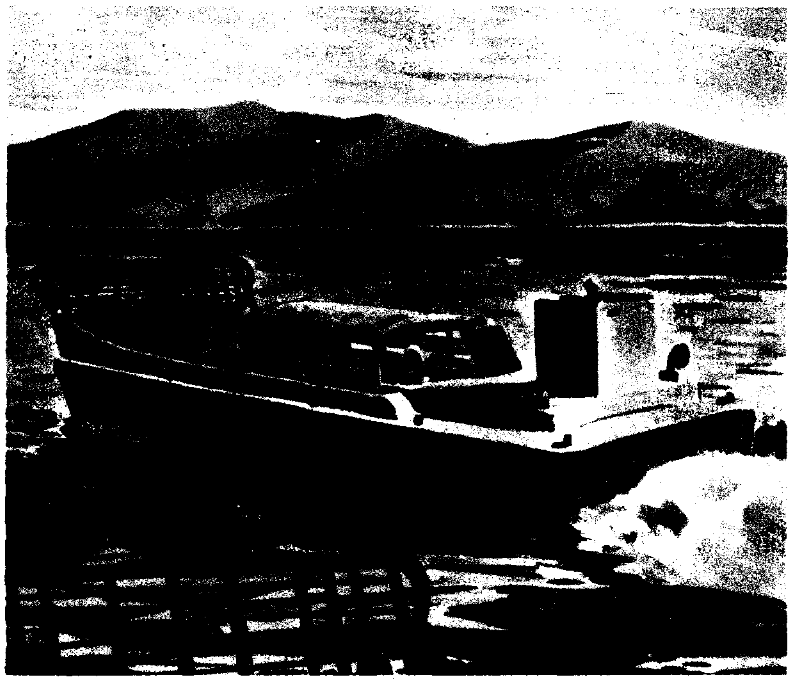
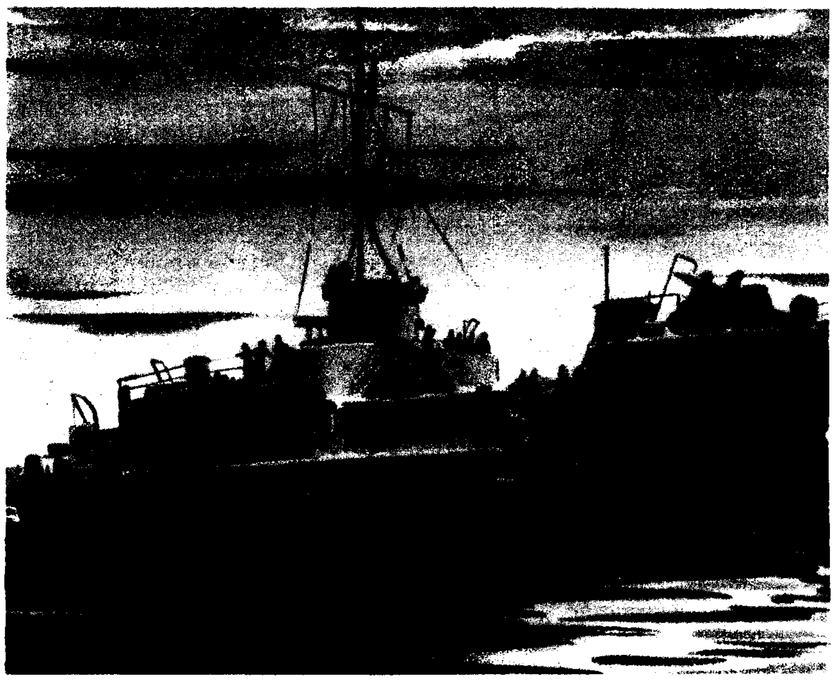


LCM (Landing Craft Mechanized) 50 ft.



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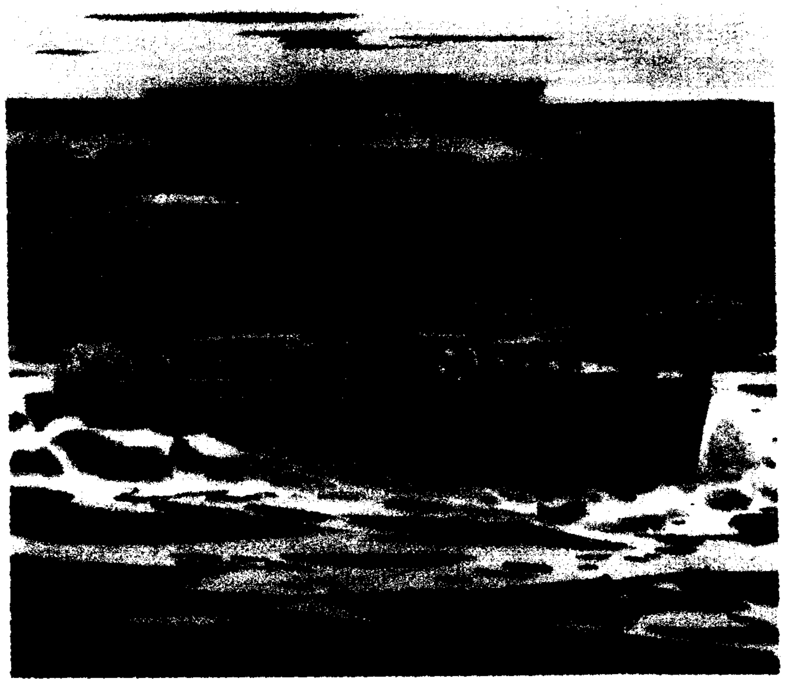

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IN THE FACE of enemy fire these remarkable invasion boats nose in on enemy shores and pour out America's tough fighters and fighting equipment.

They move on split-second orders—must get in and out again by themselves—on the dot, come hell or high water.

It's the kind of service that calls for utmost reliability, maneuverability and quick response.

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LST (Landing Ship Tanks) 328 ft.

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Engines of this series power the LCI and all the smaller landing craft

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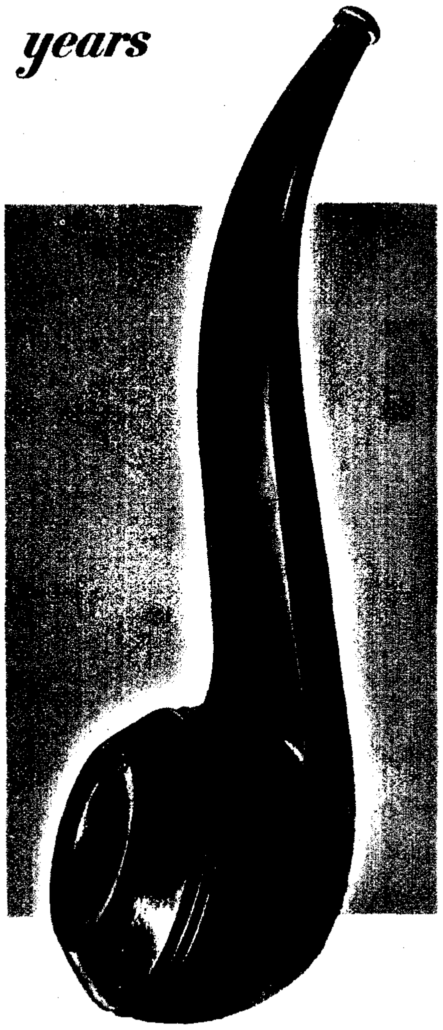

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From this priceless briar, devoted craftsmen created these masterpieces in the custom tradition.

For symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly briar—here is true perfection.

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Hallelujah in Boom Town

Continued from page 19

Shall Gather at the River. Again, folks, all together: Jesus Loves Me, This I Know . . ."

If you're having our trouble in making up your mind about which tabernacle or temple to attend, perhaps you've been confused by the newspapers. We were. On Saturday afternoon, Detroit's preachers and evangelists take up six pages with their advertisements. There you can take your pick, if you can, of Forty-five-piece Uniformed Bands, Vested Choirs of 200—Two Hundred—200 Sanctified Voices, Fifty Buglers Blowing God's Assembly, Solos, Duets, Quartets, double, triple and sextuple Quartets, Wounded Heroes from Greenland's Icy Mountains and India's Coral Strand. In Detroit, the evangelist has to put on a good show or quit.

You should have been here when the government's OPA tangled with the Reverend L. L. Marion. That had all the other preachers standing by and listening with envious ears. The newspapers published columns about it, and the conservative Detroit News gave it an editorial—Pulpit Show Outdoes Its Early Billing.

Mr. Marion closed his Flint branch of his Christian Temple. The OPA therefore decided to trim his gasoline allotment for his three-car fleet from 5,980 gallons to 2,980 gallons a month. Detroit's evangelists arose en masse. Before they were through with it, OPA was a very mangled spectacle indeed!

Mr. Marion threw pickets around OPA offices. The way he dashed off news releases made those war correspondents in Italy and the Pacific look handcuffed. The OPA was trying to close America's churches. Was America going to stand for it? Gas for John Barleycorn but none for God!

In vain, OPA protested that it was merely trying to conserve gasoline, was merely granting coupons on mileage needs. And one of its harried board members made the horrendous error of saying that the FBI ought to look into some of the awful things the preachers were saying about OPA. So the FBI was to be made Satan's instrument, was it? Was the American taxpayer going to stand idly by and permit the FBI to stop the voice of God's spokesmen? Go home, folks, and write to your congressmen. Wherein is our hope, our salvation—the OPA, the FBI or God? Gosh!

OPA was groggy but it got no mercy. Mr. Marion drove in to the central rationing board without bothering to get his coupons. When OPA asked how he got there, he replied: "I found a coupon on my desk. God left it for me." OPA began looking around for the exit.

A mammoth evangelical rally was called. In the furor of that rally, Mr. Marion was all but forgotten, so terrific were the attacks on "the tyrants in Washington, Buckingham Palace and the Kremlin." Guest roof-raisers included the Reverend Harvey Springer, the Cowboy Evangelist from Denver, and the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, bossman of the America First Party. As if anything were needed to irritate the customers further, Mr. Springer told how Denver tried to stop him from erecting his gospel tent and that the power company wouldn't furnish electric light for same.

Strip-Tease in the Pulpit

Along with Mr. Marion's gasoline troubles, Mr. Springer talked for an hour about food shortages, the lack of munitions, the fourth term, how annoyed he was with the Federal Council of Churches, with Catholics and Jews, about birth control for pigs, and so on, beyond memory. He hauled forth a flag which was American as far as the red and white stripes went, but with the Union Jack where the stars should have been. During all this, Mr. Springer went strip-tease, to the vast approval of his foaming audience. He had shucked his coat and vest and was taking off his shirt when his time was up.

But Mr. Smith didn't let him steal the whole show. He flattened the crowd with: "While our government refuses gasoline to preachers, it permits the operation of beer trucks, whisky wagons and taxis carrying drunkards to brothels. I do not believe in our government closing churches in order that brothels might operate." Neither apparently did anybody else.

In due time, Mr. Marion got his chance to talk. God was giving him gas coupons. He made that clear and was cheered for minutes. This time he had "found them in my pulpit. So I said to myself: 'These coupons are the gift of Jesus. Thank you, Jesus.' I dare them to put me in jail. There is going to be hell apoppin' if they do. We'll lick the hell out of them."

The crowd howled, beat backs and jumped up and down. A little cussing on the right side is all right under such auspices—spices things up. When you get right down to rassling with the Devil, you

Rev. John E. Zoller uses radio to spread his stentorian messages

THE DETROIT NEWS

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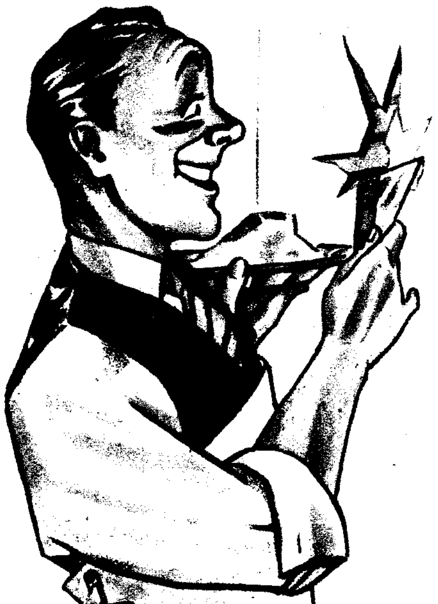

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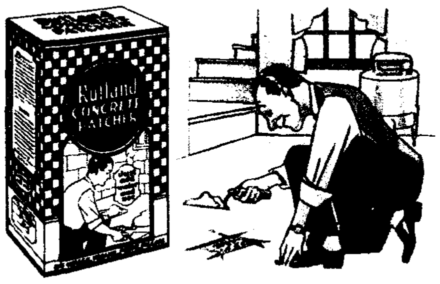

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have to talk his language. Anyway, the OPA was hollering quits with no listeners. Today Mr. Marion is wooshing around and battling for the Lord, regardless.

If you listen very carefully in the big-time tabernacles, you'll hear mutterings to the effect that some of the latest fiery tongues to join the Detroit rodeo are a trifle on the punkish side; haven't got what it takes. Getting into the evangelist business, they'll tell you, is perhaps too easy. All one needs is a vacant store, a month's rent in advance, maybe a couple of harmonica gals or a pump-piano with a few rolls of hymns and a long-handled collection box lined with plush.

Of course, these small fry start business on the side streets, sort of side-show appendages to the big time, with their huge, robed choirs, acrobatic devil-killers and large collection boxes with handles ten feet long. And yet some of the new arrivals show ingenuity.

One of them set up as The Fountain of Youth and held such séances as Miracle Monday, Teetotal Tuesday, Wonderful Wednesday, Temptation Thursday, Frolic Friday, Satisfaction Saturday and Sunny Sunday. And yet that genius vanished somehow and mysteriously. There were a lot of stories around, but nobody seemed to have the straight of it.

Not that it matters. Also, who cares? One ambitious sin-splitter launched himself with Quiz Contests (Kwiz Kontests). Cash prizes to winners. For example: Who killed Goliath? Who was the first murderer? Who built the Ark? What was Adam's wife's name? Who won the battle of Jericho? Who made the sun stand still? Who was in the lions' den? This naturally attracted many of the brighter minds of Detroit, and success crowned the new temple.

Of course, you've got to have more than that to make the big time. The better evangelists have what you might call scope. They take to the radio, thereby extending The Word and the collection boxes to the deepest reaches of the nation. Catchy slogans are necessary. The Reverend John E. Zoller has one of the best: America Back to God. And he doesn't mean just North America, either. His latest drive is to include three radio broadcasting stations in Panama, from which South America will hear his message.

Turning on the Checks Appeal

Mr. Zoller is to be heard on Sundays. His broadcasts carry frequent repetition of "Box 171, Detroit 31, Michigan." Your contributions may be mailed to that address. Recently he announced that a True Christian had sent him a check for $2,000 in order that he might carry his work into foreign fields. His appeals for funds by wireless are nicely synchronized with the passing of the long-handled boxes in his tabernacle. And while the dollar bills are whispering into the boxes, while the choir sings softly, Mr. Zoller gives out with little side-line whimsicalities and intersperses the latter with, for example: "We have a fine home for rent, folks. Around fifty or fifty-five dollars. Call us, please."

Mr. Zoller's ministry has been tested in fire—actually. Once the tent in which he preached and the 800 chairs under its cover burned to a pile of cinders. There was a strong scent of gasoline, and the police investigated. No one was arrested, although the cops did learn that some of the older residents of the neighborhood had objected better than strongly to the noise of the singing and Mr. Zoller's stentorian preaching. But in his new tabernacle he is doing very well indeed. There are seats for 1,200 plus standing room. Also, he says, the radio is carrying his voice into Africa over seven stations there.

When any industry reaches the proportions of today's evangelism in Detroit, it is only natural that a phony or two should try to muscle in. One of these, a strictly pious-looking lady, took advantage of the trusting nature of the Reverend Brother Murdock, the Blacksmith Evangelist. She sold herself to Mr. Murdock as a missionary recently returned from Japan. The stories she had to tell of her adventures would have curdled the blood of a walrus. She frankly murdered her large audiences. She went so well that civic clubs began bidding for her as a speaker—at so much per appearance, of course.

Publishers began hounding her, but a godless Free Press reporter was somewhat less impressed. He prevailed upon a couple of city detectives from the Oh, Yeah? Squad to accompany him to an interview with the lady. At that interview, she broke down, admitted that, to the best of her recollection, she had never been fifty miles out of Detroit.

A Divine with a Past

And then there was the bishop. The bishop's calling card gave him the name of Joseph Bartholomew Passaic and the title of Bishop Eleemosynary of Divine Science. In due time, the bishop was taken into court by police who, it seems, are forever looking for flaws in a person's character. In court it developed that the bishop had hornswoggled three spinsters out of $2,000, that he had served a five-to-ten prison stretch, and had at one period been a somewhat less than impressive prize fighter. The court bade him begone from Detroit. And he did so jauntily, in Tuxedo, bowler hat and with a Bible clutched to his large chest.

On the big time, there are few accidents. There can't be. There is too much money involved. The radio executives have just finished telling us that the revivalists are spending nearly $300,000 a year for mike room, at radio rates up to $300 an hour; and newspaper advertising space isn't to be bought with hay. Neon lights cost money.

To stage a big first-run revival show is very expensive, what with travel costs, hotel suites and appearance fees being what they are. Some of the extra added attractions—soloists, horrible examples, sensationally athletic preachers, and so on—get as much as $500 for an appearance. So you can understand why the long-handled collection boxes are sometimes passed three times a service.

Okay. So you've decided to go hear Sister Willitts, hey? Well, you've picked the biggest. Can't go wrong. There'll be an overture by the big band with the great choir humming an obbligato. Before you're out again, you'll be singing with the rest of the crowd—The Old Rugged Cross, Leaning On the Everlasting Arms, Almost Persuaded, Not to Believe, Washed in the Blood. Oh, yes, you will. You'll hear brothers and sisters giving their testimony until your own sins begin to itch you. Don't kid yourself. Sister Willitts has a way. Sister Willitts will tune you up, brother. You're not so tough.

Listen to her: "I'm not going to preach to you folks. No, not tonight. Folks are being preached to death in Detroit. Honest. Just let's have a little heart-to-heart talk, you and me. H'nnnh? Got troubles, have you? Heartaches? Afraid for those loved ones out yonder? Afraid for that boy in Italy? H'nnnh? Here's Christ, folks, stretching out his arms to you. He's stretching out his arms to that boy out there. Let the tears flow, sister. Don't be ashamed. Remember, Jesus wept . . ."

After a while she stops. She folds her hands at her waist, looks down upon her wide congregation with a smile that is all inward peace. Then she says, giving the nod to the boys with the long-handled baskets: "Well, folks, you know what's next."

Okay, Sister Willitts! Here's our dollar!

THE END

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OR
AT EASE
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AT YOUR BEST
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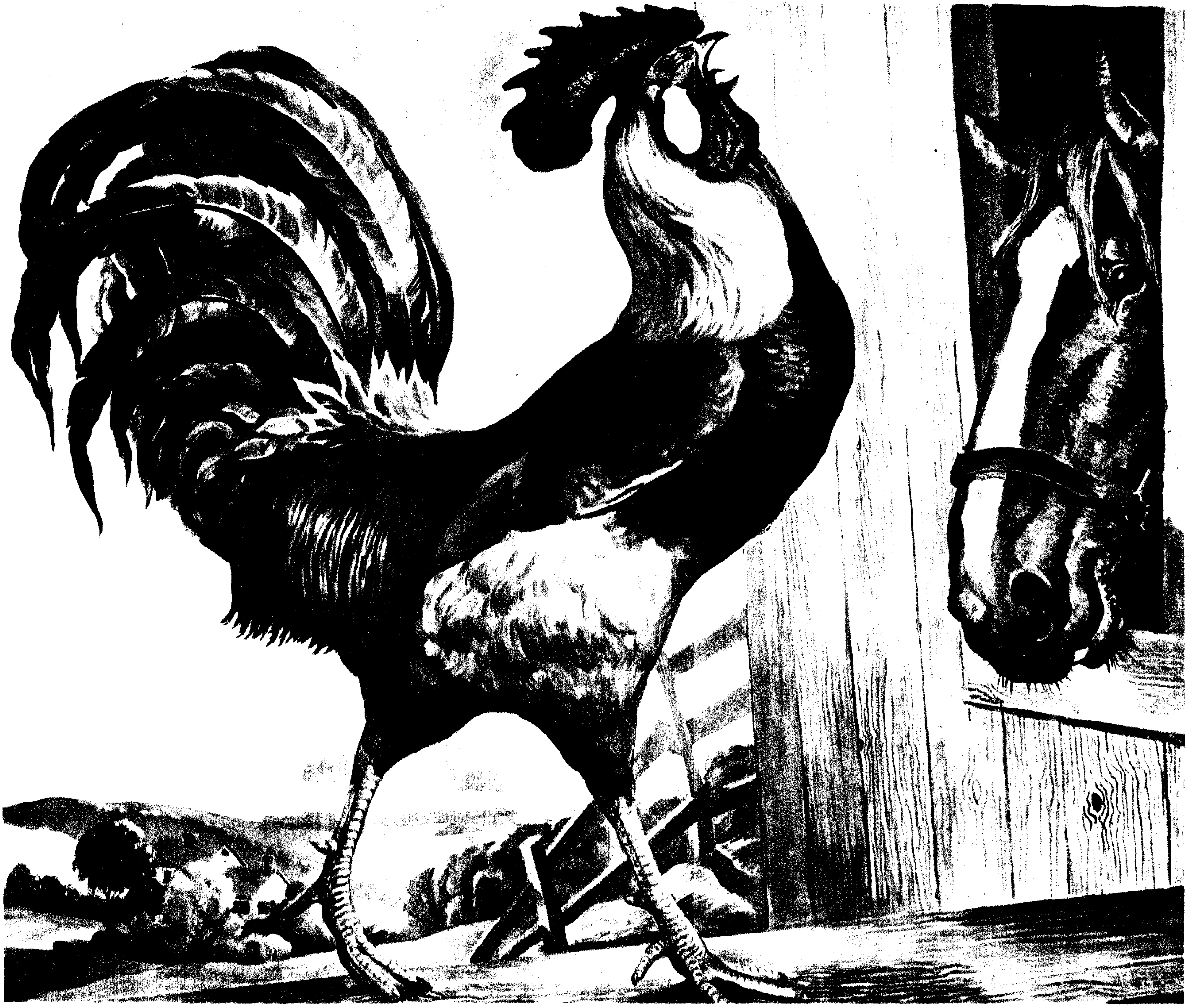

Like a Breath of Sunny Morning

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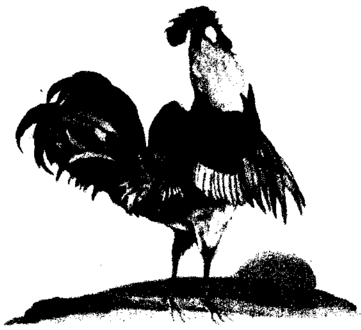

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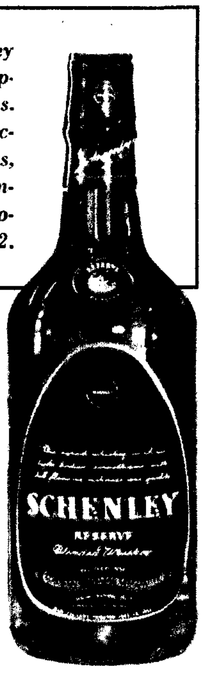

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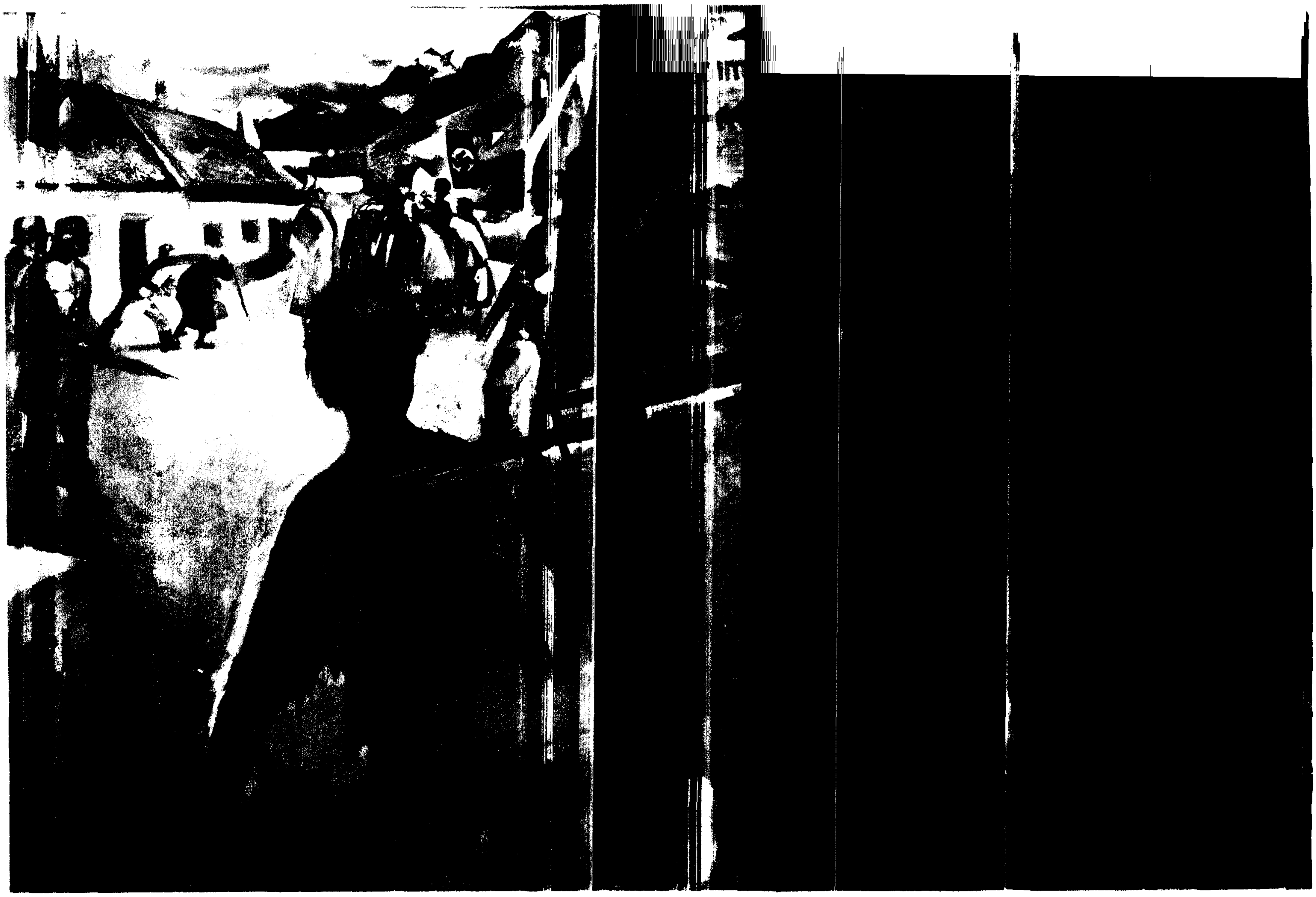

Were the Germans going to shoot all the villagers? In his interest, Giorgi inched forward a foot; then another. Suddenly a rough voice spoke behind him

A MAN OF TWELVE

BY W. G. HARDY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

When the world was at peace, manhood was measured by a span of years, but today in the bloody mountains of Greece, manhood is measured in bravery and deeds of vengeance

HE HAD been asleep at his post. That was Giorgi's first swift knowledge. Then came the realization that it was a plane passing close above him which had wakened him.

The boy had sense enough not to stir or look up. He lay quiet on the edge of the hilltop of Mykenae, his head pillowed on his forearms and a sick feeling inside him as he thought of having to confess to Nikoli. Pray the saints that he hadn't slept too long!

The plane had passed. Giorgi lifted his head cautiously and looked swiftly southward down the gorge beneath him at the triangle of the plain of Argos. His first glance told him it was later afternoon. The second made it clear that things were happening down there.

When he had last looked, just after midday, the plain had lain baked and empty, and in the distance the blue waters of the Gulf of Nauplion had shimmered. There had been nothing else to see. Now planes were taking off purposefully, and clouds of dust were rising from the German camp by Nauplion.

But Giorgi drew in a deep breath of thankfulness. The planes didn't matter. They'd never spot Nikoli and the guerrillas in the cave on Mount Hagios Elias behind him, where they'd holed up for the day. It was the clouds of dust that counted, and they were just starting out. It wasn't too late to warn the guerrillas. He wouldn't have to tell Nikoli that he'd been asleep.

He wriggled an inch or two forward and watched, his whole being tense. One cloud of dust branched off toward Midea. Another took the road to the conical, isolated hill of Argos, there to the southwest. But a third came right up through the plain.

When Giorgi was sure of this, he crawled back from the edge of the hill and, facing north, took out a bit of glass. Getting the sun just right he signaled. After a little, winking flashes, part way up Mount Hagios Elias, told him that Spyros had seen and would, in turn, signal round the shoulder of the mountain to the lookout at the cave. But it was still necessary to discover if the Nazis were on some routine operation or were coming up with definite information about the guerrillas and with orders to rout them out.

The boy wormed his way back to his observation post. It was ideal for his task. This hill of Mykenae, on which were the deserted fragments of a city which had been old when Homer was young, was left severely alone by the countryfolk. To their mind, too many ghosts flitted around its ancient walls, violating graves and scattering ruins. But the hill itself was crouched at the head of the gorge between Mount Szara to the east and the Hill of Tombs to the west in such a way that from its southern lip you could see almost the whole of the plain of Argos.

LYING there, his bare toes twitching and the eyes in his tanned, weatherbeaten face under the mop of tangled, matted hair, keen and alert, Giorgi watched the dust. It came on, traveling fast through the ocher-red of plowed ground and the yellow of cut stubble and the silver green of the olive groves. Soon it resolved itself into a half dozen lorries making for Kharvati, a mile to the west. The procession didn't stop there. It turned and roared eastward up the road toward him until the crest of the Hill of Tombs took it from view.

When this happened, Giorgi transferred his gaze to the point where the road which the Germans had to follow curved round the shoulder of the Hill of Tombs. At the same time, he wished passionately that he had a rifle. If he had a rifle, he could line his sights on that bend in the road and shoot the first German who appeared. He'd asked for a rifle often. Nikoli and the guerrillas had laughed. They'd said there weren't enough rifles to go round—not for twelve-year-olds. All they'd let him have was his knife, and it was only a piece of an old sickle to which he'd fitted a handle, though its edge was as sharp as you could make it.

The Germans hadn't appeared. Instead, the sound of their engines had ceased. It became evident that they had stopped at the village just over the crest of the Hill of Tombs, the village that had been his village until the Germans had come two years ago and had taken all the wheat and the olives and had driven away the sheep and goats and had killed a dozen of the villagers when they had protested—among them Giorgi's father and mother.

But that was two years ago—a long long time ago, when Giorgi was ten and just a boy, tending the goats along with his brother, Christos, on the rocky flank of Mount Szara. Now he was twelve and one of Nikoli's guerrillas, and he had a job to do. But he did feel an impatient curiosity to know what the Germans were

Twice in a lifetime

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doing this time in the village—his village—over there.

Nikoli, though, had told him that, if the Germans did move, he was to stay here until he could signal back whether they were coming on past Mykenae to attack the guerrillas or not. On the other hand, if this did happen, Spyros would likely see it. Besides, he wasn't really finding out anything here, not with the Germans stopped out of sight. What were they doing in the village, anyway?

The boy wished that Christos were with him. Christos would have known at once what to do. But a sentry had shot Christos last winter near Corinth when Christos was snitching scraps from the garbage the Germans had thrown out. He had bayoneted Christos afterward, too.

This wasn't helping Giorgi decide. He took another look at the bend in the road. There was nothing on it. He listened. He couldn't hear anything. Abruptly his mind was made up. Orders or no orders, he was going to see what was happening in the village.

Getting up, he picked his way among the scattered heaps of stones to the ramp which, built by the ancient folk, led down to the lower level of the city and its great Lion Gate. Passing through it, he trotted down the causeway to the nearer slope of the Hill of Tombs. He did not go straight up over it. Instead, he made a circuit to the north and came in sight of the village from that direction.

IN THE single street, there was a crowd, but he was too far away to see what was going on. Making use of every bit of scanty cover and every dip in the ground, he managed to reach the end house, unobserved. Crouching on his hands and knees, he peered round its corner. The Germans had all the villagers massed under guard halfway up the street right in front of Giorgi's old home. He picked them out—Soteris, Despina, Pangiotis, Kostas. Were the Germans going to shoot them all?

In his interest, he inched forward a foot, and then another. A rough voice spoke behind him. Giorgi turned his head slowly and looked over his shoulder. A soldier had come round the back corner of the house and was pointing a bayonet at him. He was caught. Nikoli wouldn't have let himself be caught like this or, if he *were* surprised, he would do something.

Giorgi couldn't think of anything. The soldier spoke to him again. Giorgi got to his feet. With a quick movement, he thrust the handle of his knife out of sight among his rags. Then he turned round. The bayonet was tense, ready to thrust. He got on his toes, watching the German's eyes and remembering what Christos had looked like when the bayonet went slicing into him. He'd have to try to dodge.

At this instant, another soldier—the two of them had been searching the houses for stragglers—came round the back corner. He took a look at the Greek boy and spoke to the first man. The bayonet relaxed. The newcomer put a question to Giorgi. The boy shook his head to show that he didn't understand German.

The newcomer grunted and took hold of him. It didn't occur to him to search this dirty bundle of rags. Instead, he propelled the boy into the street and up to where the villagers were massed.

They regarded Giorgi blankly, but the boy could feel them recognizing him, even after the lapse of two years, and he could sense them thinking: He's with Nikoli. Nikoli's guerrillas must be somewhere near.

There wasn't time to worry about this. The soldier had pushed him in front of an officer and was evidently explaining where and how he'd come upon this youngster.

Giorgi looked at the officer. He saw a tall man, immaculate, with a cold, impassive face. The officer looked back at him. Hauptmann Stürmer wasn't impressed by what he saw—just a dirty Greek youngster with rags for clothes, and a shock of tangled hair, and bare legs and feet.

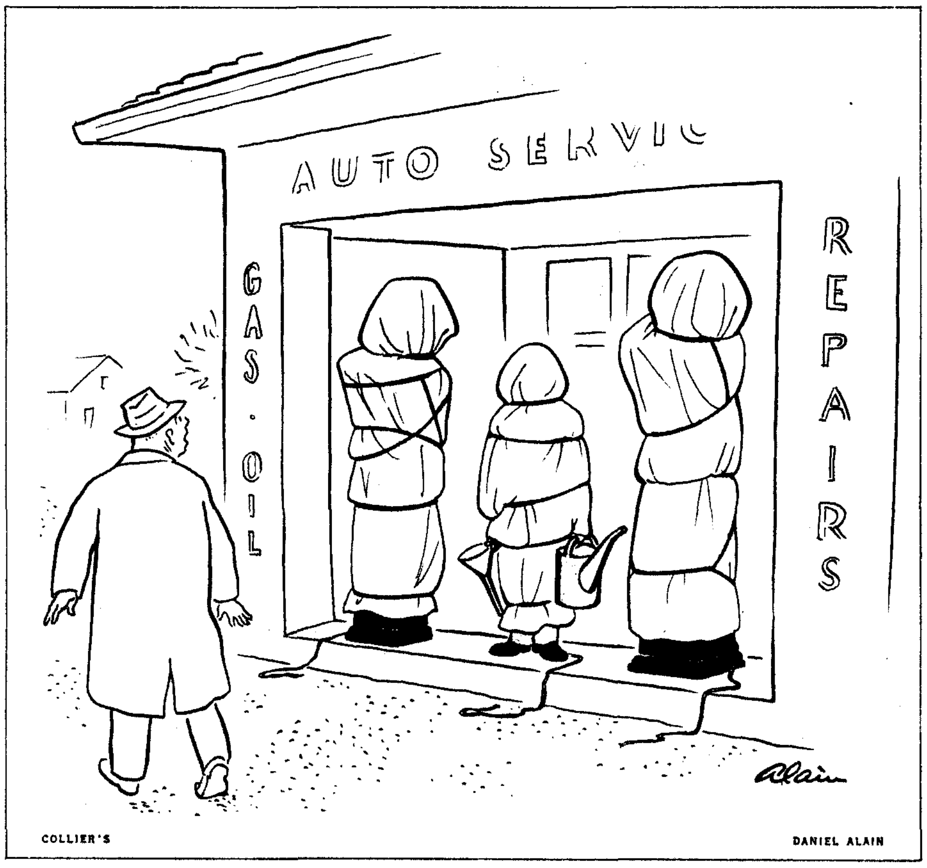
The Hauptmann asked Giorgi in quite passable Greek who he was and why he'd come sneaking into the village. Giorgi had his answer ready. He looked as stupid as he could. He was just Giorgi Stamatopoulos, a goatherd, he explained. He'd been out hunting food. He belonged to the village. Ask anybody. Ask Soteris over there.

Hauptmann Stürmer glanced at the Greeks. One or two nodded. Soteris spoke up. Yes, this was Giorgi Stamatopoulos.

There was not the slightest reason as yet for the German to suspect that this was not all the truth about this ragamuffin. He considered the boy for a moment, wondering if it were worth while to ask the question he'd been asking all the villagers. Still the boy might have seen or heard something.

"Do you," Stürmer demanded, "know anything of Nikoli's guerrillas?"

So that was why the Germans were here! Evidently they weren't certain where Nikoli was or even that he was anywhere near. They only suspected. Making his face completely blank, Giorgi shook his head. The Hauptmann hadn't really expected any information. He nodded to the soldier.



THE soldier saluted, took Giorgi by the neck and tossed him sprawling among the other Greeks. The boy picked himself up. Face expressionless, he stared at the German officer.

The Hauptmann didn't notice. As he fingered his monocle, he was thinking over the situation. Early that afternoon, a report had come in that, during the previous night, Nikoli's guerrillas had left the neighborhood of Epidauros and had headed off somewhere. Just where, was the question. They might have gone toward Corinth or they might have crossed over to Arcadia or they might be somewhere right near here in those mountains back of Mykenae. If this last were true, these peasants would probably know of it, and that was why he had been sent up here.

The Hauptmann glanced at the villagers. They had all denied knowing anything about Nikoli's guerrillas. He'd have to do something drastic to make sure that he had the truth.

Taking a step forward, he spoke. It was known, he said, telling a lie and watching the effect narrowly, that Nikoli's guerrillas were somewhere close by. They had denied this. Nice. Very nice. Now he wanted the truth. They had five minutes. If at the end of five minutes, no information was forthcoming, five of them would be shot. But let them beware of giving false information. Otherwise, he would shoot not five but all of them.

HE WAITED. There was no reaction. He flicked up his wrist. Ostentatiously, he stared at his watch.

The Greeks stared at him. Giorgi stared at him, too, his mind working busily. All any villager had to do now—thanks to his leaving his post and coming here and getting caught—was to point at him and say, "Ask the boy. He's with Nikoli."

He wondered if any villager would. One thing certain, if that did happen, he couldn't give Nikoli away. Nikoli had picked him up when he was within a thin inch of starvation. Nikoli had let him tag along with the guerrillas, and Nikoli killed Germans. No, he couldn't betray Nikoli, no matter what the Germans did to him.

Yet, even if he kept his mouth shut, if some villager told that German out there that he was with Nikoli, then the Germans would have what they wanted. They'd know that Nikoli and his guerrillas were close by. They'd hunt them out, and it would be Giorgi's fault. No, he'd have to get away from here somehow.

The boy glanced about him. There were German soldiers in front and to the right and left. But behind the villagers, were the houses—his old home among them—and the officer was looking at his watch, and everybody was watching the officer—even the soldiers.

Giorgi edged back from the front now. Nobody seemed to notice. Foot by foot, he got back through the next row and the next, until he was right at the back of the villagers. Then, unobtrusively, he began to worm his way along to the door of his old home.

The five minutes were up. Out in front, Hauptmann Stürmer flicked down his wrist. He looked at the Greeks. No one offered to speak. Perhaps they thought he was bluffing.

He snapped an order. A section of soldiers stepped forward. The Hauptmann pointed here and there. At each designation, the soldiers pulled out a Greek until they had five—three men and two women. At a second command, the soldiers marched the five off a dozen paces and lined them against the houses on the opposite side of the street. The section took position in front of them, rifles ready. The rifles of the rest of the soldiers menaced the other villagers.

"Now," the Hauptmann demanded abruptly, "now will anyone speak?"

At this instant, there was a diversion. Giorgi had at last managed to reach his objective. No one had noticed particularly. Giorgi was only a boy, and everyone's attention had been fixed on the Hauptmann.

It was a long chance. Down the slope behind his home was a gully, and if you ran along it fast, you came to a hump of ground which would keep you out of sight until you reached one of the underground tombs. He could hide there. If he didn't make it, he would be shot, but he had to try it. As the Hauptmann finished speaking, Giorgi ducked suddenly through the door of his old home, raced through the single room and out the back and sped down the slope. Behind him the villagers closed up.

But the Hauptmann noticed the ripple of movement. He hadn't seen just what had happened, because Giorgi was small, and his move had been concealed by the Greeks who had been in front of him. But, definitely, something had occurred back there—movement and a slight patter of sound.

"What goes on?" he asked sharply.

There was no answer.

THE Hauptmann's face flushed. "Speak up, one of you," he commanded harshly. "Do you want me to order my men to fire?"

In the back, a woman named Anthoula said, "I'll tell you."

"Well?"

The woman moved forward. She took her time. When she was in front of the Hauptmann she said, "That was Giorgi, running away."

"Giorgi? Giorgi who?"

"Giorgi Stamatopoulos. The boy you questioned just now."

The Hauptmann took this in. He frowned at her, trying to puzzle it out. "Why did he run?" he wanted to know.

The woman shrugged her shoulders. That familiar blank expression settled like a mask on her face. But was there, far back in her eyes, the hint of a smile?

"Why?" the Hauptmann shouted at her suddenly. "Why?"

She didn't say anything. Regaining control of himself, the German turned to his sergeant. He gave orders. But Giorgi had traveled fast, and the little comedy that Anthoula had played had given him time. By the time the sergeant and his detail started to search, Giorgi was in the gully. By the time they found the gully, he was behind the hump of ground. When, fanning out, they came to the hump, he was in the underground tomb. The sergeant had orders not to go too far afield or to take too much time, and the Greek boy seemed to have vanished. The sergeant returned and reported.

The Hauptmann listened, a furious rage seething within him. He didn't know what lay behind this episode of the goatherd boy, but he was convinced that there was something peculiar here, and that these peasants knew what it was. He wouldn't play around any longer. He'd act. He'd force it out of them.

Turning on his heel, he walked over to the five he'd picked out. He said, "You

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have this last chance. Tell me about Nikoli's guerrillas. Tell me about that boy."

They stared back at him as if they hadn't heard. He gave an order. The rifles of the section in front of them rose. The Hauptmann waited, letting the pressure mount. Nobody spoke, either among the five or among the rest of the villagers. The Hauptmann delayed a moment longer. Then he barked an order. The rifles cracked. The five fell. Drawing his pistol, the Hauptmann walked along the line and, meticulously following orders, put an extra shot into each of them.

He turned back to the villagers. They were still standing there, faces gray and blank. Looking at them, the Hauptmann at last felt fairly certain that these peasants knew nothing of Nikoli's guerrillas. The episode of the boy had been disturbing. But probably Stürmer attached too much importance to it. Probably the youngster had simply run away in a fit of blind panic. No, these Greeks didn't know anything. Otherwise, under the threat of death, one of those five dead people or one of their relatives among the other Greeks would have broken down and spoken.

Satisfied on this point, the Hauptmann put away his pistol. He looked at his watch. Then he glanced to the east where you could see the peaks of Mount Szara and Mount Hagios Elias over the crest of the Hill of Tombs.

Now that his job was done, another side of Hauptmann Stürmer's nature was coming to the fore. He knew that between these peaks was the hill of Mykenae and, when they were boys in Prussia, he and Ernst, his friend, had been fascinated by the story of Schliemann's rediscovery of that long-dead city.

Here he was within a stone's throw of Mykenae for the first time since his transfer, ten days ago, from Athens to Nauplion. Ernst would never forgive him if he missed this chance. The colonel wouldn't be pleased. He could tell the colonel that he'd gone there to scout. Yes, he'd run up to Mykenae, have an hour with its ancient glories and be back in Nauplion shortly after sundown.

IN THE meantime, Giorgi, once the danger of pursuit was over, had come out from the underground tomb and, having heard the shots, had crawled back to the hump of ground. From this point, he watched the Germans climbing into their lorries. As soon as they set out for Nauplion, Giorgi intended to return to the village, make certain that the Germans hadn't found out anything about the guerrillas, and then report to Nikoli.

But, to his startled amazement, when the lorries started out, they roared up the road toward Mykenae.

It was like a stunning blow. The boy was panic-stricken. All he could think of was that the Germans were speeding up the road toward the guerrillas, and he wasn't at his post to signal. At a dead run, he raced up the Hill of Tombs.

Run as hard as he liked, the lorries were faster. When he came over the crest of the hill, it was to see that the lorries were already at Mykenae. Giorgi threw himself on the ground. The lorries were drawn up on the causeway outside the Lion Gate. Inside the walls, up on the hill, he could see men moving about.

What were they up to? Maybe they were hunting for the treasure which, so the villagers had always believed, was hidden there somewhere. Or maybe they were going to plaster the guerrillas' cave with mortar bombs, from up there.

Whichever it was, Giorgi had to find out before he could face Nikoli. That was the only way, so he felt, to get forgiveness for leaving his post. He looked around him. The deep valley between Mykenae and the base of Mount Hagios Elias drew his attention. The shadows of the coming dusk had already crept into it.

If he could get through it unobserved, he could reach the northern wall of the ruins out of sight of the Germans at the Lion Gate. Then he could use that secret passageway through the wall, which Christos and he had once explored, that is, if he could forget the ghosts that his father and his father's father had believed were clustered there—especially when night was coming. But he'd have to try.

A little later, the boy came up out of the valley. He glanced up the narrow footpath which had just room to run between the base of the huge wall above him and the valley's edge. At this point, since the wall curved, he was out of the view of the Germans at the Lion's Gate. He looked across at the entrance to the secret passageway, remembering what it was like in there—the blackness, the water, the bats, the nests of bees, the other things worse than bats and bees that he and Christos had felt around them that other time. There was nothing else for it. Setting his lips, Giorgi wriggled across the footpath to the entrance and, parting the bushes, crawled inside.

It was dark, black as the inside of a grave. He went forward cautiously. Something fluttered past him. He closed his fingers on the handle of his knife. He jumped over the water. He avoided the bees' nests that he knew to be clustered along the walls. His shin struck the first step of the narrow staircase which led up through the blackness to the top of the hill. Another bat and still another went by him as he clambered upward. His hand closed on something cold and clammy and dead. He flung it—whatever it was—away. He kept on.

ON TOP of the hill, Hauptmann Stürmer was wallowing in an orgy of sentimentalism. He missed Ernst, of course. Ernst would have shared in his feelings. In default of Ernst and since the sergeant was at the Lion Gate in charge of the main body, the Hauptmann lectured to his batman.

His batman, a ruddy-faced youth from Nuremberg, didn't understand a word. He sweated in his fear of offending the Hauptmann and kept on saying, "Ach, so, Herr Hauptmann? *Jawohl,* Herr Hauptmann!"

"To think," Herr Hauptmann declaimed, "that here where we stand, Atreus ruled and Agamemnon feasted! Ah, what a thing of nothing is man! Would you think that once, three millenniums ago, where we now stand, rose the palaces of Homer's 'golden Mykenae'?"

"Jawohl, Herr Hauptmann!"

The Hauptmann glanced at his batman. The vacuity of the broad peasant face annoyed him. So did the sweat. The fellow smelled.

"Dummkopf!" Stürmer said.

"Ja, Herr Hauptmann."

"Wait here."

The batman saluted. The Hauptmann strolled away. He wished that he had more time. With more time, he would have explored every foot of these ruins—the ancient palace, the postern gate, the secret passageway about which he'd read, although he didn't remember quite where it was. As it was, he'd take in as much as he could—the ancient palace first.

Behind him, the batman sat down on a stone, took off his helmet, wiped the sweat and, putting the helmet back and fitting the chin strap under his chin, leaned his rifle against another stone. He did not dream that at that moment, not half a dozen feet behind him, a head had poked itself up cautiously among the scattered ruins.

The batman for that matter was wondering why the Hauptmann had come up here. He didn't like the place. Ah, if he were but back in his own village in the green-clad valley so far away, a stein of beer at hand, and Frieda beside him. . . .

Behind him, Giorgi was looking around him carefully. The officer was by this time at the southeastern edge of the hill, staring into the deep chasm which separated it from an angle of Mount Szara. As for the lookout posted where the ramp came up from the lower city, he was staring outward at the surrounding country.

Giorgi's eyes came back to the batman—and his rifle. From the instant that he had seen that rifle, so conveniently close, he had forgotten his purpose in coming up here. He had forgotten Nikoli. He had even forgotten the ghosts in the passageway beneath him. That rifle—so near! He could think of nothing else.

He made sure that the handle of his knife was where he wanted it. Then, inch by inch, he began to pull himself out of the hole. In front of him, the batman yawned and hoped that the Hauptmann would soon be through, so that they could get back to Nauplion and supper.

By this time, the Hauptmann himself had moved to the point on which Giorgi had been lying during the day. He looked down the gorge at the plain, appreciating the effect of the setting sun on that checkerboard of color—those peaceful, white-walled villages, the green of the olive groves, the sparkling water of the gulf.

Behind him, Giorgi at last got close enough, knife ready. In one bound, he was on the unsuspecting German. His left hand caught the front rim of the helmet and jerked it back, pulling, thanks to the chin strap, the head with it. The right hand drew the razor edge of the knife across the taut, brown throat. The batman's scream ended almost as it began.

When Hauptmann Stürmer whirled round, his astounded eyes took in his batman on the ground, dying, and over him a Greek boy hastily undoing the ammunition pouches.

The Hauptmann shouted and, drawing his pistol, started to run across the stones. Giorgi picked up the rifle and the ammunition pouches. He darted to his hole and half climbed, half tumbled into it. The Hauptmann's shot went wild.

If Hauptmann Stürmer had taken time to reflect, he would not have done what he did, since he would have realized that this was the secret passageway about which he had read, and that the proper way to cut off the boy was to send a detail down to the exit outside the wall to wait for him.

BUT the Hauptmann was outraged to the depth of his German soul. He had recognized this boy, the same boy whom he had questioned in the village and who had then got away and come up here to cut a German's throat. All he could think of at this moment was that he was going to get his hands on that youngster, choke him to death, cut him to pieces. As the lookout, attracted by Stürmer's shout and the shot, ran toward him the Hauptmann jumped into the hole after Giorgi.

Giorgi heard him. Giorgi wasn't worrying about ghosts now. As he hurried down fast, his mind was working. He knew this passageway. He could outdistance the German. But there was something more. As he passed along where the bees were, he let the rifle rake along the wall. Then he really hurried—across the water, up the incline, into the open air.

Once there, he glanced up the footpath. No Germans were in sight. With the exception of the Hauptmann, none of the Germans knew anything of the plan of this ancient city. At this moment, the lookout and the men he had summoned were staring stupidly down the hole through which their Hauptmann had disappeared, while the sergeant was hastily leading another group up the ramp from the lower city.

Giorgi didn't know this, but he knew what he wanted to do. Instead of making good his escape, he dropped down flat at the edge of the valley, close to the exit of the passageway, took a quick look at the rifle to make sure it was ready to fire, cocked it and waited. An instant later, a howling maniac, beating the bees clustered on him and following him, tumbled from the exit. Giorgi took a careful sight. He fired. One shot. One was enough. He watched.

The officer spun round, fell, and began to kick feebly like a sheep when you knock it between the eyes. Heedless of the shouting up on the top of the hill, Giorgi walked over, to make sure. Then he let himself down over the rim of the valley. Down there, the sun was already set. He lost himself in the shadows. From the top of the hill, the Germans began to fire every which way.

IT WAS an hour later. The guerrillas were arguing. They were quite excited. "The boy's ruined it," Spyros was declaring. "We can't blow up the train now. They'll be out tomorrow thick as bees, those Germans. We'll have to call it off, Nikoli."

Nikoli said nothing. Giorgi stood and watched him. He was in disgrace, he knew. They'd taken his rifle away. If Nikoli would only understand! But Giorgi couldn't find words to tell him. How could you tell why you'd done this and that, when you didn't rightly understand yourself?

"Better get back to Epidauros tonight," Stavros was advising. "This lad here—if he'd stuck to his post—" He aimed a halfhearted cuff at Giorgi.

The boy dodged, automatically. He didn't care what the others said. It was what Nikoli would say.

"Well, what are we going to do?" Spyros demanded. "Aren't we going to get out of this, right now?"

Nikoli, a big man, tough as spikes, who had once been an officer in the Greek army, scratched his chin. He looked at Giorgi. "I wonder," he said.

"What's there to wonder about?" Spyros asked. "There's only one thing to do—get out at once. Get back to Epidauros."

"That's what they'll be expecting us to do," Nikoli observed reflectively. "In the morning, they'll come up this way. They'll try to cut us off from Epidauros. But if, instead of going back to Epidauros, we moved the other way to the west and south into Arcadia—the Germans won't expect that. They'll think they've got us trapped in this direction, thanks to the boy here. But if we move the other way tonight, if tonight, as we've planned, we blow up the railroad just when the train from Corinth is going over it, and then keep going south to Arcadia instead of back to Epidauros—"

He let the thought hang. It caught on.

"By the staff of Hagios Elias!" Stavros said, slapping his thigh.

"That is it, then," Nikoli said, getting up from the stone on which he'd been sitting. "Get ready to move."

Giorgi spoke up. "My rifle."

Nikoli looked at him. "What's that?"

"My rifle. They took it away from me."

"It's too good a rifle for a boy," Stavros explained. "Besides, after the mess he made out of the job—"

Nikoli looked at the boy. "He's earned it, hasn't he? Two Germans—he's not a boy. He's a man."

"Well—"

"Give it back," Nikoli ordered. He took time to clap the boy on the shoulder as Stavros passed it over. "Be sure you don't miss," he joked, and went on.

Giorgi grabbed the rifle to himself. He looked at Nikoli's retreating back, and there was an intensity of adoration in his face which would have embarrassed the guerrilla leader if he had seen it.

"Miss?" He wouldn't miss—not with this rifle.

THE END

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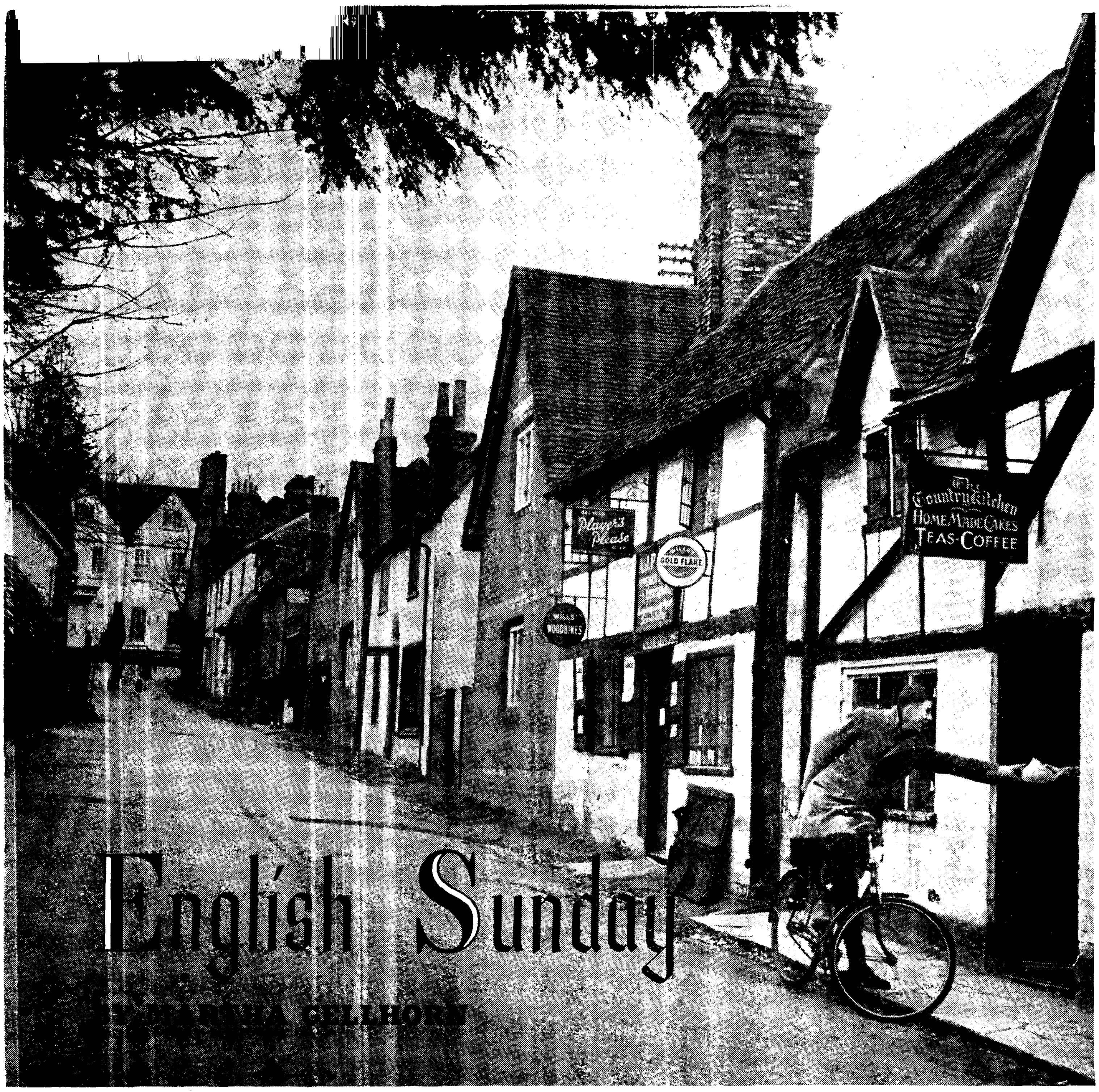


English Sunday

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

This is High Street. Most of the shops are in buildings five hundred years old

In this quiet corner of England, villagers worshiped, gossiped, chuckled, murmured over little tragedies—relaxed momentarily so they could start afresh Monday for the biggest job of all: "Getting the war over with"

RADIOED FROM LONDON

THEY came to church, wearing their best. The few soldiers looked very well dressed, and everyone else looked brushed and scrubbed and shabby. Three ladies were wrapped in aged coats made of unidentifiable fur which had seen heavy service these last four years.

There were two blond little girls, escorted by their governess. They wore gray tweed coats and gray felt hats and pigtails. The coats were inches short at the wrists and the hems, because children will grow, whether there are clothing coupons or not. There were several old men in dark blue overcoats and polished but cracking shoes. They all kneeled on the threadbare cushions to pray; they stood and sang tunelessly but devotedly from their hymnbooks

The church was cold, and most of the choir stalls were empty, as only very young boys and older men remain in this village. The sun came in through the narrow windows and lighted for a moment the beautiful, severe stone church. The voices of the little choirboys rose like birds, and the organ sounded splendid. Now it was the time for the prayer.

"Give us peace in our time, O Lord," said the rich chanting voice of the vicar, but you could scarcely hear, for, at that moment, a squadron of Spitfires roared over the village, flying east.

In the silver morning, the Thames moved gently between grass banks, and boys raced their bicycles across the curved pink brick bridge. On his tuft of island, the lock keeper, who always won prizes for his flowers, would be spading the terraces where his begonias used to grow. Farther up the towpath, two men who were not going to church took up positions in the willows to fish for pike.

Above the lovely, silent village and gentle river, a huge tan bomber hung in the air. By the river, you could hear the organ faintly; but no sound except that of the passing planes reached the small, timbered, pale-painted vine-covered cottages in the lanes. The planes seemed only ornamental, and it was hard to believe there was war anywhere.

Now three bombers, as fascinating and small as runaway kites, drove higher and higher into the pale blue basin of the sky, trailing white streamers from their exhausts. The children stopped racing over the curved bridge to watch with pleasure these smoke patterns in the sky. In peacetime, there would be nothing so interesting to look at on Sunday morning.

"Testing the weather," said one knowledgeable red-cheeked boy of nine.

"Wellingtons," said another.

"Not Wellingtons," said the first.

"What are they, then, if you know so much?"

"Douglases."

"Ho-ho," sneered the Wellington fancier, and they got on their bicycles to go home for Sunday dinner—a meal no intelligent child would be late for, because it was the biggest meal of the week and there would be meat.

The Treat of the Week

Yesterday, the butcher's van came through the village, stopping at every house to dole out the microscopic weekly meat ration. On Saturday, the women would be running in to Miss West's grocery store to see if they couldn't buy a little something extra as a Sunday treat for their families.

Mrs. Thomas managed very well, because her husband believed she ate a hot meal every noon while he was at the factory. Actually she ate some bread and tea and perhaps a bit of cheese, and that way she could save her rations for the week end when he would be home.

Mrs. Johnson only bought cigarettes and bouillon cubes and a jar of jam, and all the women advised about the jam, since it cost coupons. Everyone spoke to Mrs. Johnson's daughter Betty, who was going to have her fourth birthday next week. Betty said she wanted for her birthday "a dolly, a barrer and a book," and lots of little girls for a party. The dolly would be made out of an old stocking. There would be no wheelbarrow. There would be a book, and the Johnsons had saved their rations to make a cake for the party.

The women would stand in the tiny crowded store and gossip. Mrs. Markham would inquire after Miss West's hands, which were very purple with chilblains, Miss West thought, but that was because of not getting as much fat as one once had.

"Still, we can't complain, can we?" Miss West said.

Before the war, on Sunday afternoons, the young people used to play football or cricket or walk by the river for courting purposes or exercise, and in summer they went swimming and boating. But of the eight hundred souls who lived here, one hundred and fifty are away in the forces. The war came like a weird Pied Piper and left the village youthless. So on Sunday afternoons, the grown people stay indoors or perhaps the men go out to dig in the gardens, and the women just make sure the chickens are all right.

Hour of Relaxation

Toward dusk, they will draw the blackout curtains, and this tiny dot on the land will become invisible. Then they will have tea, which on Sunday is the evening meal. There will be no guests because of rationing, but each family will sit quietly in its own little dollhouse and drink cups and cups of tea and eat bread and butter or bread and margarine and talk over the small, familiar news of the village.

The women talk about food rationing—not that there isn't enough to eat—but it fair drives one wild trying to make a change in the meals. They do not speak much of clothes, since these are poor people who never went in for fanciness and they are adjusted to being shabby. It is only that the children wear out or outgrow their things and that makes trouble. They wish they could paint their houses, too, or cover the chairs with new material or make fresh curtains or repair the fence, the gate, the stove, the roof; but none of that can be done now. It is just nice to say, "After the war is over, I'm going to have new curtains for the downstairs."

They will speak of their friends and acquaintances, saying discreetly, "How sad it is that young Mrs. Hamilton is getting a divorce, and her husband in the army. It's so sad for these young people having all that unhappiness! But that's the war, isn't it?"

And then there's the great grief of the Baileys who lost their only son. All the village can see and all the village has time to share in this sorrow. Mr. Bailey can't seem to get over it, and Mrs. Bailey has been ill ever since it happened, ever since the plane crashed. Young Tom was a fine, tall, good boy. His fiancée goes every day to his grave in the churchyard and stays there alone for a long time; everyone sees her, though no one seems to notice, not wishing to intrude on her mourning.

"She says she wants to go with him," one of the women will say. This is not news in the village but it distresses them to think of it. They know one another so well that any loss belongs to them all.

Then they will laugh, as they have been doing for months, at the lock keeper's story. It seems that two bombs fell on this village; these are referred to as "our bombs." They fell in a field near the lock and killed some grazing cows. This, by universal agreement, was a sad and shocking sight.

"There was the poor animals, all shot up, and one with its head some place else." The lock keeper spoke on the radio after this event and remarked that he and the missus were blown out of bed by the blast.

The village shakes with laughter over

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

his, for the lock keeper is a reserved man. hey laugh at his mentioning his domestic rrangements and furthermore they laugh ecause he could not possibly have been lown out of bed by those bombs.

They will discuss the evacuees from ondon, too; this subject never loses its alue. There are few city children still ere, but right after the blitz the village vas full of them. The children weren't so ad, but when their parents came to visit hem it was a trial. London people are ot like the village people—so lazy and ntidy and ignorant, the village thought. ome of the city children were holy horors, too, and some were funny and pahetic.

The constable had to caution two little ondoners for stealing all the daffodils rom a lady's garden, and they said, What! We can't pick them weeds from nat field?"

It just goes to show how a child has no dvantages in a city. But most of the hildren who have stayed are as loved now s if they were the sons or daughters of heir guardians. They go to the village chool in the old, cold building where lasses are separated by a curtain, and hey stand and drone out their lessons and lay wildly in the cobbled yard at noon nd roam the lanes in the afternoons. hese Londoners are country people now nd do not want to go home.

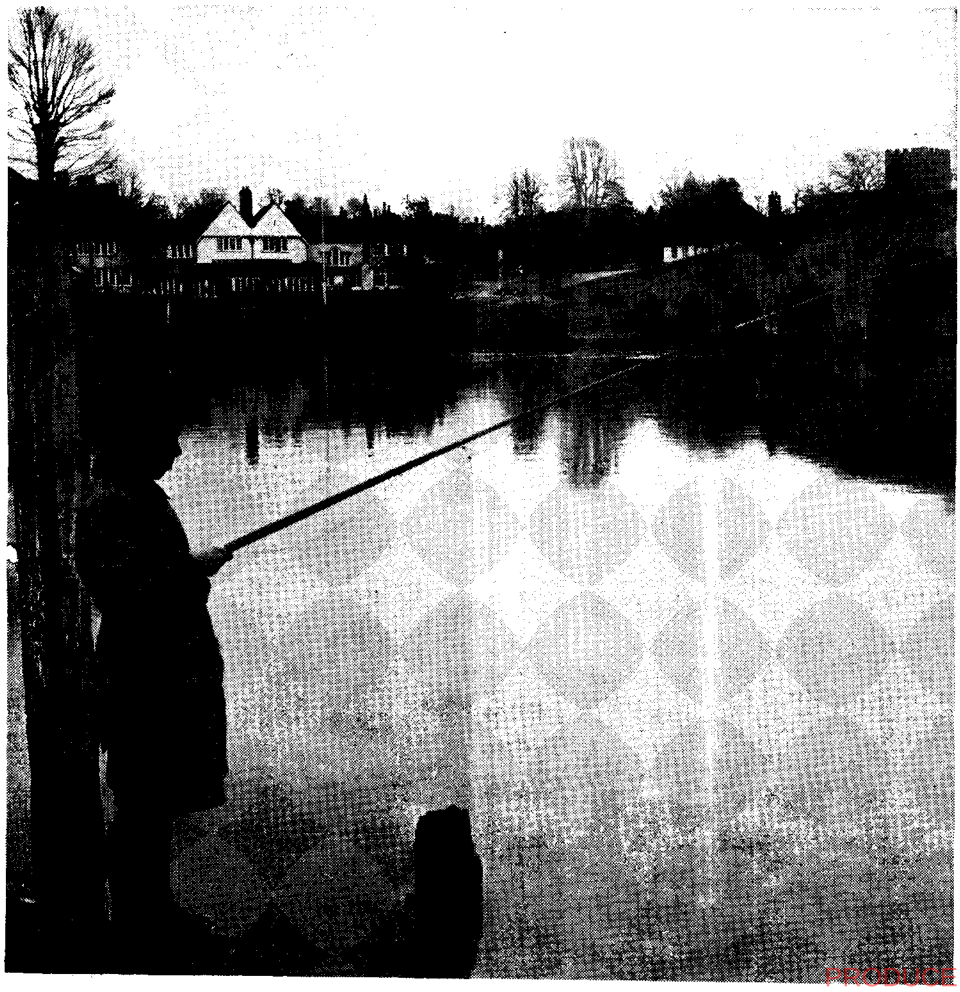
The doctor will probably get talked bout, too; he has been here only thirtyive years, so he isn't exactly a village man. le is very stern, and they pretend to think e needn't be such an old bear.

There was Mrs. Pierce's girl Laura, who vas suffering from nerves, she thought, nd just didn't feel able to work for a few lays. She worked fifty-six hours a week n a war factory and had to get up every norning at 5:30 to catch the bus to the earest town and she was worn out. The loctor said they've probably got nerves in he armed forces, too, but they weren't given a rest, and she could forget all that illy talk and go back to her job.

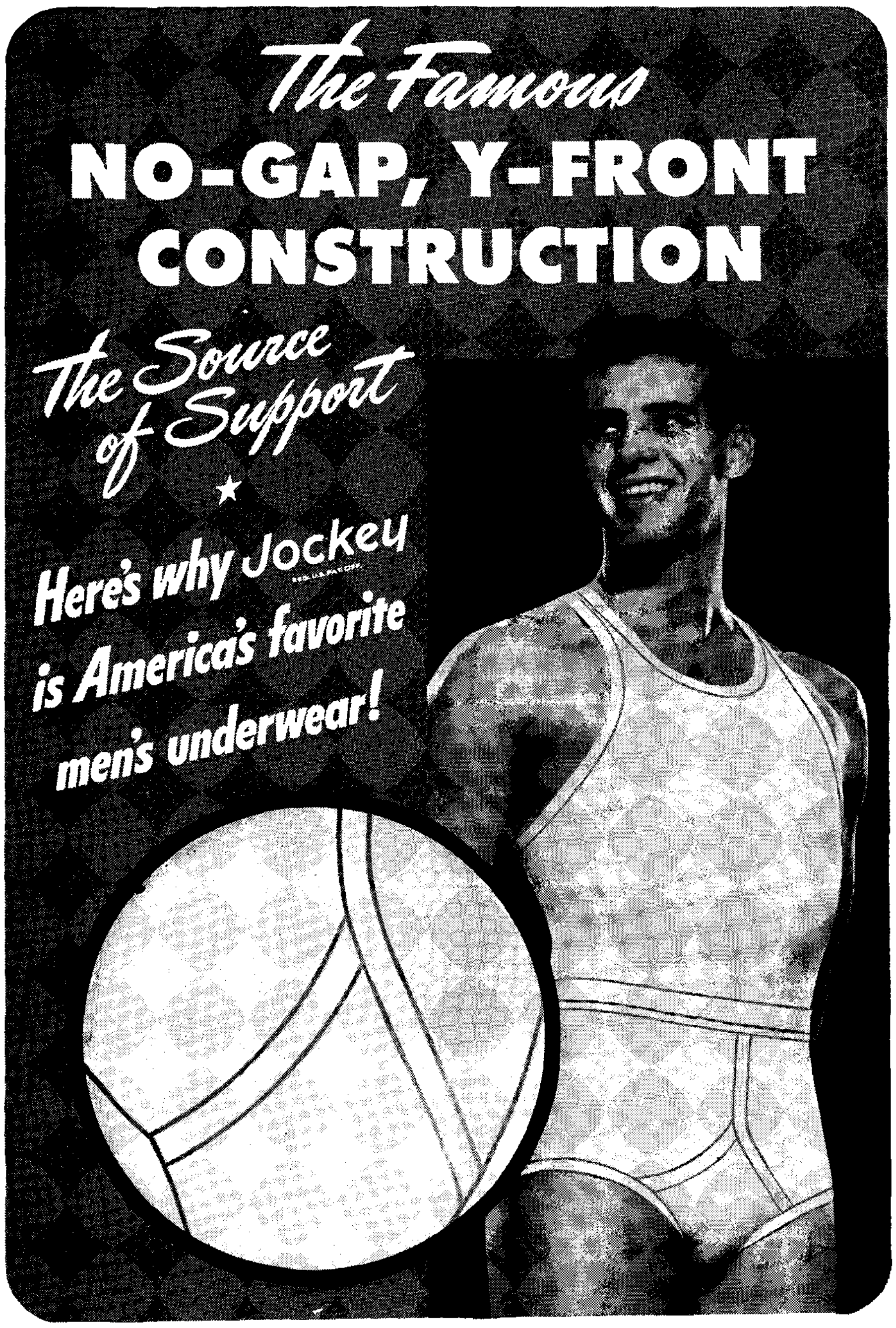
The doctor says people grumble about he diet, and it is doing them no harm at ll; they should be thankful they've somehing to eat. Look at the poor people in Holland and all those places. And what f men of fifty—gardeners or chauffeurs

The very old and the very young must sit at home and wait. The parents of these children are in the armed services

One way of augmenting the rationed larder is by fishing for pike in the Thames. The bridge at right was the first permanent structure built across the river



Townsfolk leave their ancient church after Sunday services. Sometimes, when the "Spits" fly low, the preacher's voice is drowned in an ocean of sound



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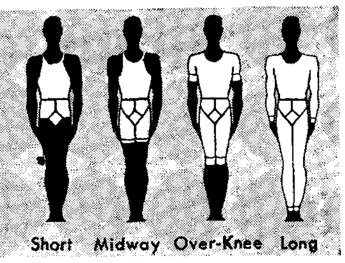


or farmers—who never worked indoors before, do find the noise and the sameness of factories a strain? The boys in tanks and planes and ships are overworked, too.

If a village man or woman has to walk ten miles to work each day, the boys have to walk farther than that in the infantry. The doctor has a son in Italy; he has not seen the boy for some years because he was in Africa before that. The doctor is over sixty and never stops working, and he thinks everyone may as well do the same and get the war won.

The women will talk a little of how expensive everything is. The men will talk a little of their jobs and they will ask one another—as they always do—when this wicked war will be over and then gradually there won't be much left to talk of. Besides, it will be time to go to the evening service in the community hall, which is used now because the church can't be blacked out. Anyhow, the missus will probably go to evening service, and the man to the workingman's club next door.

Refuge and Recreation

High cupboards line the walls of the community hall now, and camp beds are stacked on the stage. In the cupboards are "all the lovely clothes they sent us from America," and in other chests there are canned foods. For two and a half years, this hall has been used as a refugee center. After the blitz, homeless people from the cities were fed and clothed and sheltered here until they could be stowed away in houses in the countryside. But the hall is going to be used again for parties; tomorrow night, there will be the first dance in all this time.

"You get out of the habit," Mrs. Peters remarked, "and you don't really feel like going to parties. But perhaps after the first time it will seem nice again."

The camp beds will stay on the stage, and the cupboards cut down floor space, but they will make do; and the hall remains in constant readiness to be used again as a refugee center, should the need arise.

They were so jolly in the workingman's club that they could not hear the piano next door playing the hymns of evening service. There was a darts game going, and billiards, and on Sunday the wives can come to the club, and so there was high female laughter at the tables. A boy wearing the uniform of the airborne troops was playing billiards, resting his cue on a bandaged hand. He had just returned from Italy and he was shy, proud and self-conscious to be back in his village, fresh from the battle.

The men over forty had all been in the last war—since once before the Pied Piper had passed through this village and left it youthless. Now, not wanting to question the new soldier directly, the older men spoke of Salonica and France and the Dardanelles, and no one listened very closely. They would have liked the boy to talk, but he did not know how to, and, in a way, they held back from hearing. This war was so vast, so complicated, so terrible and so remote from their decent, harmless lives that it was painful to think of, and perhaps one got on better by not knowing too much. Still they wanted the soldier to feel how happy they were to have him back and how proud they were of him and all the others like him.

They talked elaborately away and around the war, making jokes, saying the soldier's name often, and with their voices and presence creating a kind of warmth around the boy. He was less shy now and, leaning on the billiard table, he remarked chattily to a very old woman at a near-by table, "I was fair sozzled last night, wasn't I, Granny? Was you ashamed of me?"

"I'm never ashamed of anything a sojer does," the old woman quavered, lifting her head with pride. "Where would we be without our sojers, I'd like to know."

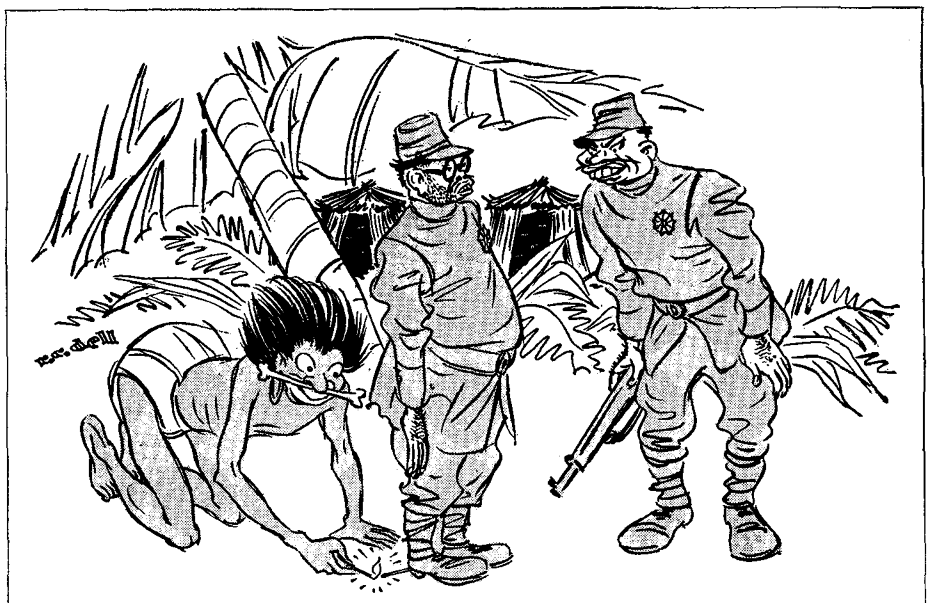
Two men said, "Hear, hear!" making a joke of it, but meaning it with their whole hearts. They said, "Here's to our sojers!" The beer glasses and gin glasses were raised, and everyone drank, laughing but very serious anyhow, and the boy in the beret and battle dress looked modestly at the floor and was happy to be with his own people.

At 10:30, the club would shut and so would the pubs—the White Hart, the Bull, and the French Horn. The people who were still up at this reckless hour would now walk home in the dark through the narrow, stone-walled lanes and through the old graveyard where the stones slant in the earth and are covered with ivy and moss. They would go home to sleep, to be ready for the dark, early rising on Monday.

On Monday, the children would go to school, the men and the younger women would go to the war factories, the mothers would start the week's washing, the old ladies in the almshouse and the old people who were lucky enough to have families would potter about, helping where they could.

After this week, would come another, and then another month, and the long years of war seemed slowly to be ending. The war must be won. No one really thinks of anything else. The war must be won, and then there will again be the lovely, remembered summers with regattas on their river and sun and picnics and visitors come from London to admire their flowers and their enchanting cottages and their beautiful church. The war would be won and then at last the young people would be safe and home again.

THE END



"So sorry. I think Yanqui's been here already, please"

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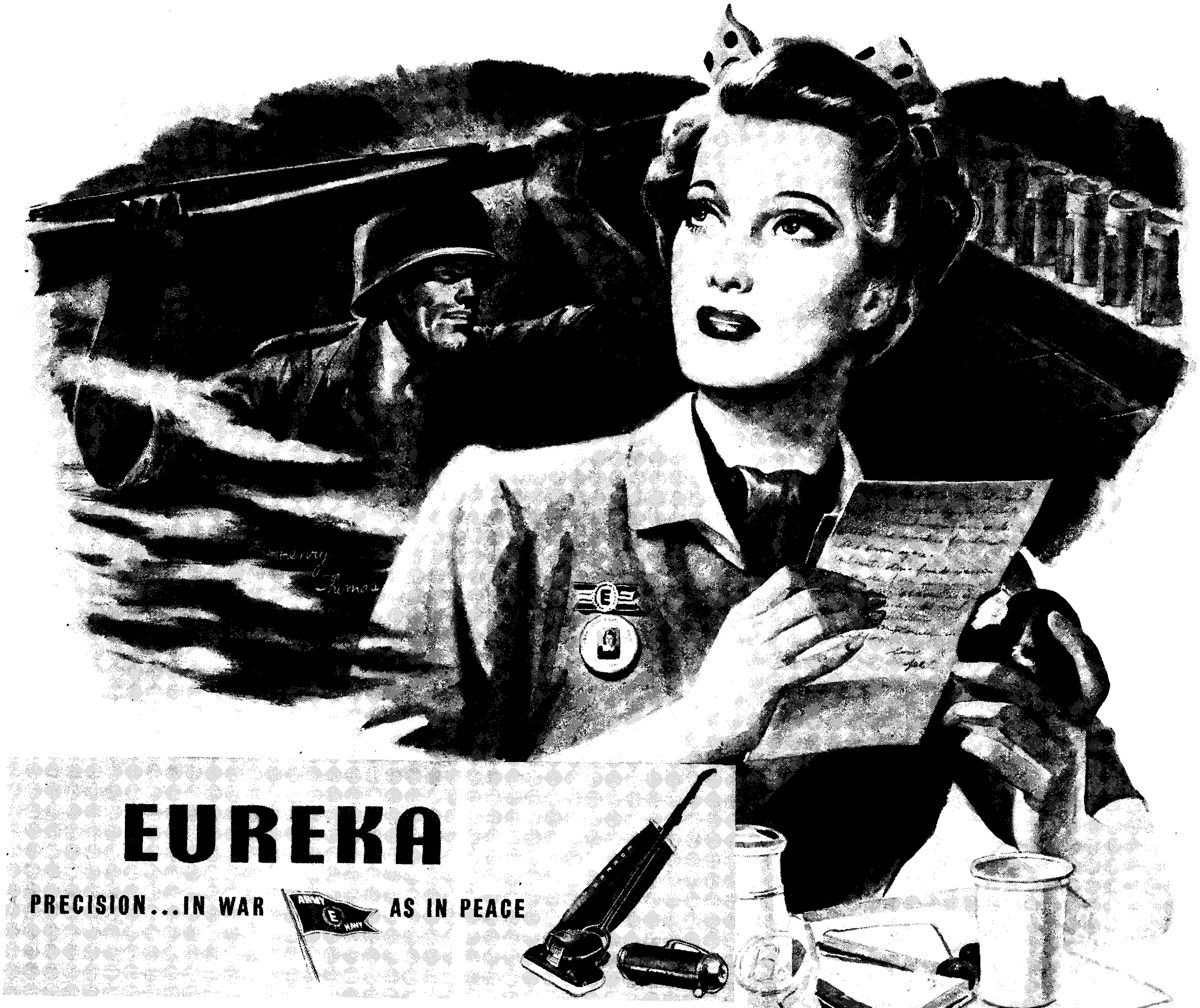

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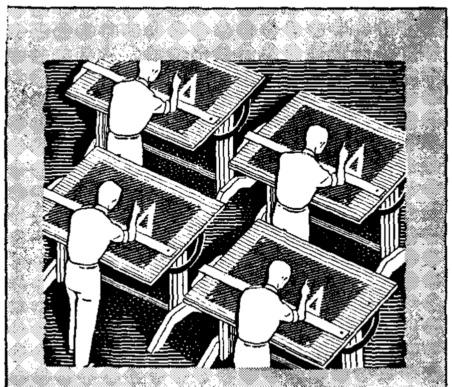

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Homemade Legs

Continued from page 16

worked up a trade in portraits of local celebrities (three bucks a throw). She also started doing pictures of her sister, Marcia, who was a looker and came on to New York after the New Orleans fiasco to see what about it.

"I left one at a magazine, with my address, and went back to the Y.W.C.A. to wait," Zoe says. "Two days, and I get a check for $75. So I wired Marcia to come ahead quick, the gold mines. I didn't sell another thing for six months."

She modeled on the side for grub money and then won a competition for a movie-magazine cover. She won nine out of twelve prizes that year and was sailing along when something happened.

"Photographic covers; that's what happened. I got the gate."

In desperation, Zoe began doing covers for a confession magazine. Also she got a chance to go to South America as photographer for an artist, spent six weeks in Rio and painted her first nude on her way back on the boat. It was submitted to a calendar company, bought, and a contract was forthwith drawn up. She's been with the outfit ever since.

Now, about taking photographs of herself. Well, Miss Mozert decides on the general idea she wants to interpret and takes a position on the model's stand about twelve feet from the camera. Back of the camera is a four-by-six-foot plate-glass mirror, in which she can see what she's doing.

"Now, you get in here, Sanora," says Zoe, and Miss Jonson, cousin and stand-in, takes the pose while Zoe lights the scene properly. Then she pops back into the scene, takes the pose again, and Sanora snaps it. Miss Mozert develops the film herself and makes the prints.

She selects the print she likes best and then makes large studies of the head of Miss Jonson. When the photographs are all made, she starts on the painting. When it comes to putting in the colors, Miss Mozert goes to a mirror, studies herself and hops back to the easel and sets down what she's seen.

Next to herself, her favorite model is Swann Marlow, reputed to have one of the most beautiful figures in America.

Models Must Be Dainty

Miss Mozert doesn't like a model over five feet, three and a half inches in her stocking feet. If they're any larger, the anatomic structure becomes too heavy.

"Personality," says Zoe. "You got to have it. Take a little squirt. She has looks, yes. But who cares? So she has to use her head; she has to make 'em sit up and gape. Everybody makes a fuss over the big lunks, and what do they do They go around looking like Queen Victoria. Hollywood's making a sap of itsel with these New York models the agencie are putting over on them. Those damn big dames are all right for toothpaste ad or for clothes. But personally? . . . Sour very sour. Don't let men fool you; they like the little cuddly ones."

Miss Mozert may be prejudiced because she is barely five feet tall herself and weighs all of ninety-seven pounds. She is blond, blue-eyed and has perfect legs which seems to be what counts.

When Zoe did charcoals she used to sign all her work with the initials "B-B"—which turned out to mean "Beat the boys." Other artists had maintained that no woman could paint nudes, and this was to show them.

"They also said a painter had to be in love with his model to do a good picture. Hooey!"

Of course, it might be held that Zoe, being her own model, was in love with herself, but she snorts at that.

"Legs! What's legs? Everybody's got legs."

But not Zoe's legs and not Zoe's brush on the canvas—which makes all the difference to Mr. Morgenthau and the Internal Revenue Department.

THE END

Balkan Escape

Continued from page 15

Flying so high, the wings were coated with ice; they circled around in search of landing space until their fuel ran low. The radio went dead, and they were lost. Pilot Thrasher finally spotted this little bit of a field between two mountains in Albania. He had crossed the Adriatic Sea without knowing it.

"If it hadn't been muddy, it would have been a perfect landing," said Lieutenant Rutkowski. "Only one of us was injured. A sergeant got some knee and forehead bruises."

The first village-to-village trek took seven hours, four hours to go up one side of a mountain, three hours down the other side. Now a new group of Partisans took them in hand, dividing them up into threes and fours, and assigning them to different houses.

"We were more comfortable this time," Lieutenant Tacina said, "though, of course, we still slept on floors, and we added body lice to the fleas we already had. I'll never forget one of the nurses, Agnes (Lieutenant Agnes Jensen), sitting there picking lice off her sweater—one, two, three, she'd count.

"At the house where I stayed they gave us some kind of stew with a little lamb in it. We sat cross-legged on the floor with the men of the family; the women served and they put this big bowl on a table about a foot high. There were three spoons for about ten of us, so you ate some out of the bowl and then passed your spoon along to the next fellow. Almost everywhere they ate like this, out of one bowl, no knives and forks.

"All cooking was done in fireplaces. Some of us tried our hand at it but we weren't very skillful. To cook bread, the Albanians just push the ashes back in the fireplace, and plunk the molded loaf on the floor. Then they put an iron pot over the loaf and pile hot coals on top of that, and there you are. When you eat the bread, of course, you eat ashes and dirt, too. And to think how particular we nurses used to be about sanitation!"

The travelers always dealt with men, not women. The barefoot women did all the work and kept in the background, while the men, who had shoes, did the fighting and the talking.

"The women get the dirty end of the deal in Albania," said Lieutenant Rutkowski. "If I hadn't seen it, I sure never would believe what they have to put up with."

In the second village, they acquired an interpreter-guide who had been the district's superintendent of schools—an agreeable man, they said. But they didn't have their mules; they had to return them to the first village. To lighten their packs, they discarded more of their belongings, pooled their medicines in one bag, gave away extra blouses.

"And off we went again," continued Lieutenant Tacina. "Up and down mountains, and around and around from village to village, with our shoes wearing out and our feet getting blistered and our stomachs never filled. All we talked about was food—steak, stacks of pancakes a foot high."

Trained for Survival

In wintry late November, they tackled one of the highest mountains in the country—and were caught in a blizzard.

"We used to kid about that survival course they gave us at Bowman Field," Lieutenant Rutkowski admitted. "We thought it could never happen to us. But it looked as if it was just about to happen. Some of the girls were sleepy and insisted on lying down in the snow. The rest of us slapped their faces and dragged them along. I wiggled my face muscles up and down to keep from freezing. Oh, it was cold!"

All the time the Germans were just around the corner. They'd hear shots in the night, and before dawn, their hosts would urge them to be on their way; the Germans were moving in. The Partisans explained that they shouldn't stay in a village more than one night anyway, because food was so scarce they couldn't afford to feed them longer.

On one beautiful moonlit night, they had the good luck to ride in trucks for two hours along one weary road. This road was patrolled by Germans, so every time they saw a car or a motorcycle approaching, they'd jump from the trucks and hide in the hills.

"I saw the truck I'd been riding in demolished by German machine guns," Lieutenant Rutkowski said. "One of the flying pieces landed in my lap. But the Germans hadn't seen us and couldn't have found us anyway in the thick underbrush."

Not all the fighting was between Albanians and Germans, Lieutenant Rutkowski says. The Albanians also fought among themselves—the Partisans against the non-Partisans, who are supposed to be Fascist.

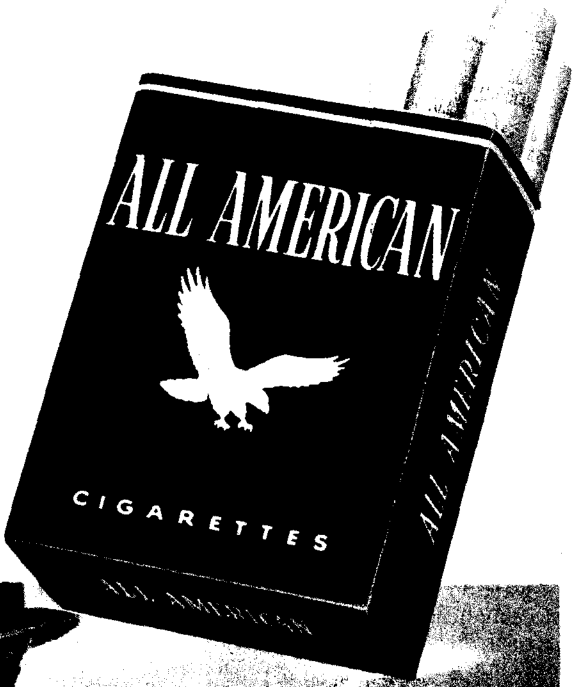
"But what went on didn't make sense to me. Once, as we approached a rocky mountain pass, we heard shooting. Our interpreter motioned us to wait. He stepped out in the road and yelled, 'We are friends—Americans.' Pretty soon a fellow who turned out to be a Partisan leader came out from behind a rock and shook hands with our man. They walked on a piece and pretty soon another man came out from the other side of the road. He turned out to be a non-Partisan leader. The three strolled along together.

"It seemed like comic-opera warfare somehow, especially the way the leaders were dressed, with tight-bottomed trousers and flowing short capes and big mustaches. Finally they shook hands all around, and our man came back and explained, 'Everything is safe now. They will go back to the village and arrange a truce, so there'll be no more shooting to spoil your welcome here.' Maybe he bribed them. I don't know."

It was also puzzling when their Partisan guide found sleeping quarters for the Americans in non-Partisan houses.

"I don't understand their politics," Lieutenant Rutkowski went on, "but both sides

1 *out of every* 3 Smokers Wanted it!



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ALL AMERICAN

CIGARETTES

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

seemed friendly to us, and they all seemed to hate the Germans. The non-Partisans apparently have a little more money. As near as we could tell, the non-Partisans are afraid the Partisans will go completely Communist and take their money away from them. A lot of the Partisans wear the Red Star of Russia in their caps and talk about federation with Russia after the war."

Early in December, the footsore travelers arrived at the British mission. It was impossible for a plane to land anywhere near to pick them up, but supplies could be dropped in by plane and parachute.

Their G.I. clothes had stood up very well. "We were the best-dressed people in Albania, no doubt of that." Nurse Rutkowski said, "Our slacks, even after six weeks of rough treatment, still had creases."

Shoes were different. By now everybody's shoes were worn out; one nurse was walking around in her stocking feet, just using her shoe uppers for spats. New shoes arrived by parachute, good G.I. shoes, but all in men's sizes. Lieutenant Tacina put on three pairs of wool socks so her size-8 men's shoes wouldn't flop around too much on her size-5 feet.

The travelers set out, with British Lieutenant Gavin Duffy as guide, this time heading for the coast where a rescue ship was to meet them. It was the same tedious travel by foot through rain and snow, up and down mountains, by night and by day. More than half the group had dysentery, and three were quite ill, two with jaundice, one with pneumonia. But they kept right on walking, getting mules when they could for the sick ones to ride. They used up their last sulfa drugs for the pneumonia patient and had nothing to give the jaundice victims but quinine. But they kept on going.

Then one morning at six o'clock, they were routed out of bed to the sound of dive bombing. The Germans were shelling the town. "We got out just twenty minutes ahead of the Germans," said Lieutenant Tacina. "From the hills we watched their vehicles go into the village."

A Partisan messenger warned them that this raid was a part of a new German drive to the coast, along the very road the Americans had hoped to take. Their escape plan was blocked.

Now, back to the British mission and a new start to a certain landing field where planes were to pick them up. They kept the appointment and so did the planes—but once again the Germans horned in on the party. They saw the planes circle the field—two big transports with a bomber and 36 Lightnings for escort—but they dared not give the prearranged signal to land: three G.I.'s waving flags. Two German tanks were waiting on a hill overlooking the field. The planes hovered about for an anxious fifteen minutes, and left, strafing a column of German soldiers as they went.

"I busted out crying. I couldn't help it," said Lieutenant Rutkowski.

The next and ultimately successful move was a try for the Adriatic coast by another road. The walking marathon continued.

They spent Christmas in one unusually peaceful village—and managed a Christmas party. "We trimmed our tree with red, white and blue ribbon bows, and they gave us some figs and hard candies," Lieutenant Rutkowski reported. "The men chopped up big leaves of tobacco and rolled their own cigarettes.

"The natives treated us to some swell music with four or five stringed instruments, and we danced. My Albanian partner was a swell waltzer, and so respectful, I didn't dare teach him how to jitterbug. He wanted to know how it was in the States.

"I told him it was wonderful. In the morning you find your milk and newspaper already delivered at your door, I explained; and if you need something and don't want to go out, you just telephone a store and they bring it. He just grinned at me and said, 'Madame, this talk is crazy.' "

Little Girl with a Gun

At the party, the nurses met two girl guerrillas. "One was only twelve years old," said Lieutenant Tacina. "She had a little pistol stuck through her belt, and a rag doll in her arms. It was the only doll we saw in Albania. The other girl, a little older, told us 'I love war.' It was better than staying home, she said; she didn't mind the shooting and she got more to eat, and shoes. This girl hoped that some sort of League of Nations would protect Albania's independence after the war. 'If not,' she said, 'we'll have no choice but to join up with Russia.' "

This girl wanted to be a doctor and in between fights she studied the medical books she carried around with her.

One town honored the Americans with a welcome parade, and a photographer there took their pictures. Three days later the Germans moved in. And, said Lieutenant Tacina, "We learned by grapevine that our pictures were nailed up on posts with 'Reward for Capture' signs."

The homestretch was a tough one—a 27-hour forced march, ending with a stumbling descent in pitch darkness down the last snowy mountain to the rocky Adriatic coast. A British officer greeted them with brandy and chocolate bars to sustain them, while a single rowboat took them, a few at a time, out to a waiting launch. It was past midnight when the launch, with muffled motors, headed away from Albania toward Allied-occupied Italy.

THE END

AMAZING ALIBIS

OFFICIAL CHARGE	LOCALE	DEFENDANT'S STORY
Kicking his wife	1. Baltimore, Md.	When he held up his foot, she ran into it
Panhandling	2. El Centro, Calif.	He was merely "testing men's hearts"
Shooting her husband	3. Memphis, Tenn.	She "must have been dreaming"
Mashing in a theater	4. Newark, N. J.	He had intended to scratch his own knee
Resisting an officer	5. Malden, Mass.	The officer didn't say "please"
Drunkenness	6. Perry, N. Y.	"It's my hobby"

W. E. FARBSTEIN

The Week's Work

W. G. Hardy

WHEN writers tell us they've been so busy they haven't been able to finish that story they promised, we are apt to yawn impolitely, because we know writers. But not Major W. G. Hardy, of the Canadian Army, author of A Man at Twelve, p. 55. When Major Hardy says, "I've been busy," we believe every word of it. He is head of the Department of Classics at the University of Alberta, where he also helps to train an OTC group. He is president of the International Ice Hockey Association of Canada, Great Britain and the United States, a producer of plays at the Edmonton Little Theater, a broadcaster of Behind the Headlines for CBC. He has two daughters and a son, a lieutenant with the Royal Canadian Artillery.

And now he writes, "Had hoped to get at that story before now, but have been rushed. . . . Was just put on a committee to revise our provincial high-school system and, in addition, my daughter, Helen, got herself married—to an R.A.F. lad. . . . Tonight seemed a good time to write, but three guests are here, and three others are just coming in the door—so it looks as if it will be no go. . . ." All the same, on the theory that a busy man gets things done, we're expecting another Hardy story any day now.

AFTER a tour of duty in the Mediterranean war zone, Correspondent Frank Gervasi is back in Collier's New York office, and he says he feels ten years older than when he left here almost a year ago. (He never looked better in his life.)

Gervasi feels no pangs about the wreckage in Italy. "I can't feel sympathy for people who wouldn't fight against what they knew was wrong. The Italians didn't believe in Fascism at the start. They shrugged and said, 'It will pass.' But when Fascism began to bring victories, they cheerfully jumped on Mussolini's band wagon. So long as they thought the Axis would win, they were all for the Axis. Now, because they think we're going to win, they're for us. Okay. But they can't expect sympathy when we have to blow up their houses."

All of this, Gervasi says, applies to the upper and middle classes, not to the nonpolitical, hard-working peasants. "I have seen peasants go back to their farms right behind the battle front and set to work plowing fields where they knew there might be land mines. And I have seen them plow into land mines and be blown to pieces. The peasants are the ones who will rebuild the country."

Gervasi's return completed his second trip around the world. He has spent more than ten years reporting in foreign countries. He has stayed pretty healthy all the time, he says, except for attacks of dengue or breakbone fever, bronchitis and pleurisy. He never contracted the malaria that blights the life of many soldiers and correspondents, but he did develop tooth decay from taking so much quinine and atabrine to ward off tropical ills.

He has learned to travel light, and he can pack an exact 55 pounds in less than an hour's time. He always discards ten pounds before he starts back to America, leaving that much room for presents. This time he brought his wife a beautiful carnelian, bought in Cairo and mounted in gold by an Italian goldsmith in Caserta.

Gervasi is working on a new book, the story of the Eighth Army, "the finest single army in the world."

YOU'LL be as close to the heart of Nazi Germany as you'll ever want to get when you read Report from Germany, by Oscar Jacobi (p. 11). Jacobi holds the advantageous position, from a news point of view, of Berlin correspondent for a Swedish newspaper. As a neutral newspaperman, he can do for us what American correspondents cannot now do: bring us firsthand information about the enemy at home. It took a series of cables from us in New York to various people in Stockholm to reach Jacobi and engage him to write the article. We are indebted to George Axelsson, Swedish correspondent of the New York Times, for his help.

WE HAVE another Canadian contributor in Theodore Goodridge Roberts, author of He Set the Horns Ablowing, p. 12. He started selling to magazines at age 13, doing his writing in the sprawling gardens of the Fredericton, New Brunswick, rectory where he was born. "The gardens were an inspiration," he says, "with room enough for big trees, rabbit hutches, vegetables, strawberry beds and raspberry jungles."

Theodore Goodridge Roberts

PAUL HORSDAL

Fiction took a real hold on him while he was convalescing from "a case of badly mixed fevers," acquired while he was war-corresponding in Cuba with Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders. He went to Newfoundland to recuperate, "and stayed and stayed, writing of fairies, fishermen, mermaids, willow grouse and herds of deer." After service in World War I, he returned to Canada and wrote 13 books. . . . A. P.

Report from Germany

Continued from page 11

"One or more unimportant outworks have had to be sacrificed for strategic reasons," he will proclaim, "but the center fortress, Germany itself, still holds firm."

Apart from the fact that the Himmler organization is there to see that the home front accepts this argument whether it likes to or not, even France, the Low Countries and (more so) the Balkans are too far away for the presence of Allied troops there to worry the average German at home much. Only with the Russians on the Vistula and the Anglo-Saxons on the Rhine would he grasp the situation fully. Knowing this, Goebbels can stick to his "Fortress" metaphor with its "outworks," writing off an Allied invasion action against Norway or the Balkans as happenings on the perimeter.

When Rommel moved the wrong way in North Africa, it was one of those insignificant happenings on the perimeter. Only when he stood at the gates of Alexandria was the desert war declared in Berlin to be of prime importance, a link in the push to India to meet the Jap. The Wilhelmstrasse made much of the Indian quisling Chandra Bose in those days, only to open the trapdoor on him as soon as it became evident that the German-Jap handshake in India had to be deferred indefinitely.

A Program for Propaganda

With this elasticity of Goebbels in mind, I have misjudged the Nazi propaganda chief badly if he doesn't present a successful Allied landing in France as unimportant and doesn't use an alibi like blaming the French Partisans and accusing the Vichyites of double-crossing and so forth.

Meanwhile, the German people have heard for so long that the "Atlantic Wall" is impregnable, that some must believe it, and others, at least, regard it as a difficult task for the Allies to penetrate it. The Berlin correspondents of neutral newspapers repeatedly during recent years were invited on junkets to inspect France and its fortifications and to attend German military parades in Paris. Some have also been taken on similar trips to Belgium and Holland while the Jap newspaper correspondents and others from the vassal states were permitted to visit the defense installations in Denmark and Norway, a privilege so far denied to neutral newsmen. Reserves stand ready in the Palatinate now declared a military *"Sperrzon"* as it was just prior to the start of the German campaign against the Low Countries and France in May of 1940. These troops will be thrown into the fray if the regular troops assigned to defend the Atlantic Wall should waver.

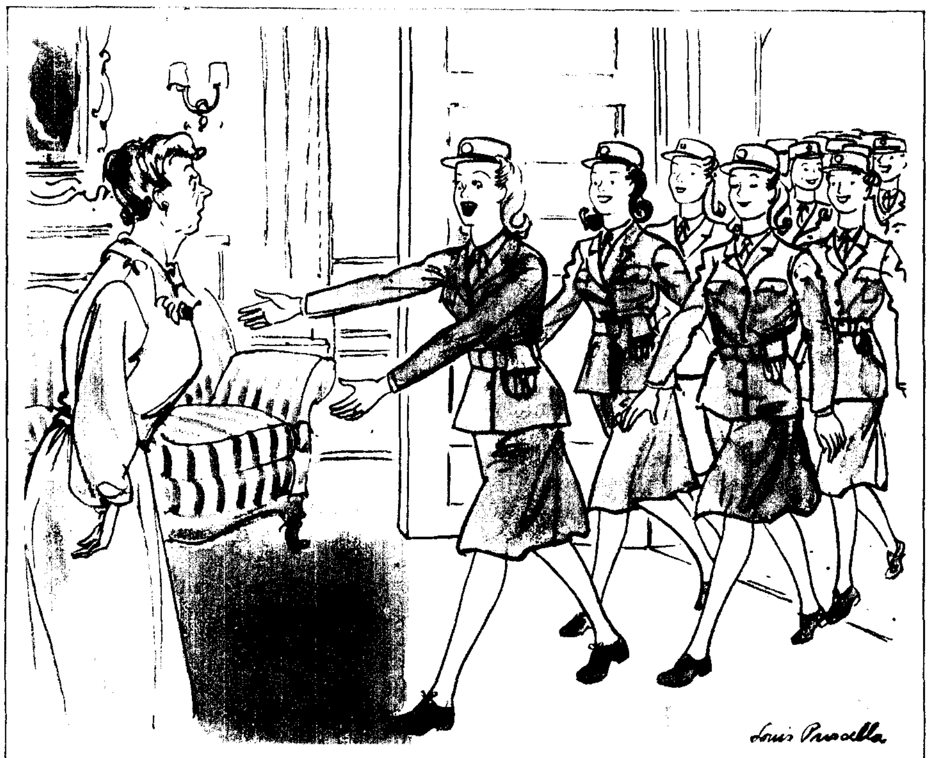
The moment the Allied chiefs touch the first invasion button, the immediate concern of the Nazi chiefs will be to prevent the spread of unrest expected in the occupied countries to the Reich proper, especially to the millions of foreign workers imported against their will to slave in German war factories. It will be the task of the SS to crush any uprising at home.

There is much talk in Nazi circles that the moment of invasion has been chosen by the Nazis for the employment of their "secret weapons" against invasion troops and against bases in England. This may just be a morale builder, but, from what I have heard, I wouldn't be surprised if the Nazis resort to gas in an attempt to stem the invasion.

If the Allies gain a foothold in France, the Nazis would become desperate, from all I know about them, and not care a tinker's dam if gas proved a two-edged sword turned by the Allies against the Reich population in retaliation. But, gas or no gas, I want to warn against the notion that the German coastal defenses will collapse like the walls of Jericho, and that Nazi talk of retaliation for Allied air raids is so much propaganda wind.

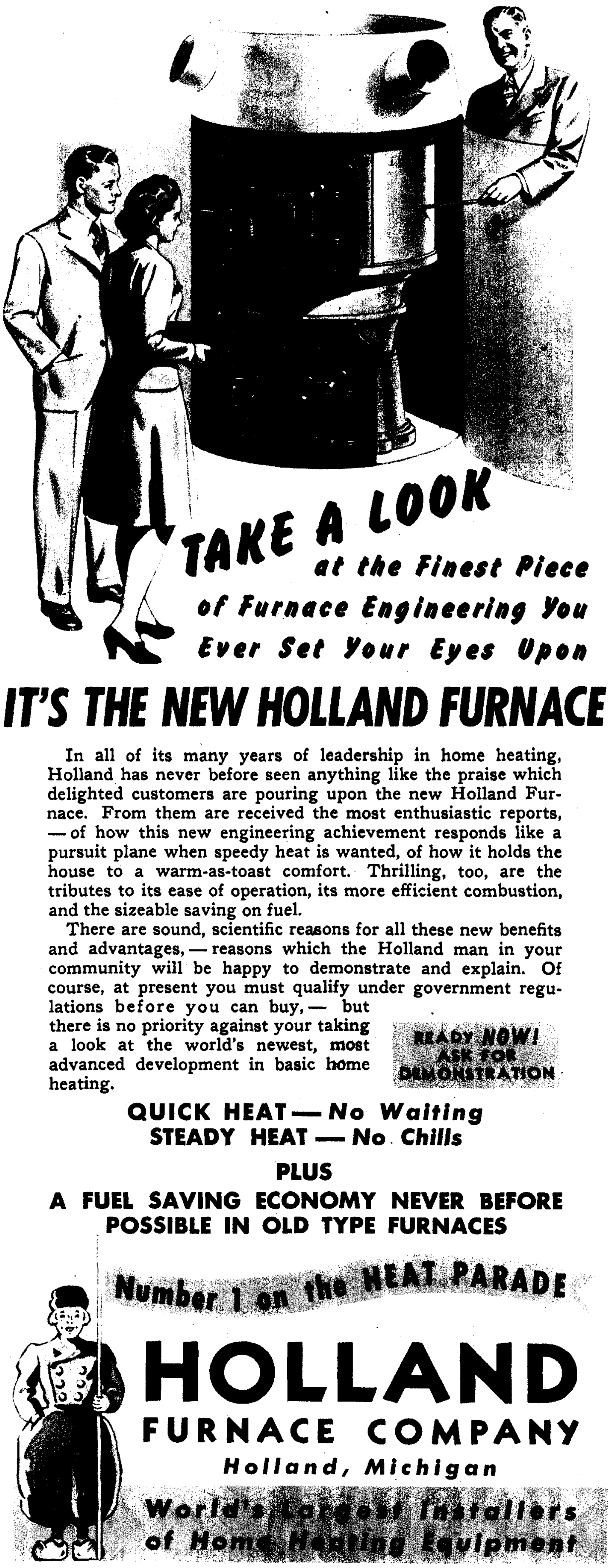
The Nazis know the war is about their existence and they will do their utmost to survive. Moreover, I believe that Goering purposely kept back whatever remains of his Luftwaffe to be staked against England when the moment of invasion arrives.

Goebbels' present propaganda notwithstanding, the German man in the street worries more over the approach of the Russian armies than about the invasion from the West. Stalin's armies are already deep inside the eastern "Outworks of Fortress Europe." If Stalin gets to Germany first, the Germans dread the revenge which will follow. The communiqués of the Wehrmacht High Command boast about the wanton destruction carried out in the path of retreat. Thus, try



"Hello, Mother! We're having week-end guests who have learned to take care of themselves"

COLLIER'S LOUIS PRISCILLA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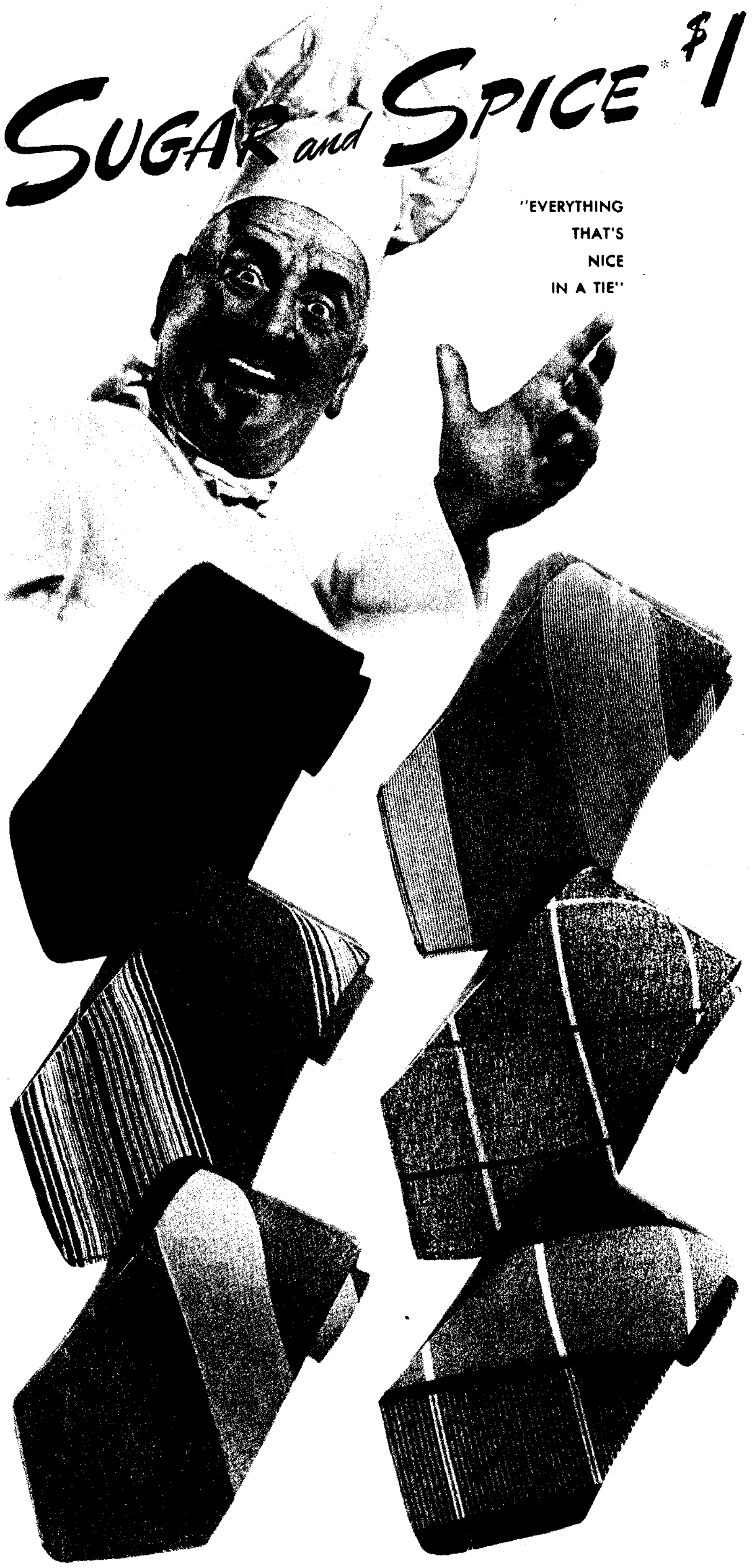
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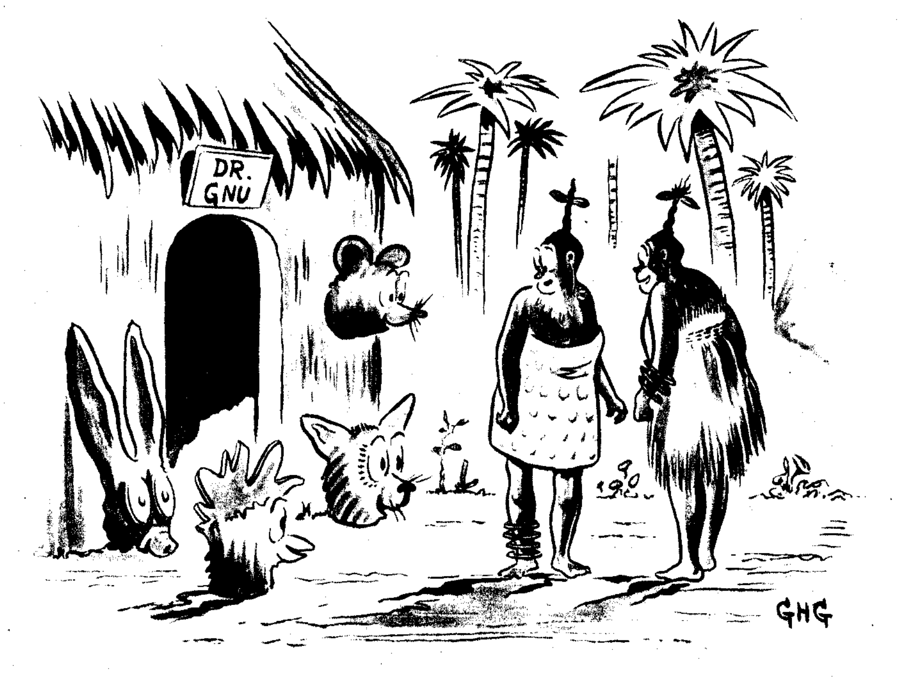
SUPERBA Cravats
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



"My husband specializes in children's ailments"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

as he will to paint a successful Allied invasion as the final catastrophe, Goebbels can never convince his countrymen that it is anything but a light summer breeze compared to the tornado of a Russian occupation.

To understand rightly the present mood and attitude of the majority of Germans, it is necessary to take into account the effect of the Allied air raids, especially on the populations of the cities, and that Nazi scare propaganda regarding: What's going to happen to Germany and the Germans if we lose the war? Here it is useful to know that the Allied discussion on the treatment of a defeated Germany has been a godsend to the demagogue Goebbels, who twists everything around to suit his own purposes.

By all the rules, the German people ought to have reached the point of complete exhaustion, ripe for revolt out of sheer desperation, after what they have gone through in the hail of Allied bombs. Why haven't the Germans revolted long since? Is it because they, contrary to all available proofs, still believe in victory or compromise? Is it that the Germans are exceptionally robust, and are able to absorb more punishment than other nations? Is it the deeply rooted respect the German has for his superiors? Or does it hinge on the Himmler reign of terror?

In a State of Desperation

The German is neither more robust nor better able to stand punishment than other peoples. Save for a minority of Nazis, he no longer believes in a German victory. He has lost his faith in Hitler—a faith which used to border on the religious. Today's German is disillusioned, his demigod has fallen from the pedestal, but he keeps on fighting nevertheless, both at the front and at home. He doesn't do it for the sake of Hitler or the Nazi regime, but he does do it to attempt to save as much as possible of the Germany which (to the simple citizen, after all) means his future, his work and the welfare of his family. He is moved by a sort of desperation born out of disillusions, trials and clever Nazi propaganda.

"Look what our enemies intend to do to you!" shouts the Goebbels' loud-speaker. "If we lose the war, Germany will become an arena for revenge and the orgies of our enemies. They will partition Germany, sending men to slavery in Russia and countries now occupied by us. Foreign troops, Russians, Americans and English will overrun this country and oppress its population for generations to come. Your children will be subjected to compulsory education by strangers, and German culture will be exterminated.

"Our industries will be razed to the ground, millions of workers will be deprived of the opportunity to earn a living for themselves, and their families will be degraded to the status of a starving proletariat in rags, without hope. Jails will be crowded, foreign firing squads will be put to work, and the entire country will be sucked dry by means of reparations, deliveries and forced labor for the benefit of our enemies. All Germans will be reduced to pariahs, starving in heaps of ruins and whipped by foreign masters to perform slave drudgery in their service!"

The people cannot help being impressed by what they hear daily. And Hitler's ominous words, "This war will leave only victors and vanquished," reflect this. Bomb raids have created a new stratum—that of the bombed-out who have nothing more to lose and everything to win. They all carry on through the knowledge that nobody else is better off; everybody is in the same boat. Existence has been simplified to its fundamentals—something to eat and someplace to sleep and security from bombs.

A small minority looks for salvation in the direction of Moscow—the chance to rebuild, under Russian auspices, a Germany capable in due course of exacting revenge on England and the United States. Stalin has been notoriously cautious regarding the postwar treatment of Germany. He has even made a positive statement saying that it is impossible and undesirable to eradicate Germany and all its military machine, and has never been guilty of such unbalanced outbursts against the German people as Hitler has toward Germany's enemies. None of this escaped notice in certain Reich circles, nor the circumstance that the Moscow Committee of Free Germans is strongly peppered with army officers.

The Nazi leaders have long ago realized that the war is lost, just as they understand it won't be possible to split the Allies on the only issue counting now—that of defeating Germany and crushing the Nazi regime.

By unprecedented ruthlessness and holding up the specter of enemy retribution, the Nazis so far have been able to hold the population in check. But the day is bound to come when even the Nazi leaders must confess their inability to handle the home situation any longer. That will be the signal for the Nazis to play their last card—liquidation of all persons who would benefit from having survived the

Third Reich, who are suspected of intention to collaborate in building up a Fourth Reich, or of turning renegade to save their own skins.

Guided by black lists already established, the Gestapo and SS will then stage a night of Saint Bartholomew of their own. It's also just about certain that Heinrich Himmler and Martin Bormann reckoned with the possibility of civil war and revolts among the foreign slave laborers. In fact, the Schutzstaffel long ago took measures to suppress such uprisings.

By this time, most of the people probably have heard tales about the SS having converted suitable strategically located residential houses in most cities in Germany into camouflaged fortresses. Well, the stories are true. I have seen some of these with my own eyes. In Berlin alone, there are several hundred of them.

Equally true were stories about the fight between Himmler and Goering over the former's demand for the establishment of a special SS air force. Himmler lost out—he still hasn't any air force. What he wanted then, as an officer friend of mine attached to Hitler's headquarters told me, was Fieseler Storch planes, like autogiros capable of taking off and landing almost vertically and hovering about in the air; in other words, ideal for directing operations against rioters.

I also reflect the opinion of enlightened quarters in Germany when I predict that anarchy and everybody's war against everybody else will follow close on the overthrow of the Nazis unless the army takes an immediate stand to restore order. I may be accused of overstatement, but, on the contrary, I feel that no words are too strong to depict the calamity that will befall large parts of the German population if the Nazis get time to carry out their spite vengeance—a Himmler version of the Wagnerian Twilight of the Gods.

The Nazis have sworn to go down in terror and frightfulness—and they will. There is nothing on which to base a hope that the Nazi regime can be ended decently as long as the Nazi slogan is Madame Pomapdour's: "After us, the deluge."

Whatever happens, there will be survivors on both sides of the fence. As for the Nazi survivors, one part will pass underground, and another will try to look like innocent victims of the Nazi regime. Even now the ranks of potential renegades are swelling, and I could cite a dozen cases out of my acquaintances among the middle brackets of Nazi officialdom who I know entertain hopes of a job with the Fourth Reich and have accordingly grown very lax regarding their Party affiliation, wearing Party badges and uniforms only when they absolutely have to.

The Day of Reckoning

After the regime collapses, it will be hard to tell who is who, to separate tiger from titmouse. The Nazis will take care to burn the Party archives, and every last one of the Party's millions of fair-weather friends will act like martyrs who have suffered the regime only at pistol point.

To sum up, dominating in the Reich today, after four and a half years of war, are the triple threats: the Russian offensive, the Allied air raids and the invasion. The mind of the average German is filled with ugly forebodings about the consequences of German defeat. His attitude toward the Nazi regime is one of contempt. He cannot revolt for lack of weapons, nor will he for fear that the cure will prove worse than the disease. All he can do is wait and, while waiting, hope the lightning won't strike his particular back yard.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

STORIES about the operation of the Civil Air Patrol keep drifting in. You will remember that in the beginning it was an organization of civilian pilots who stood to be grounded for the duration unless they made themselves valuable to the war effort. There is nothing more hardy or determined than a civilian pilot who wants to fly, unless it's two of them.

They organized to fight the submarines and do courier work and the like, and they did such a whale of a job that the Office of War Information devoted a whole report to them. Then they got their wings clipped. The enemy submarines began disappearing too fast, and when the CAP asked the War Department for some more jobs to do, it was no dice. But the War Department reckoned without the ingenuity of the civilian pilots. They organized the CAP Cadets.

They take kids between the ages of 15 and 17 and teach them all there is to know about aviation except the actual flying. There are classes in navigation, meteorology, engine and aircraft construction and the rest of the ground curriculum, and when the students show up as candidates for the Enlisted Reserve, they know the answers. The cadet program is such a roaring success, and youngsters are applying for training in such numbers, that even the CAP officials are dumfounded.

CAP emergency courier work is old hat by this time. We were in the organization's national headquarters the other day when a report came in, telling about how an electrical manufacturing plant in Mansfield, Ohio, had been saved from shutting down production on a war order through the timely intervention of a CAP plane. One morning, the plant exhausted its stock of a certain essential part. The manager called the CAP. The CAP called Baltimore on the telephone. By midafternoon, a plane had delivered a supply of the parts, despite a delay caused by a snowstorm encountered at Pittsburgh.

That was pretty wonderful, we said.

"Shucks," said a CAP officer. "That's nothing. They had an airport to land on to deliver the stuff. The boys don't really get a kick out of courier flights unless they have to drop their cargo by parachute."

ONE morning you are going to read in your paper about Allied airplanes flying higher than airplanes in combat work ever have flown before, and you will know that one reason they were able to do it rests in a funny substance that looks like butter. A lot of things, including oxygen equipment and altitude-protected engine ignition and radio accouterments have to be just right before an airplane can pass 30,000 feet and begin pushing 40,000. The grease in such things as machine-gun turrets and the pulleys for the control cables running to the ailerons, rudder and elevators has to be just right, too.

The armed services took the problem to the oil companies, and Standard Oil of New Jersey went into a huddle with its laboratory technicians. Pretty soon they came out with what they called Beacon Lubricant M-285. What it's made of is a secret, but it stood up under temperatures of 150° Fahrenheit (for Africa and the South Pacific, for instance) and 60° below zero (for high altitudes). Now this butterlike grease has gone through the laboratory again and come out even better. It will stand more, especially in low thermometer readings. It's being shipped to the fighting fronts now. Watch the communiqués. . . .

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Recipe

Treet Macaroni

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Here's a real banquet . . . on a ration-point budget! A big, steaming casserole of cubed Treet and Macaroni . . . topped with delicious brown Treet slices!

1 can Armour's Treet
¼ cup Cloverbloom Butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
1 tsp. salt
2¼ cups milk
½ lb. grated Cloverbloom Cheese
1 tbsp. grated onion
½ cup chopped green pepper
8 oz. macaroni

Cut four slices off loaf of Treet and dice the remainder. Melt butter or margarine, blend in flour and salt. Add milk gradually and stir until thick. Add cheese and onion and stir until cheese is melted. Add green pepper, diced Treet and macaroni that has been cooked in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Place in casserole and bake in 350° F. oven for 60 minutes. In last 15 minutes of cooking time, arrange Treet slices on top of macaroni and finish baking. 4 generous servings.

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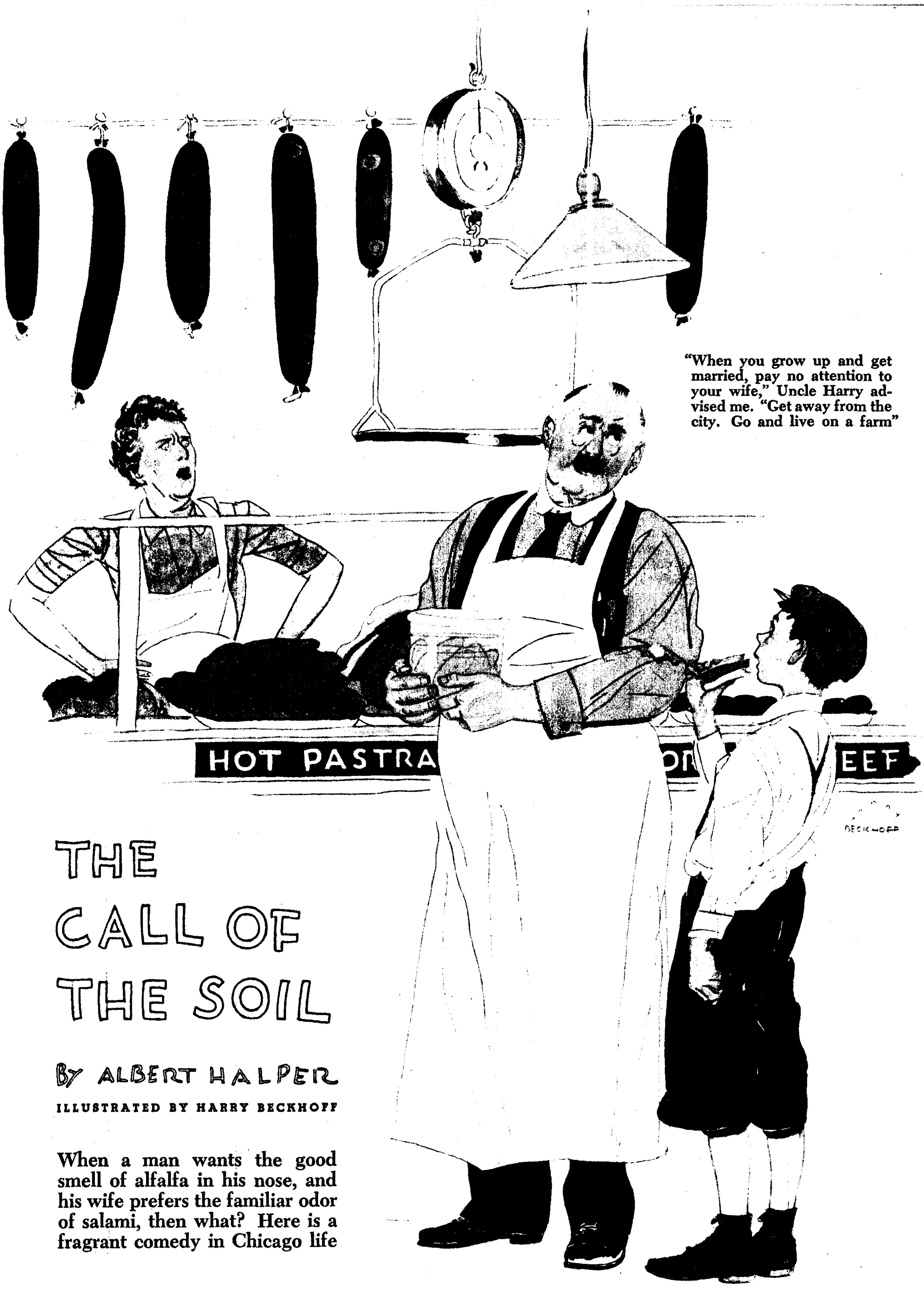

"When you grow up and get married, pay no attention to your wife," Uncle Harry advised me. "Get away from the city. Go and live on a farm"

THE CALL OF THE SOIL

By ALBERT HALPER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

When a man wants the good smell of alfalfa in his nose, and his wife prefers the familiar odor of salami, then what? Here is a fragrant comedy in Chicago life

EVERY time spring rolled around, my uncle Harry poked his nose out the front door of his delicatessen, sniffed the air and shouted to his wife behind the counter:

"Soon it will be summer. If only I could spend the rest of my years in the country and live the life of a farmer!"

This spring it was no different. Streetcars and trucks roaring down Kedzie Avenue made so much noise that my skinny aunt could not hear her husband's words.

"Speak louder. What did you say?"

With his nose still out the front door, Uncle Harry replied with a bellow, "Summer is coming and, in the city, it's a dog's life! I want to die a farmer!"

"Why die?" his wife shrieked. "You're only fifty-two! If God is willing you'll live another thirty years yet!"

"You don't understand, Irma! I don't want to die, I want to be a farmer!" Uncle Harry closed the door and came inside near the corned beef and pastrami, a wistful look flooding his eyes. Outside, the traffic pounded by. "You don't understand," he repeated. "I have the soul of a farmer, and the country keeps calling me. It's true I've lived in Chicago for the past thirty years, but back in the old country, when I was a youth, I had the smell of the good soil in my nostrils all the time." He sniffed the hot corned beef and steaming sides of pastrami distastefully. "I've got farmer blood in me, not city blood!"

His wife, who had listened to similar speeches every spring, argued: "But times have changed; you now own a delicatessen." She meant, in other words: Don't be a dreamer!

MY UNCLE Harry, a big, tired man with a large nose and hairs sprouting out of his ears, shuffled behind the counter as the door opened and a customer came in. "Good morning, Mrs. Mosskin. How are you on this terribly fine day?"

"Wonderful," Mrs. Mosskin answered warmly. "Give me twenty cents' corned beef, from the middle cut. An hour ago I planted celery, string beans and radish seed in my back yard."

Uncle Harry gripped a sharp knife and began slicing, his lips curling down at the corners. "In the back yard? On the breast of Mother Nature a back yard is just a pimple. A farmer would spit on such a half inch of ground."

"Don't pay any attention to my husband," his wife shouted. "He talks like that every spring. It's nothing."

Uncle Harry scowled darkly, wrapping up the dripping slices of corned beef. He rang up the sale, giving change. "Thank you," he said glumly. When the customer had departed he turned to me. I had been standing near the counter all the time, eating the hot-dog sandwich he had given me five minutes ago.

"When you finish school and grow up and get married, pay no attention to your wife," he advised me. "Get away from the city, go and live on a farm."

"Yes, sir," I said, chewing on the hot-dog.

"Live the wonderful life of a farmer, close to nature. Drink milk fresh from the cows and breathe the unpolluted air."

"Yes, sir," I repeated.

"Don't stay in the city," he roared. "The city is no place for a civilized man."

"What are you saying to him?" my aunt cried. "He's only a boy. What ideas are you putting into his head?"

"Not ideas, but sense. If I was a man, I'd sell this store tomorrow and buy a farm."

My aunt looked frightened. Every year Uncle Harry made speeches against the city, but this spring there was an ominous note in his voice.

"Harry, don't get excited! What is, is! Don't beat your head against the wall!"

My uncle said nothing.

THAT night Aunt Irma came over to our house and, full of agitation, began talking excitedly to my mother and father:

"He has the fever again this year, only it's worse than ever. It's terrible to listen to him. This time he wants *to give up the store* and buy a farm. A *farm!* He's crazy." She turned to my father. "He is your brother-in-law, talk to him. When I married him twenty-five years ago, did I expect him to turn out like this?"

My parents listened to my aunt shouting. Uncle Harry was my mother's brother but my aunt kept talking to my father. The inference was that in a case like this only a man could talk to her husband and knock some sense into his head. My father, however, didn't want to get mixed up in it.

"It's a complicated business," he began, trying to edge out of it.

"Why, what's complicated about it?" my aunt cried. "We slaved hard for eight years on Kedzie Avenue, working up a good delicatessen trade, and now he wants to be a farmer. It's not complicated, it's simple. All you have to do is to talk to him. He'll listen to you. He respects you."

"I don't know," my father said. "I don't know." He was still trying to get out of it when the doorbell rang. "Dave, go and see who it is."

"I ran to the front door and let in Uncle Beryl, the joker, and short, fat Uncle Jake, the hatter, with their wives.

"Excuse us for not phoning first," cried Uncle Beryl, "but we wanted to surround you with happiness. Sometimes relatives are like hailstones—they come as a surprise."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Uncle Jake. "I wish I could think that fast."

As they began taking off their coats and hats, Aunt Irma turned and shouted to them. "I'm in trouble. My husband has got the fever again. It's spring and he wants to give up the delicatessen and go and live on a farm."

"Why, what's wrong with a farm?" asked Uncle Beryl, the joker, settling himself on a chair without bothering to see if his wife was seated or not. "Farms are

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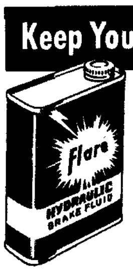

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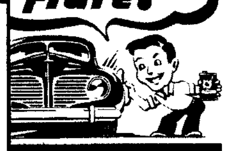

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very important in our economic system. They perform a wonderful function of nature."

"Listen to him," Aunt Irma shrieked. "He wants my husband to ruin himself and leave his wife."

"A nation without farms is a desert," stated Uncle Beryl. "It means imports instead of exports, and that's a very complicated thing."

"Bring in a couple more chairs," my father told me. "And while you're in the kitchen, put the teakettle on to boil—the big one."

"Listen to him," shrieked my aunt. "We slaved for eight years on Kedzie Avenue and he talks about imports and exports."

"He's merely referring to economics," put in Uncle Jake thoughtfully, adjusting his stomach as he sat on the chair I brought him. "I don't know the figures, but the United States is a great agricultural country. I'll ask my boy Irwin when I get home. He'll know."

Hearing all this scientific conversation, my mother looked worried. From the first she had been on Aunt Irma's side.

"I'm a woman so I can't understand all this," she said politely, "but it's no joke."

"Who's joking?" asked Uncle Beryl, his eyebrows shooting up to meet his hairline. "Agriculture feeds the nation. There's beans, beets, corn, potatoes, squash and heaven knows what else. Believe me, getting all those vegetables out of the ground is no joke."

"Not to speak of spinach and melons," reminded Uncle Jake sagely.

"Yes, thank you," said Uncle Beryl. "The list could go on indefinitely."

THE conversation went on like this for fifteen minutes. I thought it was wonderful. Aunt Irma was so mixed up she looked like a top being spun around. Finally she began weeping.

"Enough of figures and science! I am an ignorant woman! But I want to hold my family together! I'm going crazy! What shall I do?"

The tone of the conversation changed at once. As my mother brought in hot cups of tea with side dishes of sliced lemon accompanied by slabs of homemade cake, Uncle Beryl hitched his chair closer to the table.

"The problem before us," he said, "is to keep Harry from wrecking his financial status. As I see it, my brother-in-law Harry is a sick man. Not physically sick. But he has, let us say, a slight mental condition. It's up to us to cure him."

Again he glanced around. Everybody, including myself, was impressed with his scientific approach. "Therefore," he concluded, "we have to *show* him what a big fool he is. Psychologically, that is. No man wants to be called a fool to his face."

"But how?" cried Aunt Irma in anguish. "If you only knew how I don't sleep nights! How?"

Uncle Beryl thought a while. "Well, humor him a little. For instance, if he starts to shout that he wants to go to the country, pamper him. Say, 'Yes, it must be wonderful in the country now.' Then, in a little while, add, 'Why don't you take a walk in Douglas Park and see the trees and the grass?' When he goes to the park that will take most of his steam away."

"And, in the meantime, who's going to stay with me in the store?" Aunt Irma cried. "My feet hurt—it takes two to run our delicatessen!"

For some reason or other everybody at this point looked at me.

"Why can't Dave help out his aunt after school?" asked Uncle Jake, the hatter. "He's a smart boy."

My parents glanced at me. In their eyes was a look which telegraphed, "Anything to keep Uncle Harry from ruining his life!"

"I don't know how to cut corned beef or pastrami," I said.

Aunt Irma was already grasping at anything. "I'll cut the meat, you sell the pickles, bread and mustard." She added quickly: "And I'll give you *fifteen cents* an afternoon for helping me in the store."

Well, that's how I got to be a part-time delicatessen clerk, working after school. The very next day I put on one of Uncle Harry's long white aprons, which dragged around my ankles as I moved behind the counter.

"Dave wants to earn some spending money to buy a baseball," my aunt explained to her husband. "So I told him he could work here a few hours after school."

"How much does a baseball cost?" my uncle asked me.

"About seventy-five cents," I said. "But a big-league baseball costs a dollar and a half."

"Here," said my uncle, going to the cash register, "here's a dollar and a half. I don't want any boy to be slaving in a delicatessen store."

Before he had a chance to open the cash drawer my aunt cried out, "Is that the way to act? He doesn't want charity. He has his pride."

My uncle looked at me. "Have you pride?"

I hung my head. "Yes, sir."

"All right," he said. "I'm disappointed in you. You can work in this terrible delicatessen store."

A woman came into the store to buy two pickles and three onion rolls. I ran to wait on her and almost tripped over the bottom of my apron. When she was gone my uncle said:

"Don't run; walk. You'll live longer. Besides, are you going to a fire? No, you're just selling pickles and bread to a customer!"

I didn't rush so much when the next customer came into the store for a pound of potato salad. Still, I was pretty fast. After an hour or so my uncle, looking at me, then at the slabs of meat steaming on the counter, shouted:

"It's a dog's life, I say! When I smell those hunks of cooking meat I want to break down the shelves!"

"Harry, Harry," cried his wife. "Calm yourself, don't get excited! We're lucky people, we own a store, we're making a living!"

Uncle Harry snorted. "A living? A horse makes a living too, dragging a wagon. No, I was meant for a farm!"

My aunt did not argue with him. Uncle Harry looked at her and shouted, "I repeat, there's only one civilized way of living—"

A CUSTOMER opened the door and came in for a pound of herring. When the customer left, my aunt turned to her husband. Her voice was actually soft:

"Harry, you may be right. There's something in what you say. I've been thinking it's not good for you to be cooped up in the delicatessen all the time."

My uncle was flabbergasted. He didn't know what to make of it. *His wife was not arguing with him.* His jaw hung down.

"Harry," my aunt continued, "why don't you take a little walk?"

"Where?"

"In Douglas Park."

"In the park!" my uncle roared. "Is that a place to walk, where the grass is trimmed daily and every flower has to be tickled by a gardener before it'll grow?"

My aunt was patient; she dropped the subject diplomatically. But a few afternoons later, when the warm spring sunshine was coming through the delicatessen windows, she began again: "Harry, why don't you go out for a walk for a half hour? It's so nice this afternoon?"

My uncle threw his wife a scathing look. "In the park?"

"Yes," she replied, "it's nice there. Look, if you move some cans of tomatoes

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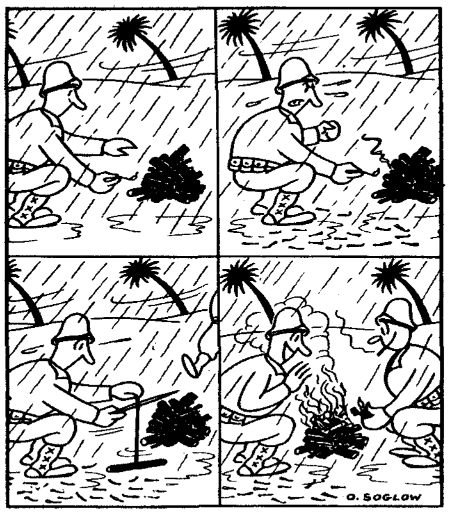

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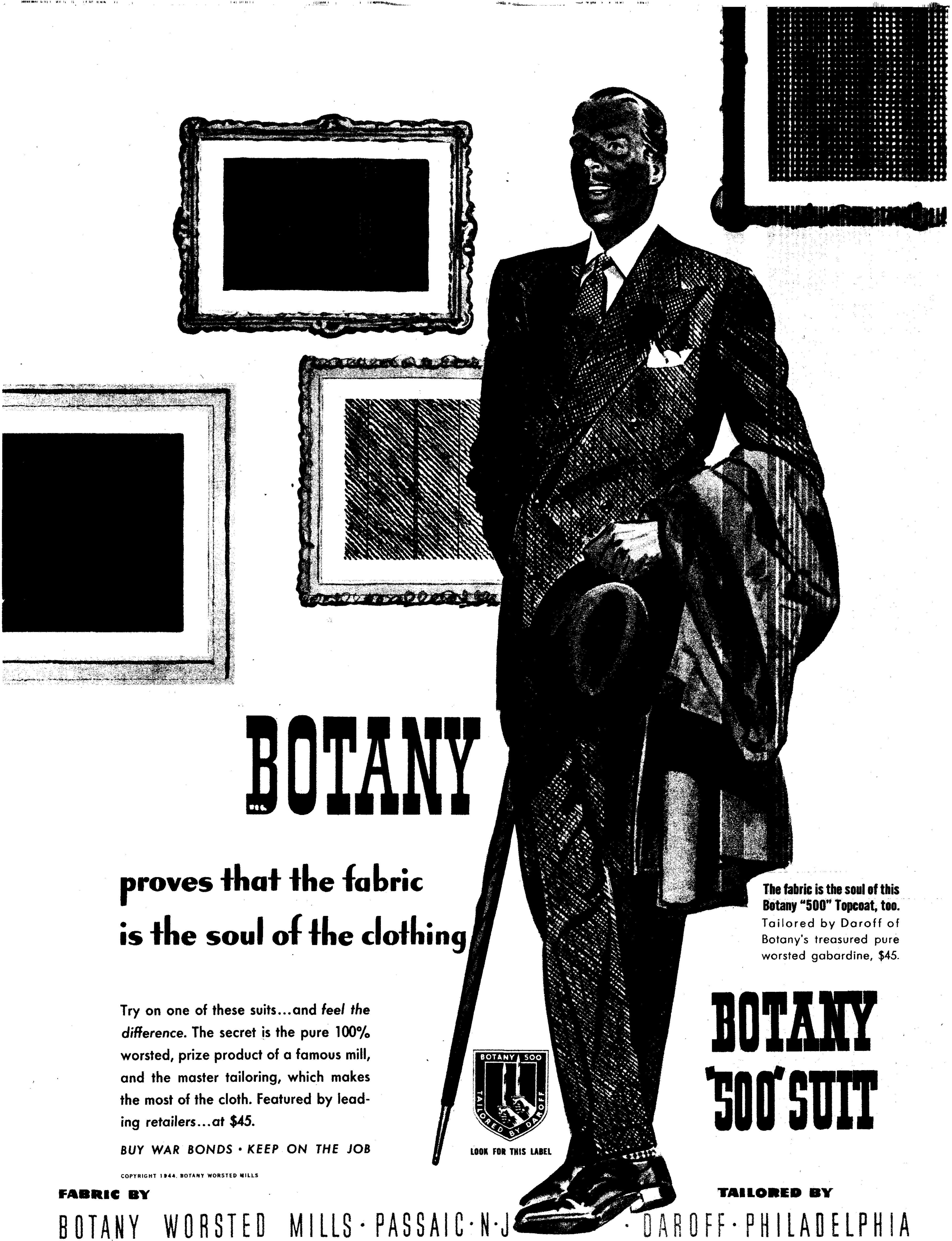

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and stand near this end of the window you can see the trees five streets away."

My uncle wrapped himself up in his dignity and said nothing. His wife coaxed him a bit more, and finally I went over to the point where she had asked her husband to stand. Aunt Irma was right. By taking a position near the extreme end of one of the windows and peering past a big crock of pickles you could look east on Fifteenth Street and see the green tips of the trees five blocks away in Douglas Park.

"Can you see the trees?" my uncle asked me.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He said nothing. A half hour later, stating that he was going to the corner to buy a newspaper, he put on his hat and coat and went out. My aunt smiled to herself—a small, secretive smile of victory.

My aunt's triumph was of short duration. It lasted an hour, in fact. When Uncle Harry returned he was smiling; he looked like a man who has seen the promised land.

"Irma, I took your advice. I walked in the park. The park is a fake, of course; it's a product of our artificial city culture. But it did something wonderful to me."

"What?" My aunt was hanging breathlessly on his words.

"It made up my mind! As soon as the weather gets a little warmer, I'm going out to the country and buy a farm!"...

That night all my relatives met at our house and held a council of war. Uncle Beryl talked about his brother-in-law's "mental condition" and "neurosis," but his scientific phraseology did not impress the others with the weight of its former authoritative impact.

It was fat Uncle Jake, the hatter, who finally hit on a plan.

"I've got it," he cried. "In a few weeks, when the warm weather starts, we'll send our nature-mad brother-in-law out to the country, but only for a vacation. That'll settle everything. We'll send him away for two weeks and when he returns he'll have it out of his system."

"Where will we send him?" my mother asked.

"Where everybody goes! To Benton Harbor where the cooking is good, or to South Haven, Michigan, where the borscht is excellent!"

Everybody began speaking at once. It was simple. Why hadn't they thought of it before?

BUT the next few days proved that the solution wasn't so simple. First of all, Uncle Harry didn't want to go "where everybody went."

"Those places are summer resorts, not farms! People go there to eat all day and play cards all night! It's the city moved to the country, with all the city vices! They even serve pickles and potato salad for supper! No, I want to live on a real farm!"

Aunt Irma again was near a nervous breakdown. June was drawing near now and Uncle Harry wouldn't be budged. Next week, he said, he'd insert an advertisement in the paper to sell the delicatessen and then he'd hunt for a farm.

Suddenly and dramatically a piece of good fortune came my aunt's way. There was a customer named Mr. Kelly who, twice a week, walked all the way from Harrison Street to the store to buy my uncle's good corned beef. Mr. Kelly had been buying meat in the store for over three years. The shops on Harrison Street, he stated, carried an inferior grade of corned beef. "Why, it's like eating sole leather," he said of the Harrison Street meat. One afternoon Mr. Kelly came in and bought four pounds of corned beef, saying he was taking it out to eat over the week end at his brother's farm.

"A real farm?" my aunt asked excitedly.

"Why, yes."

"Your brother has chickens, cows and goats there?"

"He has chickens and cows but I don't think he has any goats."

Uncle Harry was in the back room sipping tea so my aunt could speak freely.

"Do you think, Mr. Kelly, your brother would take a boarder for two weeks? A paying boarder?"

"I don't know. He needs the money. I guess he would. I'll ask him over the week end."

My aunt was so nervous and happy she gave Mr. Kelly an extra half pound of corned beef free of charge.

The next week end Uncle Harry was packing his grip. It had all been arranged. Uncle Harry was a fair man; he had agreed not to put the advertisement in the paper until he returned. "I'll be back in two weeks," he said happily, placing shirts, drawers and work pants in his battered cardboard suitcase. "I hope you manage with the store."

"Dave will help me. I'll manage. If you like it there, stay three weeks, four weeks. You need a good rest."

"I can't wait until I get there." His big nose quivered. "I want to smell the good soil." And ten minutes later, locking his cardboard suitcase and hastily kissing his wife, he was on his way to the railroad station.

My aunt drew a long sigh after her husband had departed. The store had been saved. My school term was over and I'd be able to help her in the store for two weeks, three weeks or even longer. She turned to me happily, saying: "Are you thirsty? Go behind the counter and drink a bottle of pop, any color you like." Smiling, she looked ten years younger.

I worked hard all afternoon and evening, waiting on customers. I performed my duties so faithfully behind the counter that I drew forth the praises of my aunt. The next morning, when I reported for work, she was still all smiles.

"If you're hungry at noon," she told me, "you can have a piece of pie."

I needed no further prodding and, when my aunt wasn't looking, I stuffed myself with pie, hot-dogs, corned beef, pickles and soda pop all day long. I was working hard for my wages, wasn't I? And, besides, my aunt had given me the green go-ahead traffic light, I told myself. Her good humor still held out the second day and I looked forward to gormandizing on delicatessen fare for the next two or three weeks at least.

THE thunderclap came—on the fourth morning just as we opened the store. Uncle Harry returned.

We couldn't believe our eyes.

He came up the street after living on the farm for three days, sunburned to a crisp, dragging his bulging cardboard suitcase, walking painfully. My aunt gasped while I stood popeyed at the window. My aunt was the first to speak. She screamed, "What's the matter? Why? What—?"

My uncle set his suitcase down in angry silence. Once in the store he looked more severely burned than ever. His pale city ears, having absorbed the fierce rays of the country sun, had swelled to twice their size, standing out now like freshly boiled baby lobsters.

"Harry!" my aunt shrieked. "You're back so soon? Why?"

My uncle stared at his wife, and in that look was hatred.

"Harry!" my aunt repeated. "It's only three days!"

My uncle finally spoke. "Even three days was enough!" he roared.

"Why? What's the matter?"

Uncle Harry looked at his wife witheringly. "You wouldn't understand. What are you? Only a woman!" That was all he said. Tramping back to the rear of the store, he began unpacking his grip.

My aunt kept at him for two days for an explanation, but Uncle Harry clamped his mouth shut. Once more he stood behind the counter in his long white apron, slicing corned beef and pastrami, hating his work.

Finally, when my aunt had stopped questioning him, he gave out a little information of his own free will.

"Three days of it was enough! I offered to help the farmer plow up a field and I almost broke my back! The sun was like fire! The food was terrible, too! And at night I couldn't sleep—"

"You never had any trouble sleeping in the city," his wife interrupted, alarmed. "Wasn't the air out there healthy?"

"It wasn't a question of health! It was a question of survival! Mosquitoes the size of grasshoppers flew toward my bed when I tried to sleep, and all night long ten thousand crickets outside my window made a sound like motorboats!" Just then three big coal trucks rumbled down the street.

"What's that?" Aunt Irma could not hear. "What?"

"At least here it's quiet!" Uncle Harry shouted. "Here I can sleep!"

When her husband's back was turned Aunt Irma shot me a look of triumph.

Next day I was discharged.

ALL fall and winter my aunt worked happily in the store. I dropped over occasionally. Business was good and Aunt Irma actually began putting on weight. When she came over to our house alone she began to joke about what she called "that former foolishness" of her husband's.

But one day when I was in the store as spring rolled around again, Uncle Harry poked his quivering nose out the front door of the delicatessen, sniffed the air and shouted over his shoulder:

"Irma, soon it will be summer! I've got to get the good smell of the soil in my lungs or I'll die!"

My aunt stiffened as though struck from behind.

"Are you crazy? You went out to a real farm last year and you almost *did* die!"

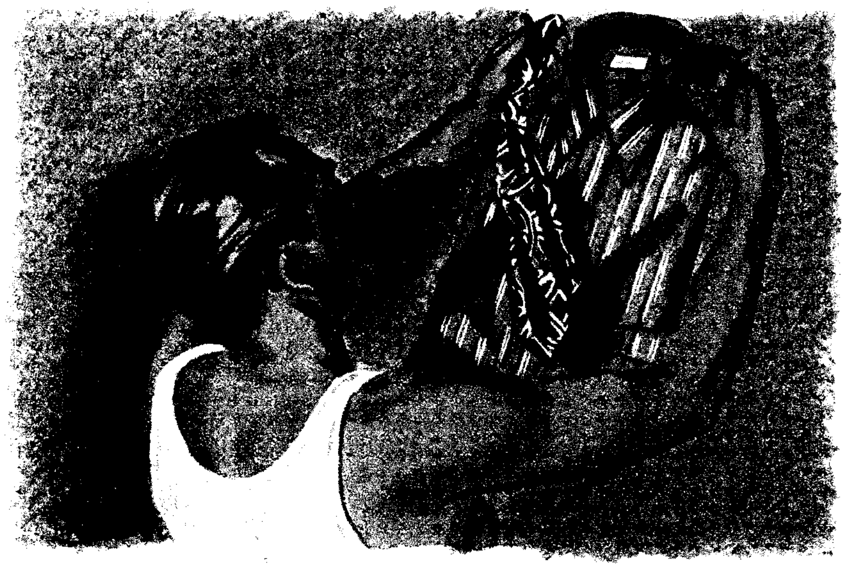
Uncle Harry snorted. "You call that a farm? No, that was just a piece of wilderness! I've been thinking all winter! Tomorrow I'm going to put an advertisement in the newspapers for a farm located in a state where the sun is warm but not hot, and where there are no mosquitoes or crickets!"

Aunt Irma staggered and clutched the counter. As I ran for the smelling salts, I looked over my shoulder. Uncle Harry's face was lighted up like a new electric sign that was guaranteed to throw light for ninety-nine years.

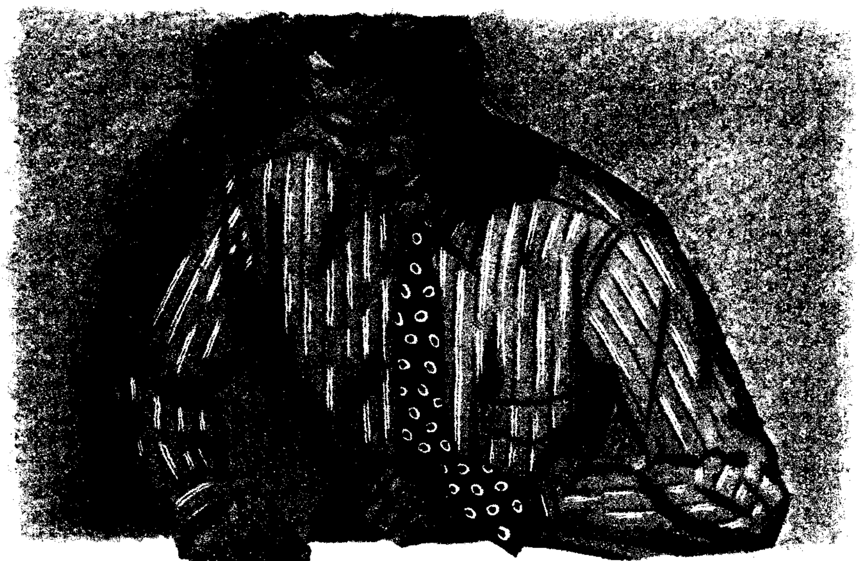
THE END

ANSWERS TO THE PRONUNCIATION TEST ON PAGE 32

1. SALVE	Two syllables, rhyme with ALVy. Same as salvo.
CONSUMMATE	Accent second syllable.
SALVE	Rhyme with valve. Means to salvage.
SALVE	Broad a, rhyme with SLAV.
2. EXPONENT	Accent the PO.
EXTEMPORE	Accent the TEM, sound final e.
INTERESTING	Accent first syllable.
CEREBRUM	Accent first syllable, rhyme with VERy-bum.
3. PANAMA	Accent last syllable with broad a.
GATUN	Accent last syllable TOON, not tun, broad a.
COLON	Accent last syllable with long o, same as Co-LOGNE.
CULEBRA	Accent second syllable with long a sound. (coo-LAY-bra).
4. AVIATRIX	Accent third syllable, rhyme with navy-PAY-tricks.
SPOKANE	Can, not cane.
MIAMI	Make it rhyme with my-MAMmy.
SOLITAIRE	Accent the TARE.
5. BOUILLON	Rhyme with who-YAWN.
RAGOUT	Rhyme with ba-ZOO.
BLANCMANGE	C is silent, accent second syllable, pronounce it blah-MAHNGE (ZH).
LETTUCE	Iss, not us, as in GET-this.
6. BADE	Just plain bad.
MASSAGE	Accent second syllable with zh sound, rhyme with gar-AGE (ZH), or bar-RAGE (ZH).
FLACCID	Flack, not flass.
SWATHE	Rhyme with BATHE.
7. ERA	Long e, rhyme with BEER-ah.
PARTISAN	Accent first syllable, s has z sound.
CONTROVERSIAL	Accent the VER, merge the last two syllables into sh'l, rhyme with HERSCHEL.
CONTUMELY	Accent the first syllable.
8. EQUIPOISE	Accent first syllable with long e.
VILLAIN	Not un or ane but in, rhyme with FILL-in.
QUASHED	This is not squashed but rhymes with it.
ALIAS	Accent first syllable with long a.
9. SWORD	Omit the w, rhyme with board.
BARBARIAN	Second bar like bare.
SIKH	Long e (Seek).
GENOA	Accent first syllable, g like j. JEN-oh-ah.
10. CARILLON	Accent first syllable, pronounce as CARRY-on.
HYMENEAL	Accent the ne, rhyme with stymie-NE-al.
BETROTHED	Rhyme with de-MOTH'D. Final d has t sound.
BELOVED	Three syllables, rhyme with we-LOVE-Ed.

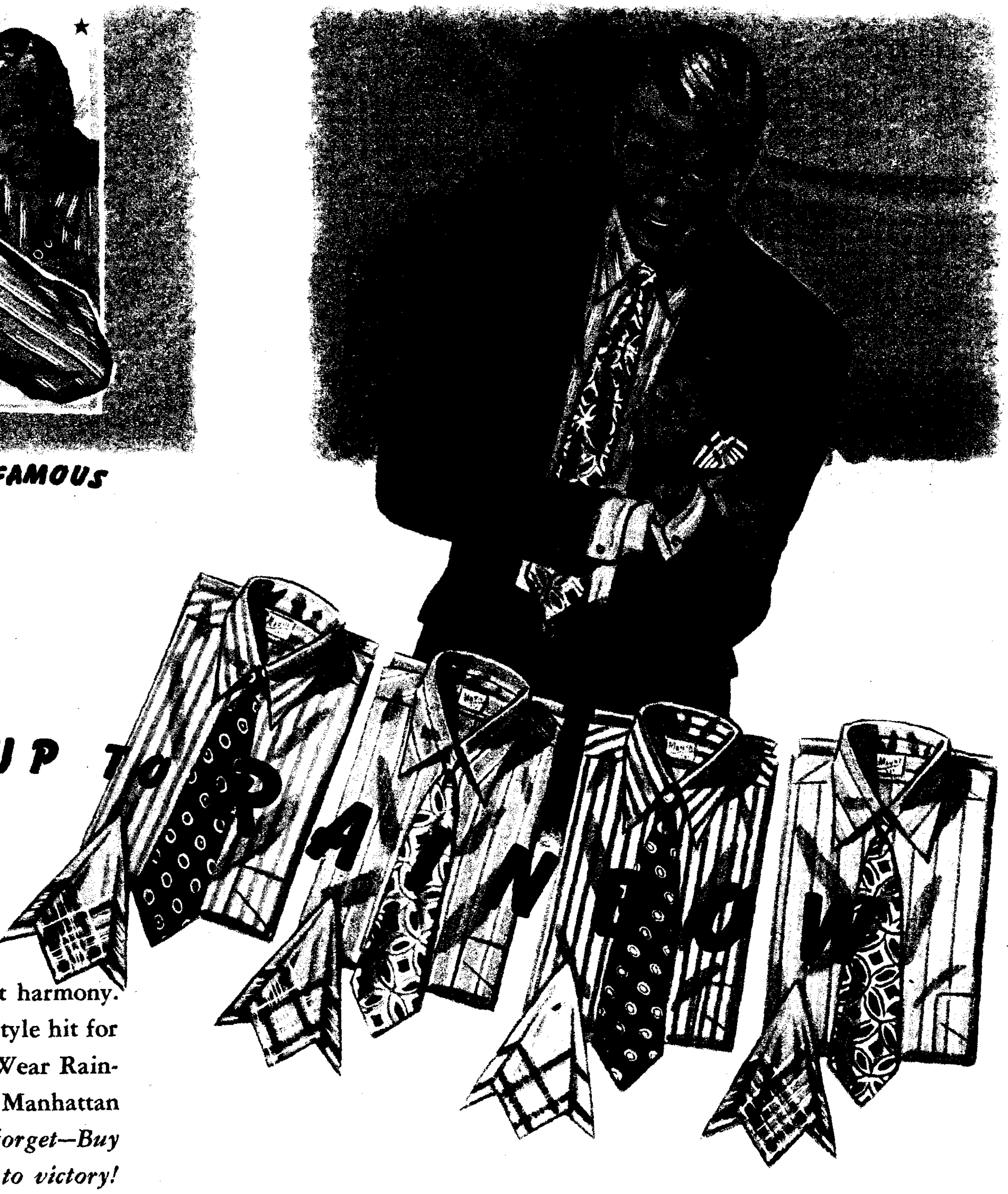


ADD COLORS THAT BLEND LIKE A RAINBOW



ADD PATTERNS WITH ZIP AND DASH

ADD QUALITY THAT'S WORLD FAMOUS



IT ALL ADDS UP TO RAINBOW

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Manhattan SHIRTS · TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS

A Date in Bethesda

Continued from page 22

it wasn't his fault they weren't going back to Australia, although he was very sorry, and if it wasn't for four admirals and the field marshal and orders, he would very much like to go back to Australia.

In Karachi, Johnny tried to drown his remorse in Scotch, and lost the travelers' checks, and the Fiji and Australian pounds before he put his forehead on the table and quietly went to sleep.

In Cairo they dropped off the four admirals and the field marshal, and took aboard an American lieutenant general, a Russian diplomat who was introduced as Mr. Smith and twenty-two nurses.

At Algiers they dropped the nurses and the lieutenant general, Johnny won back the Fiji and Australian pounds and the travelers' checks, plus two IOU's, and they loaded two senators, an OWI man with dysentery, and fifteen walking wounded paratroopers.

They swung straight for the Azores, and at Horta Johnny picked up an extra thousand in IOU's in a two-hour refueling stop. If it hadn't been for the rum in Bermuda, he would have had Jiggs' house on Cape Cod, Brown's car, and the farm Pulaski claimed he owned in Georgia

HE WAS sleeping soundly, his pockets bulging with the cash of a half dozen countries, when the C-54 picked up the American coast, swept across bays and curling rivers silver in the light of a dying winter moon, and then circled a city outlined by lights spreading from its center like bright dewdrops on a spider web. It dropped to a landing on a smooth concrete runway, and taxied into the floodlights before a cavernous hangar. Jiggs came out of the flight deck and said, "It's going to be cold, old fellow. Want a loan of this coat while we stop here?" He held out a heavy sheep-lined flying coat.

"No, thanks," Johnny said. "This is Bolling Field, Washington, isn't it?"

"It is," said Jiggs.

"Well, this is where I get off," said Johnny. He wrestled his stained canvas bag toward the freight hatch.

"Oh, you don't want to get off here," Jiggs said. "How'll you get back to New Guinea?"

"I don't know," Johnny said. "I don't know whether I'm going to New Guinea, or Leavenworth, Kansas, for ten years. But I know if I ever expect to get back to New Guinea, I'll never get back while you and the rest of you amateur poker players fly me around and around the world, trying to win back your losings."

"Oh, now just a second," Jiggs remonstrated. "We'll probably be shoving off for San Fran in a couple of hours, and be there this evening. Us, we'll probably get a little leave, because we've done a bit of flying the last four our five days. But we'll get you a ride right out. Have you back—"

"Sure," Johnny interrupted, "in plenty of time. But this is where I get out. I've got reasons." He hesitated. "Jiggs," he said, "you are not such a bad guy, and I can see your point. But just let me tell you something. We could keep on going around and around the world forever, like the moon, but you could never beat me at poker. Never. You try to fill inside straights, and you always hold a kicker." Lieutenant Glendenning jumped to the ground, shivered, and ran for the hangar.

It turned out that customs wasn't interested in him. The traffic from Africa is too heavy to bother with every first lieutenant. A sleepy nurse looked at his chest for spots, popped a thermometer in his mouth, read it and said, "You'd better not run around here in that outfit. This isn't the Sahara."

"What day is it?" Johnny inquired.

"Why, Friday."

"I mean what's the date?"

"Why it's the eleventh, of course."

"Well, what time is it?"

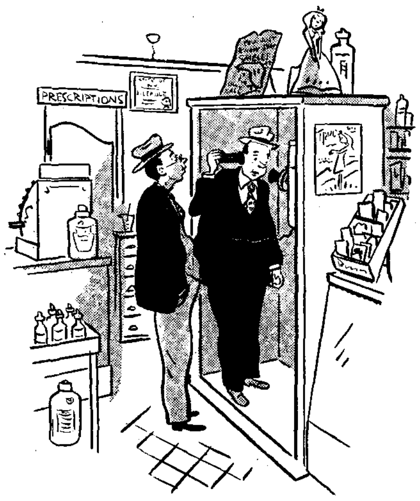
"It's five in the morning," the nurse said. "What's the matter, are you bomb-happy?"

"Worse than that," Johnny said. "Much worse. Got any transportation?"

"Station wagons are outside," the nurse said, and shook her head. Strange cases came in these days. Like this one, with the wild look in his eyes, and sprouting a red beard

At six in the morning Union Station, Washington, is just beginning to shake itself out of the dreary coma that holds it fast in the small hours. Those who have slept on the wooden benches are stretching, the sweepers are busy among them and the redcaps are gathering to meet the first New York and Florida trains.

She won't be here, Johnny thought, as he made his way to Gate 15. It was just one of those crazy things that people say when they get emotional. "Darling," she had said, "how long is it going to last?" He'd guessed two years. "Two years," she had said, "to the minute and the hour, and the day, I'll meet you here, and we'll go out to Bethesda and get married." He'd said yes, of course.



"Luger's Restaurant? Is it okay if I bring a friend for dinner tonight?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

The only people in sight near the gate were two MPs, standing alone and aloof near the train board. Of course she wouldn't be there. As far as she new, he was still at an APO number, care of the Postmaster, San Francisco, and—

And then he saw her coming. She walked as if she were dancing, and Johnny thought of Deep in the Heart of Texas because that was the last tune to which they had danced. She kept on walking until she had walked into his arms. She didn't seem at all surprised that he should be there, not at first, when he was kissing her, but then she began to cry, and say things that didn't mean anything.

"Come on, honey, let's get out of here, and I'll tell you about it," Johnny said finally. Then he felt a large hand on his arm. They were not alone. There were two MPs with them. The MP sergeant said:

"Lieutenant, you're not wearing a tie."

"Oh," said Johnny, "do you have to wear a tie around here?"

"You on furlough, Lieutenant?" The sergeant said "lieutenant" as if he didn't mean it.

"Uh-huh," Johnny said. "Look, I'm in a hurry. I'll put on a tie soon as I can buy one. I just got in—"

"Mind if I see your orders?" the sergeant said.

Johnny rummaged in his pockets and found his wallet. He found the thin, folded sheet of paper, dated Malopan, New Guinea, February 7, beginning "1. You are authorized and directed to proceed by first available Army Air transportation," and ending with "3. You are to report back to your post not later than midnight, February 13, 1944."

The sergeant read it twice, sniffed at it, folded it, and put it in his breast pocket. "So you just dropped in from New Guinea on six days rest leave?" he said.

"That's right," said Johnny.

"Were you travelling by rocket?"

"Sergeant," said Johnny, remembering that he was an officer and that the MP was, after all, a sergeant, "I just got in on the plane from Africa. You can call Bolling Field and ask for Captain Jarnegan. He'll—"

"Oh, that's the short route now," said the sergeant "From New Guinea via Africa!"

"It's about the same, one way or another," Johnny said.

"All right, Joe, take him on the other side," said the sergeant, and put his big hand firmly through Johnny's arm. "Lady," he told the girl, "you better watch out for these phonies. They get into a uniform, and maybe pin some medals on their chest, and then claim they're General Clark "

Prudence was walking fast alongside them "But he was in New Guinea," she protested. "Of course he was, and he came back to keep his date, and I know him and I've known him all my life and—"

"Sure," said the sergeant, "you were in New Guinea with him. Come on, bud, don't struggle."

THE wide, carpeted room in the Pentagon Building held more brass than Johnny had ever before seen in one place in his Army career. There was a square, stocky major general of Engineers, almost like part of the furniture, behind a square, solid desk. There was a brigadier from the adjutant general's department, assorted chicken colonels and lieutenant colonels, a captain from the office of the provost marshal, and the civilians trying to look inconspicuous in the corner were from the F.B.I.

"I will admit," said the general, looking not at Johnny, who stood before the desk, but at his auditors, "that almost anything can happen in this war. This man"—he nodded impersonally at Johnny—"has told you a story. It is a story that sounds like fiction, but in this case there will be no happy ending."

Johnny was tired. His sleeping and eating had not been very regular. He also was bored. He looked bored.

"This man," the general continued, "has attempted to perpetrate a fraud. He masquerades as a person attached to the Second Battalion of the 419th Engineers—God Bless them—who for twenty long months built the air strips that enabled our gallant Fifth Air Force to defeat the Japs in the Southwest Pacific. Except for one thing, his story is perfect."

The general waited for a moment, and then he continued. "But one thing he does not know—I personally ordered the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers, back to the United States three months ago. They are now back home, and on furlough."

"Like hell," Johnny said. "They are still in Malopan, New Guinea."

"Colonel," said the general, nodding to an aide, "where is the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers?"

"Well, sir," the colonel said, "they were

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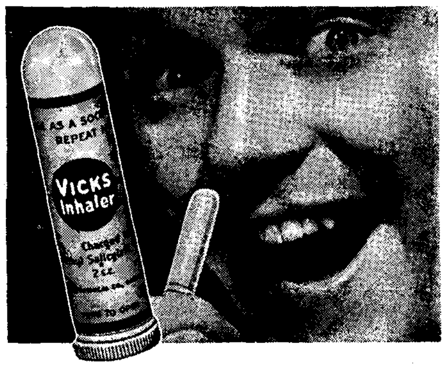

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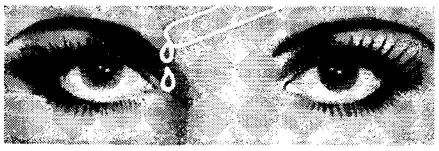

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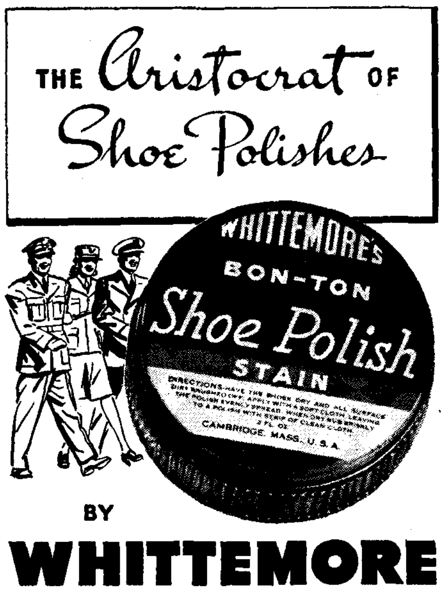

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recalled three months ago, as you said."

"But where are they now?"

"As I remember, sir, they were ordered to Fort Meade."

Johnny stirred. "Are you trying to run a bluff?" he inquired. "Because if you are, I'm calling it, and I dare you to telephone, right now, to Allied Headquarters, and ask them where my outfit is."

The general picked up a telephone. "Give me," he ordered, "the secret channel to Allied Headquarters, Australia." He turned to Johnny. "I suppose," he said, "the War Department would mislay a battalion!" He listened for a moment, and then continued, "Especially a battalion commanded by the man who was my chief in the last war!"

"If I'm right," Johnny said, "will you let me go and tell me where to buy a tie and an overcoat, quick, because I have a date in Bethesda at noon?"

"If you are right," said the general, "I will do more than that." He raised his hand for silence, and then said, "This is Washington, give me the chief of staff!"

THE fastest transpacific transport, which never before had put in at Malopan, New Guinea, stopped there on the evening of February 14th. Only one passenger got out. He was Lieutenant Glendenning. He wore a new uniform, and with him he brought three handsome bags. His shoulders bore the faint scent and imprint of feminine powder.

He walked away from the strip, and down Jeep Alley until he came to the hut on stilts that was the officers' mess and club of the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers He slapped a mosquito from the back of his neck, and noticed that his fellow officers were finishing their zebuburgers. Toomey looked up and said: "Well, here's that very reliable, tactful, and courteous gentleman, Lieutenant Glendenning." Then he went on eating.

Zucca said, "Teacher's pet turned out to be a heel."

The colonel rose from the table, and straightened. He said: "Never before have I reprimanded an officer publicly. And I don't wish to do so now, until I have offered him a chance to explain himself. You've overstayed your leave a day, Glendenning, when you knew we had only two officers to the company. Where've you been?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," Johnny began. "First, I flew around the world the wrong way."

"Look," said Zucca, "you're not fooling anybody. When you didn't turn up yesterday we sent a signal to the Engineer Officer at GHQ. He hadn't seen you. Then we tried all the other places you might have been. You weren't there. Then we found out you'd never even landed at Townsville."

"Of course not," Toomey suggested. "He probably went to Sydney, and has been there, all shacked up and swimming in champagne, ever since."

"A very trustworthy person," said Zucca.

"You guys," Johnny said, "better start packing, because we will probably be leaving this place for the States tomorrow or the next day."

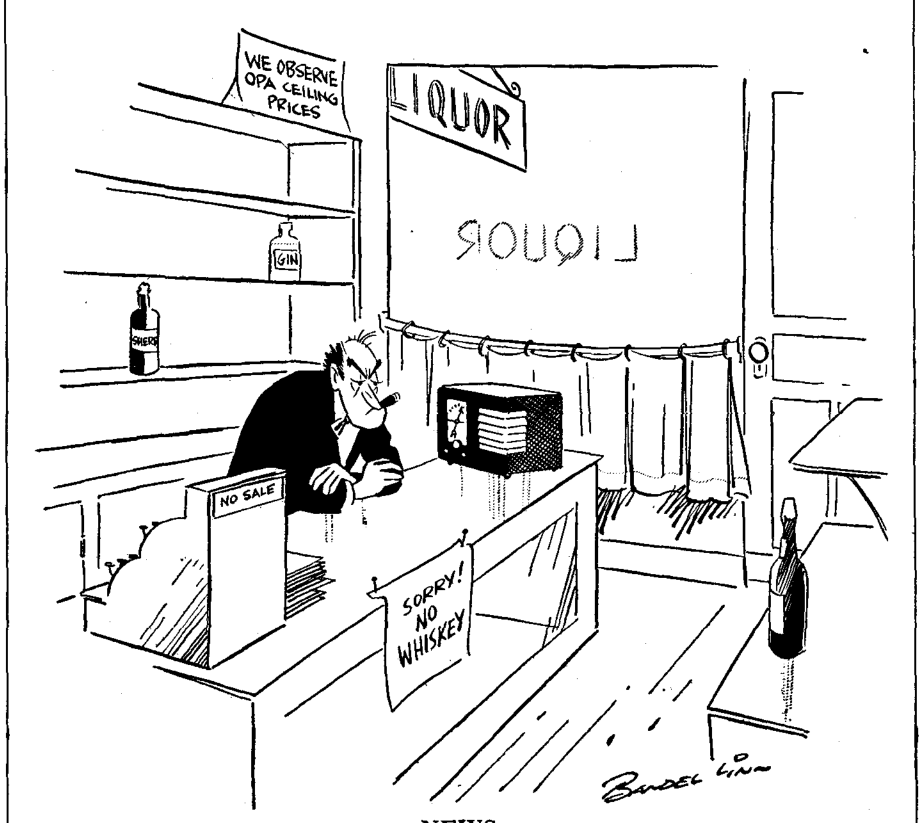
"Ho-ho," said Zucca. "Ho-ho, ha-ha. I suppose you think you're General MacArthur!"

"When I was in Washington," Johnny said, "General Hazelton traced it right down to a private. They didn't find out the private's name, but it was a private who did it, or didn't do it."

"What," inquired the colonel, "didn't the private do?"

"He didn't type the cable ordering us back to the States. That was three months ago. They found the private's notes in his desk drawer in the Pentagon Building. It was entirely his fault. They all agreed on that—the general, the colonels, the majors, the captains and everybody. Maybe you don't believe me—"

"Why, of course we believe you," said



NEWS

"... while many liquor dealers are caught in a web of depleting stocks and rising prices—with an ever-increasing demand and OPA ceilings. From present estimates it appears that the nation will have plenty of liquor if the present stocks are evenly distributed and enjoyed in moderation. Some sources are hinting that distilleries will get the go-ahead signal for whisky manufacture in the near future. However, Senator Hemstitch told reporters yesterday he would fight any attempt of liquor men to get back in the swing of 'business as usual.' Hard-pressed retail dealers are doing the best they can under the circumstances. After all, the business is a luxury trade, and in the event liquor disappeared entirely it is felt that . . ."

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Zucca. "You're the very soul of honor. How are things back in Washington?"

"They treated me very well," Johnny began, "after they found out—"

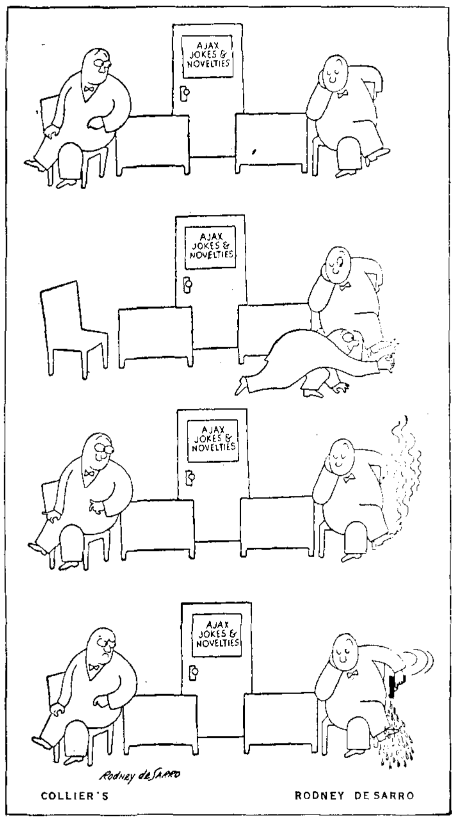
Anger hardened the colonel's face. "I suppose," he said, "that General Hazelton sent his regards."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, "and his apologies, too, and he says to tell you that you'll get a message this week relieving us, and that we're going to be commended as a unit, and that you're going to get an Oak Leaf cluster on your—"

"Lieutenant Glendenning," the colonel shouted, "go to your quarters! You are under arrest."

When all the lights had gone from the place where the Second Battalion camped, the colonel found he could not sleep. The colonel had lived a long time, and in that time had had sons, and sometimes it seemed that the young men under him were like his sons, and especially that Lieutenant Glendenning was like a son. So when all the lights were gone the colonel rose and went to the tent of Johnny Glendenning, to look upon him as a parent looks upon a son.

Perhaps he had been a bit harsh, the colonel thought. All young men, at one time or another, go out on a bat. Particularly when they have been away from home a long time in dismal places like they had been in. Their heads were turned, and they went on a bat. The colonel stepped into Johnny's tent. The lieutenant was breathing the deep sleep of exhaustion. His mosquito bar was loose. The colonel tucked it firmly under the blanket.



COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

THE lieutenant's bedside table was an empty case that had once held beans. The colonel's flashlight found it, and the papers scattered on it.

He looked close, and fingered them. There was a receipt for two dollars from the county clerk of Montgomery County, Maryland. It was dated February 11th. It didn't say what for. There was a hotel bill for twelve dollars, at the Mayflower, in Washington. It was stamped paid. It was dated February 12th. There was a sheaf of postcards bearing scenes of Karachi, India, and some problems in mathematics involving dollars and pounds on a sheet of paper bearing the insignia of the Pan-American base at Bermuda.

The colonel looked at all these things, and then he went to bed. It was a very peculiar war, he thought, and in it were some very peculiar people. For the first time in a long while he felt he would get home again. He would not write his memoirs of this particular war, because no one would believe them. This distinctly was not his war.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

You must be more careful." We've several letters on the subject and all of them want to bet us fancy sums that no such language ever issued from the lips of any Marine lieutenant. In fact, we have a letter from a Marine who thinks it must have been a lady Marine. A sailor wants this lieutenant's address that he may send him silk stockings. And that's all we know about the incident.

AND our latest contribution to your store of unreliable political information is supplied by Mr. John F. Niehrsack of Seattle, Washington. Anyway, this has Mr. Roosevelt refusing at the last minute to run and nominating, by telephone via loudspeakers, General George C. Marshall. Being elected, General Marshall would appoint Mr. Roosevelt Secretary of State, Mr. Hull having, of course, become Vice President. Thus, Mr. Roosevelt will run the world while General Marshall continues to run the war. Then in 1948, Mr. Roosevelt having restored efficiency and order in the world along the same lines which obtain today in Washington, he can resume being re-elected President, and we shall be back to normal. Mr. Niehrsack says that you may take it or leave it.

VERY military this week. There came to New York not long ago a soldier who, until he had been drafted, had never been fifty miles from his home in New Mexico. But for all the staggering wonders of the great city he had little time and very small enthusiasm except for Automat restaurants. All his spare time he spent in Automats. And one day he got two dollars' worth of nickels, the largest tray in the place and, beginning at the door, proceeded to drop nickels in the slots and load the tray with piles of everything from juices to puddings. When his tray was a teetering pyramid of food, an attendant stopped him halfway down one of the long aisles. "Look, soldier," said she, "you can't get any more on that tray. You've got more now than you could eat in two days. Why don't you go over to a table and start to work on what you have?" The boy from New Mexico looked at her scornfully. "Oh, yeah," he demanded. "And quit while I'm winning?"

SEVERAL of you have been working out fitting punishments for Hitler, Tojo and the rest of our boss enemies. We believe in being harsh with them, but there's such a thing as inhumanity. We just can't be as brutal as they are. Therefore, we're opposed to the penalty which Corporal E. E. Ehrhardt in San Luis Obispo, California, would impose: "Make them Republicans in Mississippi," says the vengeful corporal.

THERE'S a lesser general in our Army who recently had a Wac assigned to him as secretary. They lost no time in becoming fine friends. "He's the nicest old man," she told one of her girl friends. "I'm teaching him stenography, and he's teaching me global warfare tactics." W. D.

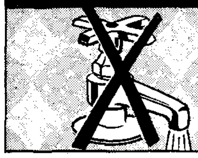
For Civilian Commandos

● Talk about 'combined operations'—Walk-Over's Combat Soles fight wear, weather and water, give shoes extra toughness to beat that ration problem. They actually outwear the best leather, are insulated against heat and cold . . . waterproof . . . ultra-flexible.

Walk-Over COMBAT SOLES

Walk-Over prices, $8.95 to $12.95
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

TONIGHT ...taste the difference!
TOMORROW ...feel the difference!



1 WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT: Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.

2 WHITE ROCK IS BETTER FOR YOU. Natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity... help keep you feeling fit.

3 IT'S SUPER-CHARGED Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink... it points up flavor!

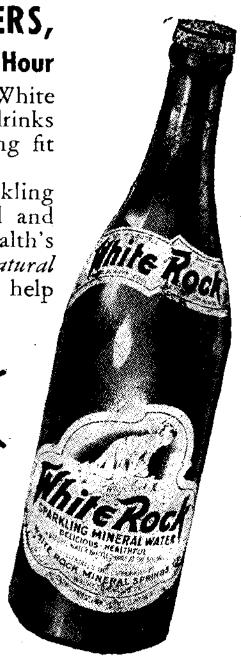
. . . says LUCILLE MANNERS,
star of Cities Service Concert Hour

Miss Manners insists on serving White Rock in highballs...says it makes drinks taste better, helps keep one feeling fit next day.

She takes a glass of plain sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake. You see, White Rock's *natural* mineral salts combat acidity . . . help keep you on the alkaline side.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Please! We and your government will appreciate your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.



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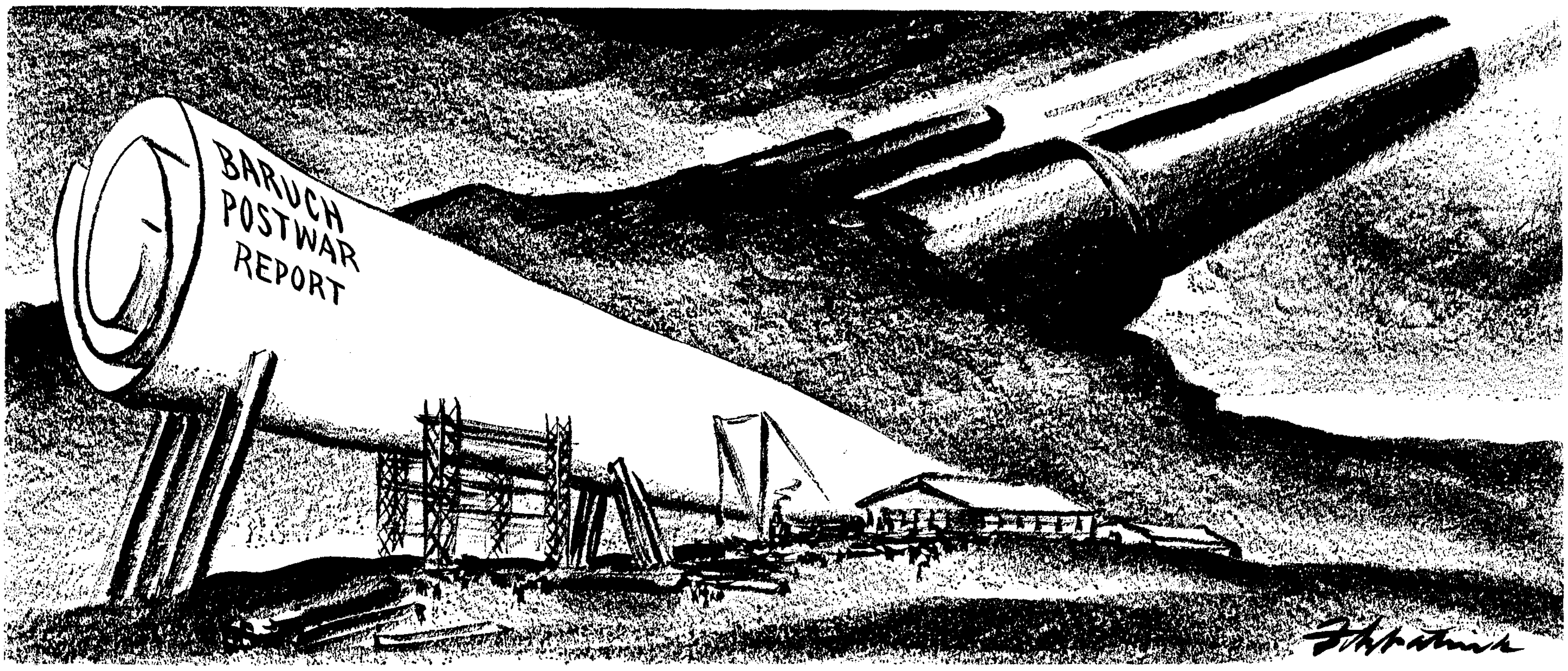


IN TIME OF WAR, PREPARE FOR PEACE

Victory is our first and only duty, but just as we prepare for war in time of peace, so we should prepare for peace in time of war. Through preparation we visualize a prosperity, sound and lasting. . . . There is no need for a postwar depression. . . . The question everyone asks, be he a civilian or in uniform, is: "How am I going to make a living for myself and for those dear to me when the war is over, in a manner of my own choosing?" Our entire inquiry has been directed toward that question. . . . The war has been a crucible for all of the economic systems of the world, for our own, for Communism, Fascism, Nazism—all the others. And the American system has outproduced the world.

THE quotations are from the report on home-front demobilization recently got out by Bernard M. Baruch and John M. Hancock. We'd say the above were the most important sentences in the report; and that the report itself is one of the most important documents ever submitted to the American people, their Congress and their President.

This is the onrushing situation to which the Baruch-Hancock report addresses itself: When the war ends, most of our industries will be war work, under innumerable contracts with the government and under many more subcontracts among companies. We shall have on hand a huge surplus of war goods—tanks, planes, munitions, ships, etc., etc.—completed or building. Obviously, we shall not go on making those things at wartime speed.

Huge buying power will be possessed by a people anxious to buy autos, homes, radios, and all the other goods the manufacture of which stopped in whole or in large part soon after Pearl Harbor.

What to do about it? Well, "war-contract termination" and "surplus control and disposal" are about as dry a pair of expressions as we can think of offhand—until you know their background. The Baruch-Hancock report lights up that background and demonstrates that these are the two most important of all the available phrases having to do with unwinding our war-production machine and winding it right up, so that it can start producing for peacetime America and any paying customers from other countries. Another dry and oft-repeated phrase, "reconversion for peacetime production," turns out to be vital to only about 20 per cent of our wartime productive apparatus. The other 80 per cent can shift to peacetime production without slow or costly retooling.

Fast war-contract termination is important because so many war contractors and subcontractors will need to get their money out in a hurry if they are to buy peacetime raw materials, keep workers at work and set up sales organizations. The Baruch-Hancock report outlines in detail a plan for hastening cleanups and pay-offs on these contracts, with ample safeguards against (1) fraud and (2) fanatic bookkeepers, especially in the Comptroller General's office, who will be wanting to take months or years to audit each contract down to the last penny, though such delay will destroy many jobs.

The surplus war goods, too, can be either a curse or a blessing. They can be a curse if they are dumped indiscriminately on the market, or stock-piled 100 per cent, or thrown into the sea. Much of this stuf is usable in peace as well as in war—autos and cloth for a couple of obvious examples—and a lot of i will be needed in this and other countries.

What we shall need in working off the war surpluses will be common sense and discretion and a flexible policy. To that end, the report urges appointment of a Surplus Property Administrator with decisive authority, such agencies as the War, Navy and Treasury departments, RFC, Maritime Commission, etc., to sit in as advisers.

Another aspect of the surplus problem: At the war's end, the government will have about $10,000,000 invested in various plants which can produce rubber, steel, chemicals, etc., for peace. Messrs. Baruch and Hancock recommend—sensibly, we think—that these plants be worked into private industry at proper prices; they blackball unqualifiedly "government operation of surplus war plants in competition with private industry."

The gossip that this report aims to give the White House still more power is just gossip. The report emphasizes repeatedly that the ultimate supervision and authority over the whole business must reside in Congress.

It can hardly be urged too strongly, if you ask us, that Congress enact all the legislation needed to implement the Baruch-Hancock report, and that the government set itself wholeheartedly to the execution of the entire program.

NO HOME-TOWN HITLERS, PLEASE

ON JANUARY 27 last, midway in the Fourth War Loan drive, a newspaper called the Wahoo (Nebraska) Wasp published the alleged news item quoted below. It was apparently the inspiration of one Emil Placek (pronounced Plah-chek), Wahoo banker, businessman, large-scale farmer, and War Bond committee chairman. Said the item:

> Upon instructions from Washington, the chairman of the War Bond drive in each county has been asked to prepare a list of all persons who have either refused to buy bonds or have subscribed for less than their quota.
>
> A copy of the list is to be furnished to the local draft board, so that such individuals or their sons who have been deferred may be reclassified. A copy of the list is also to be furnished to the ration board and the war board.
>
> This action may seriously affect some individuals who may ask for additional gas coupons or who may ask for priority for farm machinery.
>
> The Wahoo High School students have completed a card index of every taxpayer in Saunders County. The amount of bonds purchased by each individual will be endorsed on each card and will show the amount of bonds purchased in each War Bond drive. This method will make it impossible for some people to claim that they already bought bonds or that they bought to the full extent of their ability.

The Treasury Department instantly denied ever having sent out such instructions to any War Bond county committee or anybody else. Okay; and it is to be hoped the Treasury will continue to step on such stuff as hard as it stepped on Mr. Placek of Wahoo, Nebraska.

This is the kind of thing that flourished in the Liberty Loan drives of the first World War—dirty and damnable intimidation, blackmail, home-town tyranny. It left wounds which were a long time healing—and our democracy itself took some of those wounds.

If we tolerate such stuff in the present war, we'll be fighting Hitlerism and Tojoism abroad and encouraging them at home.

ADVENTURE ON THE

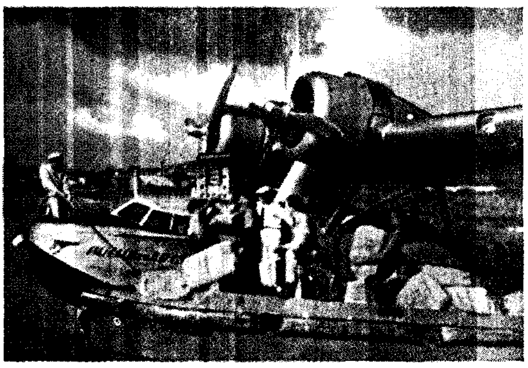
AMAZON

—LAND of the NEW '49ERS

1 **"A ducking in the Amazon** is no joke," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky "I learned that when I fell in and barely beat a school of piranha back to the boat. These little fish that travel in big schools are as deadly as sharks . . . but they're just about the only remaining danger.

2 **"Whoever named** Amazonia the 'Green Hell' ıould see it now! Public health boats on every reek—and animal trails transformed into roads. y war's end it should be as safe as Ontario.

3 **"The big thing** now is rubber—everywhere I saw men smoking the sap to 'jell' it for shipment to the Allies. But for tomorrow's pioneers there's fine ranch and farm land, and forest treasures galore.



4 **"Brazil and our own** magnificent Pan American Airways are actually flying the rubber out—heralding the postwar day when *you'll* fly here, and on a vacation schedule and budget.

5 **"And don't expect** everything to be strange! In Belém I found Canadian Club. Scarce now—but unmistakably an established old Amazonian fixture."

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club again available there for toasting all the "good neighbors" you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is concentrating on war alcohol; so Canadian Club is scarce on occasion.

- Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.
- Many fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" by making two bottles go the length of three.

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

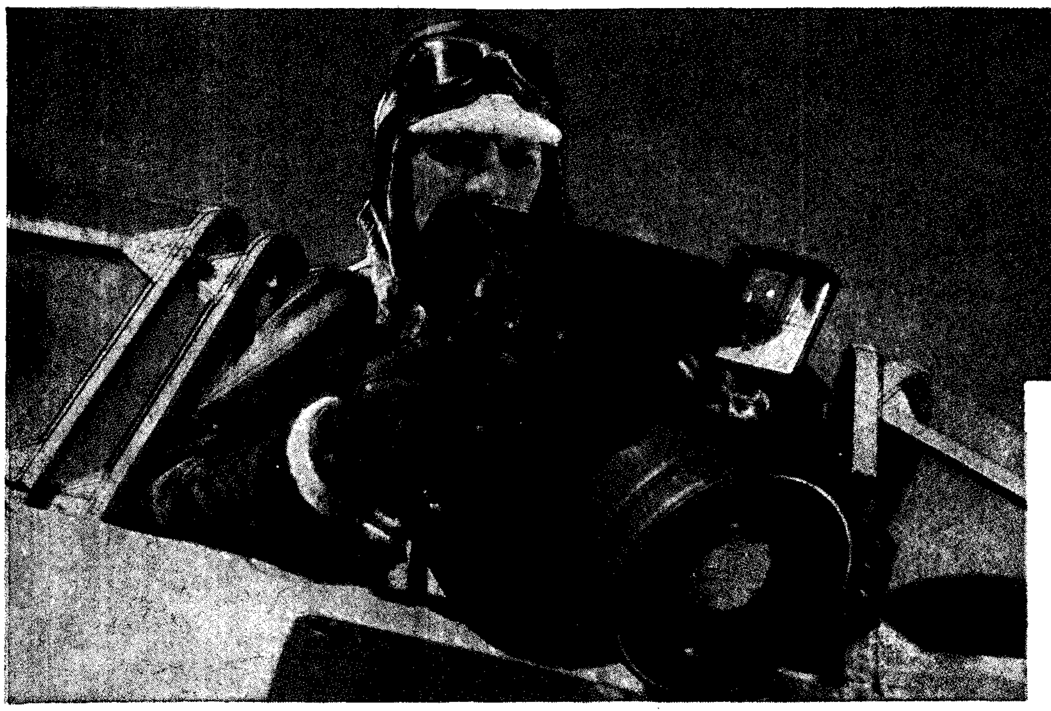
"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

Young Lady with a Lens

...She's a Marine—and a camera sharpshooter of Marine Aviatio whose aerial pictures are used in vital map-making. Her rank is Se geant...Sgt. Florence ———— (full name omitted by regulation of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve. Her cigarette is Camel—tl favorite with men in the Marine Corps, in *all* the services. "I lil everything about Camels," says Sergeant Florence, "especially the *freshness!*" That's right, Sergeant Florence! Camels stay fresh, an where and everywhere, because they're *packed to go round the work*



CAMERA GUNNER! Sergeant Florence *(shown at the left)* aims her special aerial camera at the terrain far below—and when the film is developed in the Marine Corps Photo Laboratory...

FEW SECRETS ARE HIDDEN from the penetrating e of Sergeant Florence's camera! In the Photo Lab *(below)*, over a smooth, full-flavored Camel, Sergeant Florence, right, and a technician study her "shots." Under the stereoscope, ground camou flage is clearly revealed!

CAMEL'S FLAVOR AND MILDNESS SUIT ME TO A 'T'
ME, TOO! THEY'RE SO EASY ON MY **THROAT,** AND THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO **FRESH!**

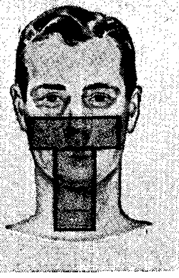
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with smokers in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

The "T-Zone"
—where cigarettes are judged



● Give Camels a try today. Compare them critically...for taste...for your throat...for your "T-ZONE." That's the proving ground of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's costlier tobaccos give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels